ANCIENT SONGS and BALLADS;

Written on Various Subjects,

AND

Printed between the Years MDLX. and MDCC.

CHIEFLY COLLECTED BY

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,

And purchaſed at the Sale of the late

MR. WEST's LIBRARY, in the Year 1773.

ENCREASED BY SEVERAL ADDITIONS.

In Two VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

These venerable ancient song-inditers
Soar'd many a pitch above our modern writers:
Our numbers may be more refin'd than those,
But what we've gained in verse we've lost in prose.
Their words no shuffling double meaning knew;
Their speech was homely, but their hearts were true.

ROWE.

LONDON,

Arranged and Bound in the Year 1774.



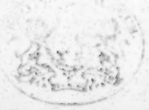
Who laugh to heare mee sing, lett them begone:
I mind them not, for I will still sing on.





You Idle knave that nought but pipe all day
your Father Gin Law may be I pray
My fiddle ploughes the ayre, your's sowes the winde
Mine Feeds y fancy, your's breakes out behinde
Old men you think are fooles, but if't be true;
'Tis' but because they get a purse for you.

Sold by Philip Lea at y Atlas & Heraules in Cheapside London



A new Yorkshyre Song, Intituled:

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie: Of all the Cities that euer I see, For mery pastime and companie, Except the Cittie of London.

SO I came thorow the Northcountrey,
The fashions of the world to see,
I sought for mery companie,
As ouer to the Cittie of London:
And when to the Cittie of *Yorke* I came,
I found good companie in the same,
Aswell disposed to euery game,
as if it had been at London.

Yorke, Yorke, for my monie,
Of all the Cities that euer I see,
For mery pastime and companie,
Except the Cittie of London.

And in that Cittie what sawe I then?
Knightes, Esquires, and Gentlemen,
A shooting went for Matches ten,
as if it had been at London.
And they shot for twentie poundes a Bowe,
Besides great cheere they did bestowe,
I neuer saw a gallanter showe,
except I had been at London.
Yorke, yorke, for my monie, &c.

These Matches you shall vnderstande,
The Earle of *Essex* tooke in hande,
Against the good Earle of *Cumberlande*,
as if it had been at London.
And agreede these matches all shall be,
For pastime and good companie,
At the Cittie of *Yorke* full merily,
as if it had been at London.
Yorke, yorke, for my monie, &c.

In Yorke, there dwels an Alderman, which
I neuer heard of any such,
in all the Cittie of London.
His name is *Maltbie*, mery and wise,
At any pastime you can deuise,
But in shooting all his pleasures lyes,
the like was neuer in London.
Yorke, yorke, for my monie, &c.

This *Maltbie*, for the Cities sake,
To shoote (himself) did vndertake,
At any good Match the Earles would make,
as well as they doe at London.
And he brought to the fielde with him,
One *Specke*, an Archer proper and trim,
And *Smith*, that shoote about the pin,
as if it had been at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

Then came from *Cumberland* Archers three,
Best Bowmen in the North countree,
I will tell you their names what they bee,
well knowne to the Cittie of London.
Wamsley, many a man doth knowe,
And *Bolton*, how he drayweth his Bowe,
And *Ratcliffe* shooting long agoe,
well knowne to the Cittie of London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And the Noble Earle of *Essex* came,
To the fielde himself to see the same,
Which shalbe had for euer in fame,
as soone as I come at London.
For he shewed himself so diligent there,
To make a Marke and keepe it faire:
It is worthie memorie to declare,
through all the Cittie of London.
Yorke, Yorke, &c.

And then was shooting out of crye,
The shantling at a handfull nie,
And yet the winde was very hie,
as it is sometimes at London.

They clapt the Clouts so on the ragges,
There was such betting and such braggs:
And galloping vp and downe with Nagges,
as if it had been at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And neuer an Archer gaue regarde,
To halfe a Bowe, nor halfe a yarde,
I neuer see Matches goe more harde:
about the Cittie of London:
For, fairer play was neuer plaide,
Nor fairer layes was neuer laide,
And a weeke together, they kept this trade,
as if it had been at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

The Maior of *Yorke*, with his companie,
Were all in the fieldes, I warrant ye,
To see good rule kept orderly,
as if it had been at London.
Which was a dutifull sight to see,
The Maior and Aldermen there to bee,
For the setting forth of Archerie,
aswell as they doe at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And there was neither fault nor fray,
Nor any disorder any way:
But euery man did pitch and pay,
as if it had been at London:
As soone as euery Match was done,
Euery man was paid that won,
And merily vp and downe did ronne,
as if it had been at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And neuer a man that went abroade,
But thought his [illegible] well bestowde:
And monie layd [illegible] kape and loade,
as if it had been at London.
And Gentlemen there, so franke and free,
As a Mint at *Yorke* againe should bee,
Like shooting did I neuer see,
except I had been at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

At *Yorke*, were Ambassadours three,
Of *Russia*, Lordes of high degree,
This shooting they desirde to see:
as if it had been at London:
And one desirde to drawe a Bowe,
The force and strength thereof to knowe,
And for his delight he drewe it so,
as if some seene in London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And they did marualle very much,
There could be any Archer such,
To shoote so farre the Cloute to tutch,
which is no newes to London:
And they might well consider than,
An English shaft will kill a man,
As hath been proued where and whan,
and Cronicled since in London. *Yorke, &c.*

The Earle of *Cumberlands* Archers won,
Two Matches cleare, ere all was donc:
And I made haste apace to ronne,
to carie these newes to London.
And *Wamsley* did the vpshot win,
With both his shafts so neere the pin,
You could scant haue put three fingers in,
as if it had beene at London. *Yorke, &c.*

I passe not for my monie it cost,
Though some I spent, and some I lost,
I wanted neither sod nor roast,
as if it had been at London.

For there was plentie of euery thing,
Redd and fallowe Deere for a King,
I neuer sawe so mery shooting,
since first I came from London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God saue the Cittie of Yorke therefore,
That hath such noble frendes in store,
And such good Aldermen send them more,
and the like good lucke at London:
For, it is not little ioye to see,
When Lordes and Aldermen so agree,
With such accoyding Communaltie,
God sende vs the like at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God saue the good Earle of *Cumberlande*,
His praise in golden lines shall stande,
That maintaines Archerie through the land,
aswell as they doe at London.
Whose noble minde so courteously,
Acquaintes himself with the Communaltie,
To the glorie of his Nobilitie,
I will carie the praise to London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

And tell the good Earle of *Essex* thus,
As he is now yong and prosperous,
To vse such properties vertuous,
deserues great praise in London:
For, it is no little ioye to see,
When noble Youthes so gracious bee,
To giue their good willes to their Countree,
as well as they doe at London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

Farewell good Cittie of Yorke to thee,
Tell Alderman *Maltbie* this from mee,
In print shall this good shooting bee,
as soone as I come at London.
And many a Song will I bestowe,
On all the Musitions that I knowe,
To sing the praises where they goe,
of the Cittie of Yorke, in London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God saue our Queene, and keepe our peace
That our good shooting maie increase:
And praying to God, let vs not cease,
aswell at Yorke, as at London.
That all our Countrey round about,
May haue Archers good to hit the Clout,
Which *England* cannot be without,
no more then Yorke and London.
Yorke, yorke, &c.

God graunt that (once) her Maiestie,
Would come her Cittie of Yorke to see,
For the comfort great of that Countree,
as well as she doth to London.
Nothing shalbe thought to deare,
To see her Highnes Person there,
With such obedient loue and feare,
as euer she had in London.

Yorke, yorke, for my monie,
Of all the Cities that euer I see,
For mery pastime and companie,
Except the Cittie of London.

From Yorke, by W. E.

Imprinted at London by
Richard Iones: dwelling
neere Holburne Bridge.
1584.

A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir *Andrew Barton*

a Pyrate and Rover on the Seas. Tune, *Come follow my Love*, &c.



WHen Flora with her fragrant flowers
bedect the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptune with his dainty showers
came to present the month of May;
King Henry would a hunting ride,
over the river of Thames past he,
Unto a mountain top also
did walk some pleasure for to see:
Where forty Merchants he espyed,
with fifty sail come towards him,
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
but on their knees did thus complain:
An't please your Grace, we cannot sail
to France no voyage to be sure,
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
and robs us of our marchant-ware.
Vext was the King, and turning him
said to his Lords of high degree,
Have I ne'r a Lord within my Realm
dare fetch that Traytor unto me?
To him reply'd Charles Lord Howard,
I will my Liege with heart and hand,
If it please you grant me leave, he said,
I will perform what you command.
To him then speak King Henry,
I fear, my Lord, you are too young.
No whit at all, my Leige, quoth he;
I hope to prove in valour strong:
The Scotch Knight I vow to seek,
in what place soever he be,
And bring alhope with all his might,
or into Scotland he shall carry me.
A hundred Men, the King then said,
out of my Realm shall chosen be,
Besides Saylers and Ship-boys,
to guide a great ship on the Sea;
Bow-men and Gunners of good skill
shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will
in all affairs shall wait on thee.
Lord Howard call'd a Gunner then,
who was the best in all the Realm,
His age was threescore years and ten,
and Peter Simon was his name:
My Lord call'd then a Bow-man rare,
whose active hands had gained fame,
A Gentleman born in Yorkshire,
and William Horsely was his name:
Horsely, quoth he, I must to Sea
to seek a Traytor with good speed;
Of a hundred Bow-men brave, quoth he,
I have chosen thee to be the Head.
If you, my Lord, have chosen me
of a hundred Men to be the head,
Upon the main-mast I'll hanged be,
if twelve score I miss one shillings breadth.
Lord Howard then of courage bold,
went to the Sea with pleasant cheer,
Not curb'd with winter's piercing cold,
though it was the stormy time of year,
Not long he had been on the Sea,
on more in days than number three,
But one Henry Hunt there he espy'd,
a Merchant of New-castle was he,
To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
and strictly charged him to stand,
Demanding then from whence he came,
or where he did intend to land:
The Merchant then made answer soon,
with heavy heart and careful mind,
My Lord, my ship it doth belong
unto New-castle upon Tine.
Canst thou shew me, the Lord did say,
as thou dost sail by day and night,
A Scotish Rover on the Sea,
his name is Andrew Barton, Knight?
Then the Merchant sigh'd and said,
with grieved mind and well-away,
But over-well I know that Wight,
I was his Prisoner yesterday;
As I, my Lord, did sail from France,
a Bordeaux-voyage to take so far.
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
who rob'd me of my merchant-ware:
And mickle debts God knows I owe,
and every Man doth crave his own;
And I am bound to London now,
of our gracious King to beg a boon.
Shew me him, said Lord Howard then,
let me once the Villain see,
And e'ry penny he hath from thee tane,
I'll double the same with shillings three.
Now God forbid, the Merchant said,
I fear your aim that you will miss:
God bless you from his tyranny,
for little you think what Man he is,
He is both within and steel without,
his ship most huge and mighty strong,
With eighteen pieces of ordnance
he carrieth on each side along;
With beams for his top-castle,
as also being huge and high,
That neither English nor Portugal
can Sir Andrew Barton pass by.
Hard news thou shew'st, then said the Lord,
to welcome Stranger to the Sea:
But as I said I'll bring him aboard,
or into Scotland he shall carry me.
The Merchant said, If you will do so,
take counsel then I pray withal,
Let no Man to his top-castle go,
nor strive to let his beams down fall:
Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then
of each side of my ship, said he,
And to morrow, my Lord,
again I will your Honour see:
A glass I'll set as may be seen,
whether you sail by day or night;
And to morrow before seven
you shall see Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.

The Merchant set my Lord a glass
so well apparent in his sight,
That on the morrow, as his promise was,
he saw Sir Andrew Barton, Knight.
The Lord then swore a mighty oath,
Now by the Heavens that be of might,
By faith believe me, and by troth,
I think he is a worthy Knight.
Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
thus scornfully to pass by,
As though he cared not a pin
for him and all his Company;
Then called he his Men amain,
Fetch back yon Pedler now, quoth he,
And see this way he comes again,
I'll teach him well his courtesie.
Fetch me my lyon out of hand,
saith the Lord, with rose & streamer high;
Set up withal a willow-wand,
that Merchant like I may pass by.
Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,
and on anchor rise so high;
Ma top-sail at last he cast,
but as a Foe did him defie.
A piece of ordnance soon was shot,
by this proud Pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howard's middle deck,
which cruel shot kill'd fourteen Men.
He called then Peter Simon, he,
Look how thy word do stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
if thou miss twelve score one penny breadth.
Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,
In at his deck it came so hot
kill'd fifteen of his Men of war:
Alas, then said the Pirate stout,
I am in danger now I see;
This is some Lord, I greatly fear
that is set on to conquer me.
Then Henry Hunt with cannon hot
came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his deck,
and killed fifty of his men beside:
Then out, alas, Sir Andrew cry'd,
What may a Man now think or say,
Yon Merchant-thief that pierceth me,
he was my Prisoner yesterday.
Then did he on Gordian rail,
into the top-castle for to go,
I bid his Beams he should set sail,
for he greatly fear'd an overthrow.
The Lord call'd Horsely now in haste,
Look that thy word now stand instead,
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,
if thou miss twelve score a shilling breadth.
Then up main-tree cast he,
this stout and mighty Gordian,
But Horsely he most happily
shot him under the collar-bone:
Then call'd he on his Nephew then,
said, Sister's Sons I have no mo,
Three hundred pound I will give thee,
if thou wilt to top-castle go.
Then stoutly he began to climb,
from off the mast scorn'd to depart.
But Horsely soon prevented him,
and deadly pierc'd him to the heart.
His Men being slain, then up amain
did this proud Pirate climb with speed;
For armour of proof he had put on,
and did not dint of arrows dread:
Come hither Horsely, said the Lord,
see thou thy arrows aim aright,
Great means to thee I will afford,
and if thou speed'st I'll make the Knight:
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
with right good will and all his main;
Then upon the breast hit Horsely he,
till the arrow did return again:
Then Horsely spied a private place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote Sir Andrew to the heart:
Fight on, fight on, my merry Men all,
a little I am hurt, yet not slain,
I'll but lye down and bleed a while,
and come and fight with you again:
And do not, said he, fear English Rogues,
and of your Foes stand not in awe,
But stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
until you hear my whistle blow.
They never heard his whistle blow,
which made them all full sore afraid.
Then Horsely said, Ay Lord aboard,
for now Sir Andrew Barton's dead;
Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
with right good will and all their main,
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
besides as many more was slain.
The Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
and quickly thence cut off his head:
I should forsake England many a day,
if thou were alive as thou art dead.
Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
with mickle joy and triumphing;
The Pirate's head he brought along
for to present unto our King:
Who briefly then to him did say,
before he knew well what was done,
Where is the Knight and Pirate gay,
that I myself may give the doom.
You may thank God, then said the Lord,
and four Men in the ship, quoth he,
That we are safely come ashore,
sith you never had such an Enemy:
That is Henry Hunt and Peter Simon,
William Horsely and Peter's Son;
Therefore reward them for their pains,
for they did service at their turn.
To the Merchant then the King did say,
In lieu of what he hath from thee ta'en,
I give to thee a noble a day,
Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain:
To Peter Simon a crown a day;
and half a crown a day to Peter's Son;
And that was for a shot so gay
which bravely brought Sir Andrew down:
Horsely I will make thee a Knight,
and in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell:
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,
for this title he deserveth well:
Seven shillings to our English Men,
who in this fight did stoutly stand;
And twelve-pence a day to the Scots, till they
come to my Brother King's high Land.

Printed by and for W. O. and sold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner and London-bridge.

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Amantium iræ Amoris redintegratio eſt.

The falling out of Louers, is the renewing of Loue

To the tune of the Meddow brow.





COme my beſt and deereſt,
come ſit thee downe by me:
When thou and I am néereſt,
bréeds my felicitie:
To verifie the Prouerbe,
would ſet my heart at reſt,
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

My faire and chaſt Penelope,
declare to me thy minde:
Wherein I haue offended thee,
to make thee proue vnkinde:
I neuer brg'd the cauſe
in earneſt or in ieſt,
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

Thy beauty gaue me much content,
thy vertue gaue me more:
Thy modeſt kinde ciuilitie,
which I doe much adore:
Thy modeſt ſtately Geſture,
lines chained in my breſt:
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

How dearely I haue loued thee,
thou wilt confeſſe and tell:
More then my tongue can here expreſſe,
my fayre and ſweeteſt Nell: (proue,
Oh hadſt thou bin but true in loue,
I had beene double bleſt:
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

And will thou then forſake me loue,
and thus from me be gone,
Whom I doe hold my turtle doue,
my peerleſſe Parragon:
The Phœnix of the world,
and pillow of my reſt:
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

Fayre Cynthia the want of thée
doth bréed my ſmart throw:
My body in my agony
doth melt away like ſnow.
The plagues of Egipt could no more
torment my tender breſt,
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

Now I like wéping Niobe
may waſh my hands in teares,
Whilſt others gaine the loue of thée
I daunted am with feares.
Now may I ſigh and waile in woe,
diſaſtrouſly diſtreſt.
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

And thus in breuitie of time
I ſadly end my ditty:
Which here am left to ſtarue & pine,
without remorſe or pitty.
Yet will I pray that ſtill thou maiſt
remaine among the bleſt.
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

The Maydes Anſwere, To the ſame tune.





THough falling out of faithfull friends
renewing be of loue:
A change of time will make amends
a turtle I may proue.
Any till that change of time
with patience be thou bleſt,
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

The tryall of Penelope
in me is proued true,
Wil doubt thou not my conſtancie,
the turtle kepes her hew.
And to her choſen mate
doth beare a loyall breſt:
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

The faithfull knot of loue is boun'd
I reſt thy deare for euer.
Thy pining heart with bleeding wound
is cured by the giuer.
The ſhaft of loue I ſhot
returnes into my breſt,
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

I made but tryall of thy heart,
how conſtant it would be:
And now I ſee thou wilt not ſtart
nor fleet away from me:
Though Creſſida I proue,
yet Troylus thou wilt reſt.
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

Account me for no woman kinde,
if I vnloe the knot:
Or beare the falſe & faithleſſe minde
to haue the ſame forgot,
That once betwixt vs two.
were ſealed in each breſt.
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

The ſiuer Moone ſhall ſhine by day,
the golden Sunne by night:
Ere I will goe that wanton way,
wherein ſome take delight.
But for Æneas I
with Dido pierce my breſt.
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

Though I haue béne vntrue, vniuſt
and changing like the Moone:
Yet in thy kindneſſe doe I truſt
that I may haue this boone:
That ſwéet forgiueneſſe may
bring comfort from thy breſt.
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

You chryſtall Planets ſhine all cléer
and light a Louers way:
Let me imbrace my louely Déere,
which was I doubt a ſtray:
If once I get the ſame
Ile ſéede it in my breſt,
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

Come mourne with me each louing
that Cupids darlings be (Laſſe
Sith loue will change like wittred
the ſame behold in me, (graſſe
If I had ſtedfaſt béene
then had my loue béene bleſt,
Amantium iræ amoris
redintegratio eſt.

Printed at London for *H. Goſſon.* *FINIS.*

An Admirable New Northern Story

Of two constant Lovers as I understand,
Were born near Appleby in Westmorland;
The Lads name Anthony, Constance the Lass,
To Sea they went both and great dangers did pass:
How they suffer'd shipwrack on the Coast of Spain
For two years divided, and then met again,
By wonderfull fortune and rare accident,
And now both live at home with joy and content.
The Tune is I would thou wer't in Shrewsbury.





TWo Lovers in the North,
Constance and Anthony,
Of them I will set forth
a gallant History;
They lov'd exceeding well,
as plainly doth appear;
But that which I shall tell,
the like you ne'r did hear.
Still she cry's Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

Anthony must to Sea,
his Calling did him bind,
My Constance, Dear, quoth he,
I must leave thee behind.
I pithee do not grieve,
thy tears will not prevail:
I'll think on thee, my Sweet,
when the Ships under Sail.
But still, &c.

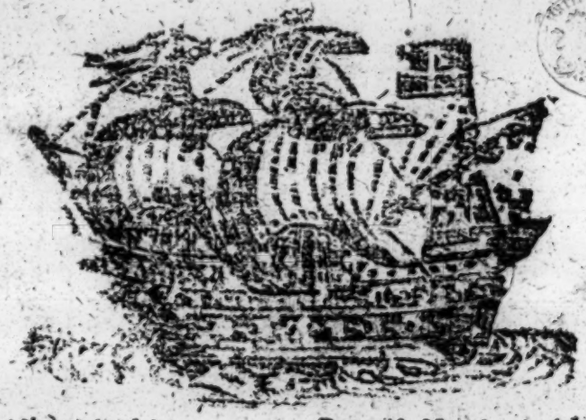
O Woman may that be? said he,
consider well the case:
Quoth she, sweet Anthony,
I'll bide not in this place.
If thou gang, so will I,
of the means do not doubt:
A Womans policy
great matters may find out:
My bonny Anthony, &c.

I would be very glad,
but pithee tell me how?
I'll dress me like a Lad,
what say'st thou to me now?
The Sea thou can'st no brook,
yes very well, quoth she,
I'll Scullion to the Cook
for thy sweet company.
My bonny, &c.

Anthony's leave she had,
and drest in Mans array,
She seem'd the bitthest Lad
seen on a Summers Day.
O see what Love can do,
at home she will not bide:
With her true Love she'll go,
let weal or woe betide.
My dearest, &c.

In the Ship 'twas her Lott
to be the under-Cook;
And at the Fire hot,
wonderful pains she took:
She serv'd e'ry one,
fitting to their degree;
And now and then alone,
she kissed Anthony.
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'll wend along with thee.

45.
6. 28.
107.



ALack and welaway,
My Dearest on the Main,
Their Ship was cast away
upon the Coast of Spain;
To the mercy of the Waves,
to all committed were,
Constance hurts on self she has,
then she cryes for her dear,
My bonny Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'le wend along with thee.

Swimming upon a Plank,
at Bilbo she got ashore
First she did heaven thank,
then she lamented sore,
O woe is me, said she,
the saddest Lass alive,
My dearest Anthony,
now on the Sea doth drive.
My bonny, &c.

What shall become of me,
why do I strive for thore,
with my sweet Anthony,
I never shall see more?
Fair Constance do not grieve,
the same good providence,
hath sav'd thy lover sweet,
but he is far from hence,
Still, &c.

A Spanish Merchant rich,
saw his sad seeming Lad,
That did lament so much,
tho' it was so grevious sad,
He had in England been,
and English understood,
He hearing heard and seen,
he in amazement stood:
Still, &c.

The Merchant asked her,
what was that Anthony,
Quoth she, my Brother Sir,
who came from thence with me:
He did her entertain,
thinking she was a Boy,
Two years she did remain,
before she met her joy.
Still, &c.

Anthony up was tane
by an English Renagade,
With whom he did remain,
at the Sea-roving trade:
I'th nature of a slave,
he did i'th Galley row,
Thus he his life did save,
but Constance did not know:
Still she cryes Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Land or Sea,
I'l wend along with thee.

Now mark what came to pass,
see how the fates did work,
A Ship that her Master was,
suppos'd this English Turk,
And into Bilbo brought
all that aboard her were,
Constance full little thought,
Anthony was so near.
Still, &c.

When they were come on shore
Anthony and the rest,
She who was sad before,
was now with joy possest,
The Merchant much did muse,
at this so sudden change,
He did demand the News,
which unto him was strange:
Now she, &c.

Upon her knees she fell,
unto her Master kind,
And all the truth did tell,
nothing she kept behind:
At which he did admire,
and in a ship of Spain,
Not paying for their hire,
he sent them home again.
Now she, &c.

The Spanish Merchant rich,
did of's own bounty give
A sum of Gold on which
they now most gavely live:
And now in Westmoreland,
they were joyn'd hand in hand
Constancy and Anthony,
they live in mirth and glee,
Now she says Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Good providence we see,
hath guarded thee and me.

FINIS.

Printed for William Thacker
at the Angel in Duck-Lane,
and A. M.

An Askew, Intituled, *I am a Woman Poor and Blind.*



I Am a woman poor and blind,
and little knowledge remains in me,
Long have I sought, but fain would fain,
what herb in my Garden were best to be.

A Garden I have which is unknown,
which God of his goodness gave to me
I mean my body, where I should have sown
the Lord of Christs true verity.

My spirit within me is vexed sore,
my spirit striveth against the same,
My sorrows do encrease more and more,
my conscience suffereth most bitter pain.

I with my self being thus at strife,
would fain have been at rest,
musing and studying in mortal life,
what things I might do to please God best,

With whole intent and one accord,
unto a Gardiner that I did know,
I desired him for the love of the Lord,
true seed in my garden for to sow.

Then this proud Gardener seeing me so blind,
he thought on me to work his will,
And flattered me with words so kind,
to have me continue in my blindness still.

He fed me then with lies and mocks,
for venial sins he bid me go:
to give my money to stones and stocks,
which was stark lies and nothing so.

With stinking meat then was I fed,
for to keep me from my Salvation,
I had Trentals of masse, and balls of Lead,
not one word spoke of Christ's passion.

In me was sown all kind of feigned seeds,
with Popish Ceremonies many a one,
Masses of Requiem, with other juggling deeds,
till Gods Spirit out of my garden was gone.

Then was I commanded most straitly,
if of my Salvation I would be sure,
To build some Chappel or Chauntry,
to be prayed for while the world doth endure.

beware of a new learning, quoth he, it lyes,
which is the thing I most abhor,
Meddle not with it in any manner of wise.
but do as your Fathers have done before.

My trust I did put in the Devils works,
thinking sufficient my Soul to save,
being worse than either Jews or Turks,
thus Christ of his merits I did deprave.

I might liken my self with a wayful heart,
unto the Dumb man in Luke the Eleven,
From whence Christ caused the Devil to depart,
but shortly after he took the other seven.

My time thus good Lord so quickly I spent,
alas I shall die the sooner therefore.
O Lord I find it written in thy Testament,
that thou hast mercy enough in store.

For such Sinners as the Scripture saith,
that would gladly Repent, & follow thy word
Which ile not deny whilst I have breath,
for prison, fire, faggot, or fierce sword.

Strengthen me good Lord in thy truth to stand,
for the bloody butchers have me at their will,
with their slaughter knives ready drawn in their hands
my simple Carcass to devour and kill.

O Lord forgive me my offence.
for I have offended thee very sore,
Take therefore my sinful body from hence,
then shall I vile Creature offend thee no more

I would wish all creatures and faithful friends
for to keep from this Gardeners hands,
For he will bring them soon unto their ends,
with cruel torments of fierce fire brands.

I dare not presume for him to pray,
because the truth of him it was well known,
But since that time he hath gone astray,
and much pestilent Seed abroad he hath sown.

because that now I have no space,
the cause of my death truly to show,
I trust hereafter that by Gods holy Grace,
that all faithful men shall plainly know.

to thee O Lord I bequeath my spirit,
that art the Work-master of the same,
it is thine Lord, therefore take it of right, (came
my carcass on earth I leave, from whence it

Although to ashes it be now burned, 45.
I know thou canst raise it again: 6. 26.
In the same likeness as thou it formed, 111.
in Heaven with thee evermore to remain.

A Rare Example of a Vertuous Maid in

Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery: but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire. Tune is, O man in Desparation.

IT was a Ladies Daughter
of Paris properly,
her mother her commanded
to Mass that she should hie:
O pardon me, dear mother,
her daughter dear did say,
Unto that filthy Idol
I never can obey.

With weeping and wailing,
her mother then did go,
To assemble her Kinsfolks,
that they the truth may know,
Who being then assembled,
they did this maiden call,
And put her into prison,
to fear her there withal.

But where they thought to fear her,
she did most strong endure,
Altho' her years was tender,
her faith was firm and sure,
She weigh'd not their allurements,
she fear'd not fiery flame,
She hop'd thro' Christ her Saviour,
to have immortal fame.

Before the judge they brought her,
thinking that she would turn,
And there she was condemned,
in fire for to burn,
Instead of Golden bracelets,
with Cords they bound her fast,
My God grant me with patience
(quoth she) to die at last.

And on the morrow after,
which was her dying day,
They stript this lilly Damsel
out of her rich array,
Her Chain of Gold so costly,
away from her they take,
And she again most joyfully
did all the world forsake.

Unto the place of torment
they brought her speedily,
With heart and mind most constant,
she willing was to die,
But seeing many Ladies
assembled in that place,
These words she then pronounced,
lamenting of their case.

You Ladies of this City,
mark well my words (quoth she)
Although I shall be burned,
yet do not pitty me,
Your selves I rather pitty,
and weep for your decay,
Amend your time fair Ladies,
and do no time delay.

Then came her mother weeping,
her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her
a book covered with gold:
Throw hence, quoth she, that Idol,
convey it from my sight,
And bring me hither my bible
wherein I take delight.

But my distressed mother
why weep you? be content,
You have to death delivered me,
most like an innocent,
Tormentor do thy Office
on me when thou thinkst best,
but God my Heavenly Father
will bring my soul to rest.

But Oh my aged Father,
where-ever thou dost lye,
Thou know'st not thy poor daughter,
is ready for to die;
but yet amongst the Angels,
in Heaven I hope to dwell,
Therefore my loving Father,
I bid thee now farewel.

Farewel likewise my mother,
adieu my Friends also,
God grant that you by others
may never feel such woe,
Forsake your Superstition,
the cause of mortal strife,
Embrace God's true Religion,
for which I lose my life.

When all these words were ended,
then came the man of death,
Who kindled soon a fire,
which stopt this Virgins breath:
To Christ her only Saviour,
she did her Soul commend,
Farewel (quoth she) good people,
and thus she made an end.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

The Rarest BALLAD that ever was seen,
Of the Blind BEGGER's DAUGHTER of *Bednal-Green.*

IT was a blind Beggar that long lost his sight,
He had a fair Daughter most pleasant & bright,
And many a gallant brave Suitor had she,
For none was so comely as pretty Bessee.
And though she was of favour most fair,
Yet being she was but a Begger his heir,
Of ancient house-keepers despised was she,
Whose sons came as Suitors to pretty Bessee.
Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessee did say:
Good father and mother let me go away,
To seek out my fortune where-ever it be;
The suit was then granted to pretty Bessee.
Thus Bessee that was of beauty most bright,
Then clad in gray russet, & late in the night
From father & mother alone parted she,
Who sighed & sobbed for pretty *Bessee.*
She went till she came at Stratford at Bow,
Then knew she not whither nor which way to go,
With tears she lamented her hard Destiny,
So sad & so heavy was pretty Bessee.
She kept on her journey until it was Day,
And went unto Rumford along the high-way,
And at the Kings-arms entertained was she,
So fair & well-favoured was pretty Bessee.
She had not been there one month to an end,
But master, & mistress, & all was her friend,
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straight-way in love with pretty Bessee.
Sweet Kisses they did send her of silver & gold,
And in their songs daily her love they extold;
Her beauty was blazed in every degree,
So fair & so comely was pretty Bessee.
The young-men of Rumford in her had their joy
She shew'd herself courteous, but never too coy,
And at their commandment still would she be,
So fair & so comely as pretty Bessee.
Four Suitors at once unto her did go,
They craved her favour, but still she said no;
I would not wish Gentlemen to marry with me,
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessee.
The one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came to her Disguis'd in the night;
The second a Gentleman of good Degree,
Who wooed & sued for pretty Bessee.
A Merchant of London whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third Suitor, & proper withal;
Her masters own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would Dye for pretty Bessee.
And if thou wilt marry with me, qd. the Knight,
I'll make thee a Lady with joy and delight,
My heart is inthralled by thy beauty,
Then grant me thy favour my pretty Bessee.
The Gentleman said: Come marry with me,
In silks and in velvet my Bessee shall be,
My heart lies distressed, O hear me, quoth he,
And grant me thy love my pretty Bessee.
Let me be thy husband, the Merchant did say,
Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay,
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And *I* will for ever love pretty Bessee.
Then Bessee she sighed & thus she did say,
My father and mother I mean to obey,
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessee:
To every one this answer she made,
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,
This thing to fulfill we all do agree,
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee
My father (quoth she) is plain to be seen,
The silly blind begger of Bednal-green,
His marks and his tokens are known full well,
He alwaies is led with a dog and a bell,
A silly Old man God knoweth is he,
Yet he is the Father of pretty Bessee.
Nay then (quoth the Merchant) thou art not for me
Nor (quoth the Inholder) my wife shall not be;
I loath (quoth the Gentleman) a beggers degree,
Therefore fare you well my pretty Bessee.
Why then (quoth the knight) hap better or worse
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse
And beauty is beauty in every degree,
Then welcome to me my pretty Bessee.
With thee to thy father forthwith will I go;
Nay soft (quoth his kinsman) it must not be so,
A begger's daughter no Lady shall be,
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessee
And soon after this by break of the Day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Betty away;
The Young men of Rumford so sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.
As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near to *Bednal-green*;
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Bessee.
But rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight for his love there had been slain
The fray being ended, then straight he did see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.
Then speak the blind begger, altho' I be poor,
Rail not against my child at mine own door,
Tho' she be not deckt with velvet and pearl,
Yet will I drop angels with thee for my Girl;
And then if my gold will better her birth,
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see
The blind begger's daughter a lady to be;
But first I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop shall be all your own.
With that they replied, Contented we be;
Then there's (quoth the begger) for pretty Bessee
With that an angel he cast on the ground
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound,
And oftentimes it proved most plain,
For the gentlemans one the begger dropt twain,
So as the place whereas he did sit,
With gold was covered every whit:
The Gentleman having dropt all his store,
Said, Begger hold, for I have no more,
Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright;
Then marry my girl, quoth he to the knight,
And here, quoth he, I'll throw you down
A hundred pound more to buy her a gown:
The Gentlemen all that this treasure had seen,
Admired the Begger of Bednal-green.
And those that were her Suitors before,
Their flesh for very anger they tore:
Thus was their Bessee matcht to a knight,
And made a lady in others Despight;
A fairer Lady there never was seen,
Than the beggers Daughter of Bednal-green.
But of her sumptuous marriage & feast,
And what brave Lords & Kts. thither was prest,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvelous pleasure & wished Delight,
Of a blind beggers Daughter most fair & bright,
That late was betrothed to a young knight,
All the Discourse thereof you may see,
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.



VVIthin a gallant Palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the love of pretty Bessee.
All kind of Dainties & Delicates sweet
VVas brought to their banquet as was thought meet,
Partridge, plover, & venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee,
This wedding thro' England was spread by report,
So that a great number did thither resort,
Of Nobles & Gentiles of every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.
To church then went this gallant young Kt.
His bride followed after like a Lady most bright,
With troops of Ladies the like was ne'er seen,
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednal-green.
This wedding being solemnized, then
VVith musick performed by skilful men,
The Nobles & Gentiles sat down at that tide,
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.
But after these sumptuous Dinner was done.
To talk & to reason a number begun,
Of the blind beggers Daughter most bright,
And what with his Daughter he gave to the Kt.
Then spake the Nobles, Much marvel have we,
The jolly blind begger we cannot here see:
My Lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He's loth with his presence these states to disgrace
The praise of a woman in quest on to bring,
Before her own face were a flattering thing,
VVe think thy fathers baseness (quoth they)
Might by thy beauty be clean put away;
They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the begger with a silken cloak,
A velvet cap & a feather had he,
And now a Musician forsooth he would be:
And being led in from catching of harm,
He had a Dainty Lute under his arm,
Said, Please you hear any musick of me,
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessee.
VVith that his Lute he twang'd straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play,
And after a lesson was plaid two or three,
He strain'd out this song most delicately:

A beggers daughter did dwell on the green,
Who for her beauty may well be a queen,
A blith bonny lass and dainty was she,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.
Her father had no goods nor no lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands,
And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
Yet ill hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one her birth do disdain,
Her father is ready with might & main,
To prove she is come of a noble degree,
Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessee
VVith that the Lords & company round,
VVith hearty laughter was ready to sound,
At last said the Lords, Full well we may see,
The bride and the begger's beholden to thee.
VVith that the bride all blushing did rise,
VVith the fair water all in her fair eyes:
Pardon my father, grave Nobles (quoth she)
That through blind affection thus dotteth on me.
If this be thy father, the Nobles did say,
Well may he be proud of this happy day;
Yet by his countenance well we may see,
His birth with his fortune did never agree,
And therefore blind begger we pray thee bewray,
And look that the truth to us thou do say;
Thy birth & thy parentage what it might be.
Even for the love thou bearest to pretty Bessee.
Then give me leave you Gentiles each one,
A song more to sing and then I'll be gone;
And if that I do not win good report,
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.
VVhen first our King his fame did advance,
And fought for his title in delicate France:
In many places great perils past he,
But then was not born my pretty Bessee,
And in those wars went over to fight
Many a brave Duke, a Lord, and a Knight,
And with 'em young Monford of courage so free
But then was not born my pretty Bessee
And there did young *Monford with a blow oth' face*
Lose both his eyes in a very short space,
His life also had been gone with his sight,
Had not a young woman come forth i'th night,
Amongst the slain men her fancy did move,
To search and to seek for her own true love;
VVho seeing Young Monford there gasping lie,
She saved his life thro her charity.
And then all our victuals in beggers attire,
At hands of good people we then did require:
At last into England, as now is seen,
We came and remained at Bednal-green:
And thus we have lived in fortunes d spight,
Tho' poor yet contented with humble delight:
And in my old Years a comfort to be,
God sent me a daughter called pretty *Bessee.*
And thus you Nobles my song I do end,
Hoping the same no man doth offend;
Full forty long winters thus have *I* been,
A silly blind begger of *Bednal-green.*
Now when the company every one,
Did hear the strange tale in song he had shown,
They were all amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind begger and pretty Bessee.
VVith that the fair Bride they then did imbrace,
Saying, You are come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise of a high degree,
And thou as worthy a Lady to be.
Thus was the feast ended with Joy & Delight,
A happy Bridegroom was made the Young Kt.
who lived in Joy and Felicity,
with his fair Lady pretty Bessee.

Printed by and for A. Milbourn, and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-Bridge.*

The Batchelors feaſt,

OR,

The difference betwixt, a ſingle life and a double:

being the Batchelors pleaſure, and the married Mans trouble,
To a pleaſant new tune called, *with a hie dildo, dill.*





AS I walkt forth of late,
where graſſe and flowers ſpring,
I heard a Batchelor,
within an Harbour ſing,
The tenour of his ſong,
contain'd much melodie,
It is a gallant thing,
to live at liberty,
With hie dill do dill,
hie ho dildurlie:
It is a delightfull thing,
to live at liberty.

Wee Batchelors can flaunt,
in Country and in Towne,
And in good company,
may merrily ſpend a crowne:
Wee may doe as wee liſt,
our lives from cares are free,
O'tis a gallant thing,
to live at liberty,
With hie dill &c.

No Cradle have wee to rocke,
nor Children that doe cry,
No land-Lords rent to pay,
no Nurſes to ſupply:
No Wife to ſcould and brawle,
now wee ſtill keepe good company
With them that take delight,
to live at liberty,
With hie dill, &c.

While married men doe lie,
with worldly cares oppreſt,
Wee Batchelors can ſleepe,
and ſweetly take our reſt,
O married men muſt ſeeke,
for Gollips and a Nurſe,
Which headie makes the heart,
but light it makes the purſe,
With hie dill, &c.

For Candell and for Soape,
and many knacks beſides,
For Clouts and ſwadling bands,
hee likewiſe muſt provide,
To pay for ſops and wine,
hee muſt alſo agree,
O'tis a delightfull thing,
to live at liberty,
With hie dill, &c.

A man that doth intend,
to lead a quiet life,
Muſt practiſe day and night,
to pleaſe his longing wife,
New fathions muſt bee had,
as oft as ſhee them ſee,
O 'tis a pleaſant thing
to live at liberty:
With hie dill, dill,
hie, hoe, dildurly,
It is a delightfull thing:
to live at liberty.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





The Surgeon thriues by fencing ſchooles,
Some for ſtrong liquor pawne their toles
For one wiſe man ther's twenty foles,
oh when ſhall we be married?
In time of youth when I was wilde,
Who toucheth Pitch, muſt be defild,
Mell is afraid that ther's with childe,
peace Peter.

The poore ſtill hope for better daies,
I doe not loue theſe long delayes,
All loue and charity decayes,
in the daies of old:
I'me very loth to pawne my cloake.
Where pouerty doth me prouoke,
They ſay a ſcald head is ſoone broke,
poore trading.

The Dutchmen thriue by Sea and Land,
Women are ſhips and muſt be mand,
Lets bravely to our Colours ſtand,
Courage my hearts of gold:
I read in moderne Hiſtories,
The King of Swedens Victories,
At Iſlington ther's Pudding pies,
hot Cuſtards.

The Tapſter is vndone by chalke.
Truth tis in vaine to prate and talke,
The Perrat prattles, walke knaues, walke,
Duke Humfry lies in Pauls,
The Souldier hath but ſmall regard, (yard
Ther's weekely newes in Pauls Church-
The poore man cries the world growes hard,
cold Winter.

From Longlane cloathes and Turneſtile boots
O fie vpon theſe ſcabbed coates,
The cheapeſt meat is Reddiſh rootes,
come, all theſe for a penny:
Light my Tobacco quickly heere,
There lies a pretty woman neere,
This boy will come to naught I feare,
proud Coxcombs.

The World is full of odious ſinnes,
Tis ten to one but this horſe winnes,
Foles ſet ſtoles to breake wiſe mens ſhinnes
this man's more knaue than fole:
Iane oft in priuate meets with Tom,
Husband ya're kindly welcome home,
Haſt any money? lend me ſome,
I'me broken.

In ancient times all things were cheape,
Tis good to looke before thou leape,
When Corne is ripe, tis time to reape,
once walking by the way.
A iealous man the Cuckoo loaths,
The gallant complements with oathes,
A wench will make you ſell your cloaths.
run Broker.

The Courtier and the country man,
Let's liue as honeſt as we can.
When Arthur firſt in Court began,
his men wore hanging ſleeues.
In May when Graſſe and Flowers be green
The ſtrangeſt ſight that ere was ſeene.
God bleſſe our gracious King and Queene,
from danger. men.

Printed at London for H. G. FINIS. M.P.

121 An excellent new Medly. To to tune of the Spanish Paun.

WHen Philomel begins to sing,
the grasse growes green & flowres
Me thinke it is a pleasant thing, (spring,
to walk on Primrose hill,
Maides haue you any Conie-skins
To sell for Laces or great Pinnes
The Pope will pardon venniall sinnes:
Saint Peter,
Fresh fish and newes grew quickly stale:
Some say good wine can nere want sale,
But God send poore folke Beere & Ale,
enough vntill they die
Most people now are full of pride,
The Boy said no but yet he lyde:
His Aunt did to the Cuck-Roole ride
for frolding.
Within our Towne faire Susan dwells:
Sure Meg is pensiue, for she swels,
My friend pull off your bazzards bells,
and let the haggard fly.
Take heed you play not at Trap-trip.
Short heeles forsooth will quickly slip.
The beadle makes folke taste his whip,
dance naked.
Come tapster tell us whats to pay,
Jane frownd and cryde good Sir away.
She tooke his kindnesse. yet said nay,
as Maidens vse to do,
The man shall haue his Mare again,
When all faire knaues proue honest men.
Our Sisly shall be Painted then,
true Roger.
The Butcher with his milky Dog
At Rumford you may buy a Hog,
I faith Raph Goose hath got a clog,
his wench is great with childe.
In Pillory put the Bakers head,
For making of such little bread,
Good conscience now a dayes is dead,
Pierce plowman.
The Cutpurse and his Companie
Theeues finde receivers presently:
Shun Brokers, Bawdes, and Usury,
for feare of after-claps.
Lord, what a wicked world is this
The stone lets Kate she cannot pisse:
Come hither sweet and take a kisse
in kindenesse
In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
She had two buckets to a well,
Would not a dog for anger swell,
to see a pudding creepe:
The Horse-leach is become a Smith,
When haiters faile then take a With:
They say an old man hath no pith,
Round Robin.
Simon doth suck up all the Egges,
Franke neuer drinks without Nutmegs,
And pretty Parnell shewes her legs,
as slender as my waste.
When faire Ierusalem did stand,
The match is made giue me thy hand,
Maulkin must haue a Cambrick band
blew starched.

The Cuckow sung hard by the doore,
Gyll brawled like a butter whore
Cause her buckeheaded Husband swore
the Miller was a knaue.
Good Poets leaue of making playes
Let players seek for Soulders payes
I doe not like the drunken fraies,
in Smithfield.
Now Roysters spurs do gingle braue,
John Sexton plays the arraud knaue,
To digge a Coarse out of the Grave.
and steal the sheet away.
The wandring Prince of stately Troy
Greene sleeues were wont to be my ioy,
He is a blinde and paultry boy
god Cupid,
Come hither friend and giue good eare,
A leg of mutton stuft is rare,
Take heed you do not steal my Mare,
it is so hot it burns.
Behold the tryall of true loue,
He took a Scritch-Owle for a Doue:
This man is like ere long to proue
a Monster.
Tis merry when kinde Gaffmen meet:
No Cowards fight but in the street,
He thinkes this wench smels very sweet,
of Muske, or somewhat else.
There was a man did play at Maw,
The whilest his wife made him a daw,
Your Case is altered in the law,
quoth ployden.
The Weauer will no shuttle shoote,
Goe bid the Cobler mend my boot
He is a foole will go afoot
and let his Horse stand still.
Old John a Nokes and John a Stiles,
Many an honest man beguiles.
But all the world is full of wiles
and knauery.
Of treason and of Traytors spight
The house is haunted with a spirit,
Now Nan will rise about midnight,
and walke to Richards house.
You Courtly Gates and gallants all,
Climbe not too hie for feare you fall:
If one please not another shall,
Sing pipping.
Diana and her Darlings deere,
The Dutchmen ply the double Beere:
Boyes rings the bels & make good cheere
when Kempe returnes from Rome,
O man what meanes thy heavie looke
Is Will not in his Writis Booke,
Sir Rouland for a refuge tooke
Horne-Castle
Rich people haue the world at will
Trades fade, but Lawiers flourish still,
Iacke would be married unto Gyll:
but care will kill a Cat.
Are you there Sirrah with your Feares,
A Barbers shop with nittie haires.
Doll, Phillis hath lost both her eares,
for coozning.

Who list to lead a souldiers life,
Tom would eat meat but wants a knife,
The Tinker swore that Tibs his wife,
would play at uptailes all
Beleeue my word without an an Oath
The Tailor stole some of her cloath:
When George lay sicke & Ioane made him (broath
with Hemlocke.
The Patron gelt the par sonage,
And Esau sold his heritage,
Now Leonard lack-wit is foole age,
to be his Fathers heire.
There's many scratch before it itch,
Saul did ask counsel of a Witch.
Friend, ye may haue a Bacon flitch
at Dunmow.
King David plaid on a Welch Harpe,
This threed will neuer make good warpe
At wise mens words each foole will carpe
and shoot their witlesse bolts.
Ione like a Ram wore hornes and wooll.
Pnew you my Postis of the Bull,
Spurs Curio once was made a gull
in Shoreditch
The blackamores are blabber lipt,
At yarmouth are the Herrings shipt,
And at Ryde-well the beggers whipt,
a man may liue and learne,
Griefe in my heart doth stop my tongue,
The poore man still must put up wrong,
Your way lies there then walk along,
to Witham
There lies a Lasse that I loue well,
The Broker hath gay clothes to sell,
Which from the Hangmans budget fell,
are you no further yet:
In Summer times when Peares be ripe,
Who would give sixpence for a Tripe,
Play Lad or else lend me thy Pipe
and Taber.
Saint Nicholas Clarkes will take a purse,
Young children now can sweare and curse
I hope yee like me nere the worse,
for finding fault therewith.
The seruant is the Maisters mate.
When gossips meet, ther's too much prate
Poore Lazarus lies at Diues gate
halfe starued,
Make haste to Sea, and hoyst up sailes
The hogs were serud with milking pales
From filth: sluts, and from all Ioayles,
good Lord deliuer us all.
I scorne to ride a raw boned Jade,
Fetch me a Mattocke and a Spade,
A Graues end Coate will soone be made,
Saint Dennis.
But for to finish up my Song,
The Ale-wife did the brewer wrong,
One day of sorrow seems as long
as ten Daies do of mirth,
My Medly now is at an end,
Haue you no Bowles or Trayes to mend
Tis hard to finde so true a friend
as Damon.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke. 4° L. 28. 116. FINIS.

The Brides Good-morrow. To a pleasant new Tune.



THe night is passed & ioyfull day appeareth
most cleare on every side,
With pleasant musick we therefore salute you,
good morrow Mistris Bride: (hand
From sleepe and slumber now awake you out of
your bridegroome stayeth at home:
Whose fancy favour, & affection still doth stand
fixed on thee alone:
Dresse you in your best array,
This must be your wedding day,
God almighty send you happy ioy:
In health and wealth to keep you still,
And if it be his blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

This day is honour now brought into thy bo-
and comfort to thy heart: (some
For God hath sent you a friend for to defend you
from sorrow, care and smart:
In health & sickness for thy comfort day & night
he is appointed and brought, (right,
Whose love & liking is most constant sure and
then love ye him as ye ought:
Now you have your hearts desire,
And the thing you did require,
God almighty send you happy ioy:
In health and wealth to keep you still,
And if it be your blessed will,
God keepe you safe from sorrow and annoy.

There is no treasure the which may be cõpared
unto a faithfull friend,
Gold soone decayeth and worldly consumeth,
and walketh in the winde,
But love once planted in a perfect & pure minde
indureth weale and woe: (kinde
The frownes of fortune come they never so un-
cannot the same overthrowe.

A bit of bread is better cheare,
Where love and friendship doth appeare,
then dainty dishes stuffed full of strife:
For where the heart is cloyd with care,
Sower is the sweetest fare:
and death far better then so bad a life,

Sweet Bride then may you full well contended
and in your heart reioyce: (stay you,
Sith God was guider both of your heat & fancy
and maker of your choice.
And he that preferd you to this happie state
will not behold you decay,
Nor see you lack reliefe or help in any rate,
if you his precepts obay
To those that ask it faithfully,
The Lord will no good thing deny,
this comfort in the Scriptures may you finde,
Then let no worldly griefe and care,
Vexe your heart with foule dispaire,
which doth declare the unbeleeuing minde,

All things are ready and every whit prepared
to beare you company.
Your friends and parents do give their due at-
together courteously: (tendance
The house is dect and garnisht for your sake,
with flowers gallant and green,
A solem feast your comely cooks do ready make
where all your friends will be seen,
Youngmen and maids do ready stand,
With sweet Rosemary in their hand,
a perfect token of your virgins life:
To wait upon you they intend,
Unto the Church to make an end:
and God make thee a ioyfull wedded wife.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke

Friendly Counſaile.

OR,

Here's an anſwer to all Demanders
The which Ile declare to all By-ſtanders,
Thereby to teach them how to know
A perfect Friend from a flattering Foe.

To the tune of I could fancy pretty Nancy.



IT was my chance not long time ſince,
To be where was much conference:
And amongſt their queſtions all,
One bid me to anſwer call,
Thus demanding how to know
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

Being much amazed in my minde,
How this Theame might be defined;
Yet I anſwer'd thus againe,
That I would reſolue them plaine,
In what kinde they well might know
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

If that thou haue a friend, be kinde,
Here in true loue thou ſame may finde,
He'l not leaue thee in diſtreſſe,
But will helpe thee more or leſſe:
Hereby you may plainely know
A faithfull, &c.

On the contrary, marke my words,
Flattering tongues are worſe than ſwords,
They'l ſpeake you fair while you them feed,
But quite forſake thee in thy need:
Theſe are perfect ſignes to know
A faithfull, &c.

If thou want meanes and haue a friend,
He'le ſomething giue and ſomething lend,
He will not ſee thee for to periſh,
But will thee relieue and cheriſh:
Hereby you may finde and know
A faithfull, &c.

The Flatterer whilſt thou haſt chinke,
Will proffer meate and giue thee drinke,
But for it thou ſhalt dearely pay,
For he will bring thee to decay:
Then I adviſe thee how to know
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will grieue to ſee thee lacke,
He'le ſpeake thee faire behind thy backe,
In words and deeds he'l ſtill agree,
He'l grieue to ſee thy miſery:
Hereby you may plainely know
A faithfull, &c.

Thy foe indeed is nothing ſo,
For he'l reioyce ſtil at thy woe,
And if thou once grow poore and bare,
Then for thee he no more will care:
Thus thou plainely here maiſt know
A faithfull, &c.

Thy friend will wiſh thee keep thy meanes,
And not to waſte it on lewd Queanes,
He'l bid thee for to haue a care (ware:
Cards, Dice and Whores, are dangerous
Hereby you may plainely know
A faithfull, &c.

The other he will thee intice
To drunkenneſſe, Cards, Whores & Dice,
He'l adviſe thee for to roare,
To ſpend thy meanes and ſo be poore:
Thus thou here maiſt plainely know
A faithfull, &c.

The ſecond part, 194. To the ſame tune.





THe Taylor muſt be payd,
for making of her gowne,
The ſhoomakers for fine ſhoes,
or elſe thy wife will frowne:
For Bands fine Ruffes and cuffes,
thou muſt diſpence as free:
O 'tis a gallant thing,
to live at liberty,
With hie dill, &c.

A wife muſt alſo have,
a Weaver of the beſt,
That ſhe may flaunt it out,
and goſſip with the reſt:
Wrought quaiffes and cobweb lawne,
her dayly weare muſt bee;
O 'tis a lightſome thing,
to live at liberty,
With hie, &c.

Yet all this pleaſeth not
except that then doſt purſe,
Both gold and ſilver coyne,
to carry in her purſe,
To Taverne then ſhe hies,
where ſhe will merry bee,
O 'tis a gallant thing,
to live at liberty,
With hie, &c.

Some thinks a ſingle life,
to bee a dayly trouble,
But many men do wed,
and makes his ſorrowes double,
Therefore I wiſh young men,
in time be rul'd by mee,
And learne to ſing this ſong,
to live at liberty,
With hie, &c.

Except a vertuous wife,
a young man chance to find,
That will induſtrious be,
and beare a modeſt mind,
Her better were to live,
ſtill ſingle as ſhe ſee,
For 'tis a gallant thing,
to live at liberty,
With hie, &c.

Now will I heere conclude,
I will no one offend,
Wiſhing that every ſhrew,
her qualities would amend,
And that all Batchelors,
may now bee rul'd by mee,
To chuſe a loving wife,
or live at liberty,
With hie dildo, dill,
hie do dildurle,
It is a gallant thing
to live at liberty.

FINIS. L. P.

Printed at London for *I. W.* the younger, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Bayly.

4. 6. 22 (4)

370

A Bill of Fare:

For, A Saturday nights Supper, A Sunday morning Breakfaſt, and A Munday Dinner, Deſcribed in a pleaſant new merry Ditie.

To the tune of *Cooke Laurell*, or, *Michaelmas Terme*.



I'Le tell you a Jeſt, which you'l hardly beleeue:
No matter for that, you ſhall hear't right or wrong,
A hungry appetite may perhaps grieue,
To heare ſuch a Banquet ſet forth in a Song,
He rather would haue it then heare on't he'l ſay,
But I cannot promiſe him ſuch a kaire night;
All that I can doe, is with words to diſplay,
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Inprimis, foure Fancies, two boyld, and two roaſt,
A large diſh of Endimions (good for one's drinke)
Six Pelican Chickens as hote as a toaſt,
And ſix Birds of Paradiſe, braue meat I thinke,
A couple of Phenix, a Cocke and a Hen,
That late from Arabia had tane their flight.
I thinke ſuch a Banquet was ne're made for men,
As wee had to Supper on Saturday night.

Two paire of Elephants Pettitoes boyld,
A greene Dragon Spitchcock (an excellent diſh)
One meſſe by the Cooke was like to be ſpoil'd,
And yet by good hap 'twas to every one's wiſh:
It was a Rhenoceros boyld in Alegant,
To all who did taſte it, gaue great delight:
Judge whether we haue not occaſion to vaunt
Of this our rare Supper on Saturday night.

A Calues head was roaſt with a pudding i'th belly,
(Of which all the women did heartily fare)
A diſh of Irish Harts hornes boyld to a Jelly,
(Which moſt men eſteem'd as a good diſh indeed)
I had almoſt forgotten to name a ſowc'd Owle,
Brought by to the Maſter o'th Feaſt as his right,
He lou'd it he ſaid aboue all other Fowle,
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

The next in due courſe was foure golden Orizhwes,
Erinly diſſolued through a Woodcocks bill, (chuſe)
Six Camelions in greene ſawce (Maids commonly
This diſh euery day if they may haue their will,
The chine of a Lyon, the haunch of a Beare,
Well larded with Brimſtone and Quickſiuer bright:
Judge Gentlemen, was not this excellent cheere,
That wee had to Supper on Saturday night.

A whole Horſe ſowſt after the Ruſſian manner,
Twelue Pigs of a ſtrange Capadocian Bitch,
Six dozen of Eſtridges roſt, (which a Tanner
Did ſend out of Aſia by an old Witch)
A Leg of an Eagle carbonadoed (in Snow)
The Pluck of a Crampoiſe ſtew'd till it was white,
And thus in particular I let you know,
What we had to Supper on Saturday night.

Then came in an Elk of a Jackanapes taile,
Serv'd in vpon Trippits as dainty as may be:
O that is a dainty, which rather then faile,
Might well ſerue to feaſt an Vtopian Lady:
Twelue Maids were ſtew'd in the ſhell of a Shrimp,
And ſeuſe it was meat that was held very light,
They had for their Sawce a ſalt pickled Pimpe,
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

Ly 6. 28 120.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

THis Beaſts ſowſt pig faſhion ſent w[illegible] 'o the
And 4 black ſwans ſern'd by 2 in a diſh, (hard,
With a Lobſter fried in ſteaks: take my word,
I know not well whether it was Fleſh or Fiſh,
Two Cockatrices, and three Babones boyld,
Two dry Salamanders, a very ſtrange ſight,
A Joale of a Whale ſoundly butter'd and eyl'd,
And this was our Supper on Saturday night.

A good diſh of Podicums, I know not what,
In Barbary Vinegar boyld very ſoft,
I mus'd how my Noſtis became ſo huge fat,
I find tis with eating theſe Podicums oft:
A Groſſe of Canary birds roaſted alive,
That out of the diſhes (for ſport) tooke their flight,
And every one preſent to catch them did ſtrive:
This was our rare Supper on Saturday night.

A ſhoale of Red-herrings with bels 'bout their neckes,
Which made ſuch rare ſport that I never ſaw ſuch,
They leaped and danced with other fine tricks,
A man may admire how they could doe ſo much.
Two Porpoſes parboild in May-dew and Roſes,
That vnto the ſmell yeelded ſo much delight i
Some (fearing to loſe them) laid hold on their noſes,
All this was at Supper on Saturday night.

Three dozen of Welſh Embaſſadors bak't,
Which made ſuch a noiſe it was heard through ỹ town
Some hearing the eccho their foreheads ſo ak't,
That many a ſmile was ouercome with a froome:
A diſh of Bonitoes, or Fiſh that can flie,
That out of the Indies came hither by flight,
To cloſe vp our ſtomacks, a Gridiron Pye
We had to our Supper on Saturday night.

But what commeth after muſt not be forgotten,
The Fruit and the Cheeſe as they follow by courſe,
A Weſt-Indian Cheeſe (not a bit of it rotten,
Thats made of no worſe then the milke of a Horſe)
A diſh of Pine-apples, two buſhels at leaſt,
An hundred of Cokernuts for our delight.
The world may admire at this wonderfull Feaſt,
Which we had at Supper on Saturday night.

Six Pumpians codled with exquiſite Art,
To pleaſure the palate of every one there.
Then we at the laſt had a great Cabbage Tart;
Thus have I exactly deſcribed our Cheere:
What all this amounted to, I cannot tell,
It coſt me juſt nothing, no faith not a mite,
The Maſter o'th Feaſt (whom I know very well)
Did pay for this Supper on Saturday night.

We roſe from our mirth with the 12 a clock Chimes,
Went every one home as his way did direct;
And I for my part on the morning betimes,
Had a Breakfaſt prepar'd, which I did not expect:
My wife, becauſe ſhe was not bidden to Supper,
(It ſeemes by the ſtory) ſhe bare me a ſpight:
The Breakfaſt ſhe gaue me, to you I will utter,
It paſſed our Supper on Saturday night.

Sunday morning Breakfaſt.

FIrſt had I a diſh of Maundering broath,
So ſcolding hote that I could not abide it,
But I like a patient man (though I was loath)
Muſt ſwallow all down, cauſe my wife did prouide it,
A many ſmall Raiſons ſhe put in the ſame,
Her Noſe yeelded Pepper that keenly did bite:
Thought I here's a Breakfaſt, I thank my good dame,
That paſſes our Supper on Saturday night.

A great Carpe Pye, and a diſh of ſad Ponts,
With Crocodile Vinegar, ſawce very tart,
Quoth ſhe thou laſt night waſt among thy ſound trunks,
Now fall to thy Breakfaſt, and comfort thy heart:
Then had I a Cup full of ſtout Mozrwood Beare,
It ſeemes that in Phyſicke ſhe has good inſight,
This ſhew'd me the difference 'twixt the homely cheere
And our dainty Supper on Saturday night.

Munday Dinner.

ON this ſorry Fare all that day I did feed,
And on Munday morning on purpoſe to win her,
I went and got money to furniſh her need,
And now you ſhall heare what I had to my Dinner:
A Pye made of Conies, with Ducks and Pigs eyes,
With a deale of ſweet Pony my taſte to delight:
With ſweet Lambe and Chicken my mind to ſuffice,
Theſe paſſed my Supper on Saturday night.

Another Pye made with a many Sheepes eyes,
With ſweet Sugar Candy that pleaſed my pallet,
Theſe ſeuerall Banquets my Purſe did abuſe,
And with her aſſiſtance I made this mad Ballet.
There's no man that's wiſe will my paines reprehend
For moſt married men will confeſſe I ſay right;
Yet on no occaſion this Ditie was pend,
But to ſhew our rare Supper on Saturday night.

FINIS. *M. P.*

London, Printed by *M. P.* for *Fr: Grove*, neere the Sarazens head without Newgate.

90.

Blew Cap for me.

OR,

A Scottish Lasse her resolute chusing
Shee'l have bonny blew-cap, all other refusing.

To a curious new Scottish tune called Blew-cap.





COme hither the merri'st of all the nine,
come sit thee down by me and let us be iolly,
And in a full cup of Apollo's wine,
wee'll drowne our old enemy mad melancholy:
Which when wee have done,
wee'll betweene us devise
A dainty new ditty,
with art to comprise,
And of this new ditty,
the matter shall be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

There lides a blithe Lasse in Faukeland towne,
and thee had some suitors I wot not how many,
But her resolution she had set downe,
that shee'd have a Blew-cap gif ere she had any:
An English man
when our good King was there,
Came often unto her
and loued her deare:
But still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

A Welch man that had a long sword by her doe,
red pitches, red Tublet red Coat, & red Beard,
was make a great shew with a great deal of pride
and tell her strange tale that the like was nere heard:
Was reckon her pedigree,
long before Brute,
No body was by her
that can her confute:
But still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

A French-man that largely was booted and spurd,
long-lock't, with a Ribon, long points and breeches,
Has's ready to kisse her at every word,
and for further exercise his fingers itches:
You be pritty wench
Witris, par ma foy,
We gar me doe lone you,
then be not you coy:
But still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

An Irish man with a long skeane in his hose,
did thinke to obtaine her it was no great matter,
Up staires to her chamber so lightly he goes,
that she ne're heard him until he came at her:
Quoth he I doe lone you,
by fake and by trote,
And if you will have me,
experience shall chote:
But still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

The second part. To the same tune.





A Dainty fyuce Spanyard with haire black as jett,
a long cloak with round cape, a long Rapier & Ponyard
hee told her if that shee could Scotland forget,
hee'd shew her the Vines as they grow in the Vineyard.
If thou wilt abandon
this Country so cold,
Ile shew thee faire Spaine,
and much Indian gold,
But still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

A haughty high German of Hamborough towne,
a proper tall gallant with mighty mustachoes:
He weepes if the Lasse upon him doe but frowne,
yet he's a great Fencer that comes to overmatch us.
But yet all his fine fencing
could not get the Lasse,
She deny'd him so oft,
that he wearyed was:
For still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for me.

A Netherland Mariner there came by chance,
whose cheekes did resemble two rotting Pomwaters:
To this Tany Lasse he his suite did advance,
and as taught by nature he cunningly flatters:
Ask will make thee, said he,
sole Lady o'th Sea,
Both Spaniards and Englishmen
shall thee obey,
But still she replide, Sir,
I pray let me be,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for mee.

These sundry Suitors of severall Lands,
did daily solicite this Lasse for her favour,
And every one of them alike under stands
that to win the prize they in vaine did endeavour.
For she had resolved
(as I before said)
To have bonny Blew-cap,
or else dee a maid.
Unto all her suppliants
still replyde she,
Gif ever I have a man,
Blew-cap for mee.

At last came a Scottish man (with a blew-cap)
and he was the party for whom she had tarry'd
To get this blithe bonny Lasse 'twas his good hap,
they gangd to the Kirk & were presently marry'd.
I ken not weele whether
it were Lord or Leard,
They cande him some like
a like name as I heard,
To chuse him from all,
she did gladly agree.
And still she cride Blew-cap
th'art welcome to mee.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*.

A pleaſant nevv Court Song,

Betweene a yong Courtier, and a Countrey Laſſe.

To a new Court Tune.





VPon a Summers time,
in the midſt of the morne,
A bonny Laſſe I eſpide,
the faireſt ere was borne,
Faſt by a ſtanding Poole,
within a meddow greene,
She laid her ſelfe to coole,
not thinking to be ſeene.

She gathered louely flowers,
and ſpent her time in ſport:
As if to Cupids bowers
ſhe daily did reſort.
The fields afford content
vnto this maiden kinde,
Much time, and paines ſhe ſpent,
to ſatisfie her minde.

The Cowſlip there ſhe cropt,
the Daffadill and Dazie:
The Primroſe lookt ſo trim,
ſhe ſcorned to be lazie,
And euer as ſhe did,
theſe prety poſies pull,
She roſe and fetcht a ſigh,
and wiſht her apron full.

I hearing of her wiſh,
made bold to ſtep vnto her:
Thinking her loue to winne,
I thus began to woe her,
Faire maide, be not ſo coy,
to kiſſe thee I am bent:
O fie, ſhe cride, away,
yet ſmiling gaue conſent.

Then did I helpe to plucke
of euery flower that grew,
No herbe nor flower I miſſe,
but onely Time and Rue.
Both ſhe and I tooke paines
to gather flowers ſtore,
Vntill this maiden ſaid,
kind ſir, I le haue no more.

Yet ſtill my louing heart
did proffer more to pull,
No ſir, quoth ſhe, ile part,
becauſe mine apron's full.
So ſir, ile take my leaue,
till next we meet againe:
Rewards me with a kiſſe,
and thankes me for my paine.

The Second part. To the same Tune.





IT was my chance of late,
to walke the pleasant fields:
Where sweet tun'd chirping birds,
harmonious musicke yeelds.
I lent a listening eare
vnto their musicke rare:
At last mine eye did glance
vpon a Damsell faire.

I stept me close aside,
vnder a Hawthorne bryer:
Her passions laid her downe,
ore-rul'd with fond desire.
Alacke fond maide she cride,
and straight fell a weeping,
Why sufferest thou thy heart,
within a false ones keeping?

Wherefore is Venus Queene,
whom maids adore in mind,
Obdurate to our prayers,
or like her fondling blinde:
When we doe spend our loues,
whose fond expence is vaine?
For men are growne so false,
the cannot loue againe.

The Queene of loue doth know,
best how the matter stands,
And Hymen knowes, I long
to come within her bands.
My loue best knowes my loue,
and loue repaies with hate,
Was ever virgins loue,
so much vnfortunate?

Did my loue fickle prove
they had he cause to flye:
But Ile be iudg'd by loue,
I lou'd him constantly.
I hearing of her vowes,
set bashfulnesse a part,
And striu'd with all my skill,
to cheere this maidens heart.

I did instruct her loue,
where loue might be repaid:
Could I, quoth she, find loue,
I were an happy maid.
I straight in loue replide,
in me thou Loue shalt finde:
So made the bargaine sure,
and cas'd the Maidens minde.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

A pleaſant Countrey new Ditty:

Merrily ſhewing how

To driue the cold Winter away.

To the tune of, *When Phœbus did reſt, &c.*



All hayle to the dayes,
That merite moꝛe pꝛaiſe,
then all the reſt of the yeare:
And welcome the nights,
That double delights,
as well the poꝛe as the Peere:
God foꝛtune attend,
Each merry mans friend,
that doth but the beſt that he may:
Foꝛgetting old wꝛongs,
With Carrols and Songs,
to driue the cold winter away.

Let miſery packe,
With a whip at his backe,
to the deep Tantalian flood:
In the Lethe pꝛofound,
Let enuy be dꝛown'd,
that pines at another mans good:
Let ſoꝛꝛowes expence,
We banded from hence,
all payments of griefe delay:
And wholly conſoꝛt,
With mirth and with ſpoꝛt,
to driue the cold winter away.

Tis ill foꝛ a mind,
To anger inclind,
to ruminate iniuries now:
If wꝛath be to ſeeke,
Do not let her thy cheeke,
noꝛ yet inhabite thy bꝛow.
Cꝛoſſe out of thoſe bookes,
Malecuolent lookes,
both beauty and youthes decay:
And ſpend the long night,
In honeſt delight,
to driue the cold winter away.

The Court in all ſtate,
Now opens her gate,
and bids a free welcome to maſt:
The City likewiſe,
Though ſomewhat pꝛeciſe,
doth willingly part with her coſt:
And yet by repoꝛt,
From City and Court,
the Countrey gets the day:
Moꝛe Liquoꝛ is ſpent,
And better content,
to driue the cold winter away.

The Gentry there,
Foꝛ coſt do not ſpare,
the Peomanry faſt in Lent:
The Farmers and ſuch,
Thinke nothing too much,
if they keep but to pay their Rent:
The poꝛeſt of all,
Do merrily call,
want, beares but a little ſway:
Foꝛ a Song oꝛ a tale,
Oꝛe a Pot of good Ale,
to driue the cold winter away.

Thus none will allow,
Of ſolitude now,
but merrily greets the time:
To make it appeare,
Of all the whole yeare,
that this is accounted the Pꝛime.
December is ſeene,
Apparel'd in greene,
and January freſh as May:
Comes dancing along,
With a Cup and a Song,
to driue the cold winter away.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.



THis time of the yeare,
Is ſpent in good Cheare,
kind neighbours together meet:
To ſit by the fire,
With friendly deſire,
each other in loue to greet:
Old grudges forgot,
Are put in the Pot,
all ſorrowes aſide they lay:
The old and the yong,
Doth Carroll his Song,
to driue the cold winter away.

Siſley and Nanny,
Were neuer merry,
as blithe as the Month of Iune:
We Carroll and ſing,
Like birds of the Spring,
no Nightingale ſweeter in tune:
To bring in content,
When Summer is ſpent,
in pleaſant delight and play:
With mirth and good cheere,
To end the old yeere,
and driue the cold winter away.

The Shepheard, the Swaine,
Do highly diſdaine,
to waſte out his time in care:
And Clim of the Clough,
Hath plenty enough,
if but a penny he ſpare:
To ſpend at the night,
In ioy and delight,
now after his labours all day:
For better then Lands,
Is helpe of his hands,
to driue the cold winter away.

To Wake and to Mow,
Kind neighbours will come,
with Waſſels of nut browne Ale;
To drinke and carouſe,
To all in this houſe,
as merry as Bucks in the pale:
Where Cake, Bread and Cheeſe,
Is brought for your fees,
to make you the longer ſtay:
At the fire to warme,
Will do you no harme,
to driue the cold winter away.

When Chriſtmas tide,
Comes in like a Bride,
with Holly and Ivy clad:
Twelue dayes in the yeare,
Much mirth and good cheare,
in euery houſhold is had:
The Countrey guiſe,
Is then to deuiſe,
ſome gambole of Chriſtmas play:
Whereas the yong men,
Do beſt that they can,
to driue the cold winter away.

When white-bearded Froſt,
Hath threatned his worſt,
and fallen from Branch & Byer:
Then time away cals,
From Husbandrys Hals,
& from the good Countrymans fire:
Together to go,
To Plow and to ſow,
to get vs both food and array:
And thus with content,
The time we haue ſpent,
to driue the cold winter away.

Printed at London for H.G. FINIS.

THE

Catholick BALLAD:

OR, AN

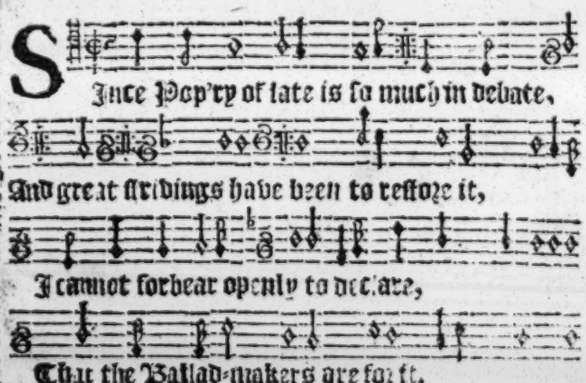
INVITATION

TO

POPERY,

Upon Considerable Grounds and Reasons.

To the Tune of, *Eighty eight.*



Since Popery of late is so much in debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear openly to declare,
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute no more them, these Heretical Men,
Have exposed our Books unto laughter,
So that many do say, 'twill be the best way,
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cause! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly do I desire thee!
Neither will I pray to St. Bridget to Day,
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholic [Rome?
I wonder much at your folly?
For St. Peter was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the World holy.

For this sacred old wood, is so excellent good,
If our Doctors may be believ'd,
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear,
The danger of being deceiv'd.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up,
Though his Nature we know to be Evil,
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in the Seat, but our Father the Pope?
Which is a plain Demonstration
As clear as Noon-day, we are in a right way,
And all others are doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your Eyes,
Which are blinded with bad Education;
We have Arguments plenty, and Miracles twenty,
Enough to convince a whole Nation.

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if any thing can perswade ye,
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt, the Devil cast out,
As of old by Ezra Pater;
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing Bear,
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Reliques most rare,
We can shew you the sacred Manger;
Several loads of the Cross, as good as e'er was,
To preserve your Souls from danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a Stone-wall,
But I spare you a little for pity,
That each one may prepare, and cram up his Chair,
For the Second Part of my Ditty.

Fr. S. Sc. Pet.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

NOw listen again to those things that remain,
They are matters of weight, I assure you;
And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles away,
'Tis impossible else for to cure you.

O that pestilent Book! never on it more look,
I wish I could sing it out louder:
It has done Men more harm, I dare boldly affirm
Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.

As for matters of faith, believe what the Church saith,
But for Scripture, leave that to the learned;
For these are Edge-tools, & you Laymen are Fools,
If you touch them y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for, that you make all this stir?
You must read, you must hear and be learned:
If you'l be on our part we will teach you an Art,
That you need not be so much concerned.

Be the Churches good Son, and your work is half
After that you may do your own pleasure: [done,
If your Beads you can tell, and say Ave Mary well,
Never doubt of the heavenly treasure.

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he
And without all peradventure, [please,
If you cannot at the Fore, yet at the back-Door
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first by the way, you must make a short stay
At a place called Purgatory,
Which the Learned us tell, in the Outlings of Hell,
Is about the middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a Mark of disgrace,
In the Torment on't long to endure:
None are kept there but fools, and poor pitiful souls
Who can no ready Money procure.

And a handsum round Sum you may quickly begon,
To the Church has wisely ordein'd,
And they who build Crosses and pay well for Masses,
Would not there be too long detain'd.

And that 'tis a plain case, as the Nose on ones Face,
They are in the surest condition,
Since none but poor Fools & some niggardly Owls,
And can call into utter perdition.

And they faileth you then O ye great and rich men,
For that you will not hearken to reason,
And as long as y have pence, y need scruple no of-
For Murther, Adultery, Treason. [fence

And ye sweet-natur'd Women, who hold all things
[common,
My addresses to you are most hearty,
And to give you your due, you are to us most true,
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your Penance is small,
And although you cannot forgo it,
We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure,
To confess before you go to it.

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,
To those who affect the French Nation,
Hereby we advance the Religion of France,
The Religion that's only in fashion.

If these reasons prevail, (as how can they fail?)
To have Popery entertain'd,
You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
What benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the Pope shall us bless (that's no small happi-
And again we shall see restored [ness)
The Italian Trade, which formerly made
This Land to be so much adored.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine
The good Words as sweet as Honey, [things,
All this and much more, shall be brought to our Dor
For a little dull English Money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and whatever can
Be restored again to our Britain: [move,
And Learning so common, that every old Woman
Shall say her Prayers in Latin.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State
[shall obey,
Which is now looked upon as a wonder,
And the proudest of Kings, with all Temporal
Shall submit and trickle under. [things,

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do,
And have handled us with so much Terror;
May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more)
They may chance to acknowledge their Error.

If any Man yet, shall have so little Wit,
As still to be Refractory;
I swear by the Mass, he is a meer Ass,
And so there's an end of the Story.

FINIS.

The Cruell Shrow:

OR,

The Patient Mans Woe.

Declaring the misery, and the great paine,
By his vnquiet wife he doth dayly sustaine.

To the Tune of *Cuckolds all arowe.*





COme Batchelers and Maried men,
and listen to my Song;
And I will shew you plainely then,
the injury and wrong
That constantly I doe sustaine,
by the vnhappy life,
The which does put me to great paine,
by my vnquiet wife.

She never linnes her bauling,
her tongue it is so loud,
But alwaies shee'le be railing,
and will not be contrould:
For shee the Witches still will weare,
although it breedes my strife,
If I were now a Batcheler,
I'de neuer haue a Wife.

Sometime I goe i'the morning,
about my dayly worke.
My wife she will be snoring,
and in her bed shy'le lurke:
Vntill the Chimes doe goe at Eight,
then she'le beginne to wake;
Her mornings draught well spiced
to cleare her eyes she'le take. (straight

As soone as shee is out of bed,
her Looking-glasse she takes,
So vainely is she dayly led,
her mornings worke she makes
In putting on her braue attyre,
that fine and costly be.
Whilst I worke hard in dirt and mire,
alacke what remedy.

Then she goes forth a Gossiping,
amongst her owne Comrades.
And then she falls a bowsing,
with her merry blades:
When I come from my labour hard,
then shee'le begin to scould,
And calls me Rogue without regard,
which makes my heart full cold.

When I come home into my house,
thinking to take my rest:
Then she'le begin me to abuse,
before she did but Jest:
With out you Rakehell, you haue been
abroad to meet your Whore:
Then shee takes vp a Cudgels end,
and breaks my head full sore.

When I for quietnesse sake desire,
my wife for to be still;
She will not grant what I require,
but sweares shee'le haue her will:
Then if I chance to reare my hand,
straight way she'le murder cry:
Then iudge all men that here doe stand,
in what a case am I.

The second Part, To the same Tune.





And if a friend by chance me call,
to drinke a pot of Beere;
Then she'le begin to curse and brall,
and fight, and scratch, and teare:
And sweares unto my worke she'le send
me straight without delay,
Or else with the same Cudgels end,
thee will me soundly pay.

And if I chance to sit at meat,
upon some holy day,
She is so sullen she will not eate,
but bere me euer and aye:
She'le pout, and loure, and curse, & bann,
this is the weary life
That I doe leade, poore harmelesse man,
with my most dogged wife.

Then is not this a pitteous cause,
Let all men now it trie,
And giue their verdits by the Lawes,
betweene my wife and I,
And iudge the cause, who is to blame,
Ile to their Iudgement stand,
And be contented with the same,
and put thereto my hand.

If I abroad goe any where,
my businesse for to doe,
Then will my Wife anone be there,
for to encrease my woe:
Straight way she such a noise will make,
with her most wicked tongue,
That all her mates her part to take,
about me soone will thronge.

Thus am I now tormented still,
with my most cruell Wife,
All through her wicked tongue so ill,
I am weary of my life:

I know not truely what to doe,
nor how my selfe to mend;
This lingring life doth breede my woe,
I would 'twere at an ende

O that same harmelesse honest man,
whom Death did so befriend,
To take his Wife from of his hand,
his sorrowes for to end:
Would change with me to rid my care,
and take my wife alme,
For his Dead wife unto his share,
then I would hope to thriue.

But so it likely will not be,
that is the worst of all,
For to encrease my daily woe,
and for to breed my fall.
My wife is still most froward bent,
such is my luckelesse fate,
There is no man will be content,
with my unhappy state.

Thus to conclude and make an ende,
of these my Verses rude,
I pray all wiues for to amende,
and with peace to be endude:
Take warning all men by the life,
that I sustained long,
Be carefull how you'le chuse a Wife,
and so Ile ende my Song.

FINIS.

Arthur Halliarg.

London, Printed by *M. P.* for *Henry Gosson* on London Bridge neere the Gate.

The Cruell Shrow:

OR,

The Patient Mans Woe.

Declaring the miſery, and the great paine,
By his vnquiet wife he doth dayly ſuſtaine.
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30.





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And I will ſhew you plainely then,
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That conſtantly I doe ſuſtaine,
by the vnhappy life,
The which does put me to great paine,
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She never linnes her bauling,
her tongue it is ſo loud,
But alwaies ſhee'le be railing,
and will not be contrould:
For ſhee the Witches ſtill will weare,
although it breedes my ſtrife,
If I were now a Batcheler,
I'de never haue a Wife.

Sometime I goe i'the morning,
about my dayly worke.
My wife ſhe will be ſnorting,
and in her bed ſhy'le lurke:
Vntill the Chimes doe goe at Eight,
then ſhe'le beginne to wake;
Her mornings draught well ſpiced
to cleare her eyes ſhe'le take. (ſtraight

As ſoone as ſhee is out of bed,
her Looking-glaſſe ſhe takes,
So vainely is ſhe dayly led,
her mornings worke ſhe makes
In putting on her braue attyre,
that fine and coſtly be.
Whilſt I worke hard in dust and mire,
alacke what remedy.

Then ſhe goes forth a Goſſiping,
amongſt her owne Comrades.
And then ſhe falls a bowſing,
with her merry blades:
When I come from my labour hard,
then ſhee'le begin to ſcold,
And calls me Rogue without regard,
which makes my heart full cold.

When I come home into my houſe,
thinking to take my reſt:
Then ſhe'le begin me to abuſe,
before ſhe did but Jeſt:
With out you Raſkall, you haue been
abroad to meet your Whore:
Then ſhe takes by a Cudgels end,
and breaks my head full ſore.

When I for quietneſſe ſake deſire,
my wife for to be ſtill;
She will not grant what I require,
but ſweares ſhee'le haue her will:
Then if I chance to beate my hand,
ſtraight way ſhe'le murder cry:
Then iudge all men that here doe ſtand,
in what a caſe am I.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.





And if a friend by chance me call,
to drinke a pot of Beere;
Then ſhe'le begin to curſe and brall,
and fight, and ſcratch, and teare:
And ſweares vnto my worke ſhe'le ſend
me ſtraight without delay,
Or elſe with the ſame Cudgels end,
thee will me ſoundly pay.

And if I chance to ſit at meat,
vpon ſome holy day,
She is ſo ſullen ſhe will not eate,
but vexe me euer and aye:
Sho'le pout, and loure, and curſe, & bann,
this is the weary life
That I doe leade, poore harmeleſſe man,
with my moſt dogged wife.

Then is not this a pitteous cauſe,
Let all men now it trie,
And giue their verdits by the Lawes,
betweene my wife and I.
And iudge the cauſe, who is to blame,
Ile to their Iudgement ſtand,
And be contented with the ſame,
and put thereto my hand.

If I abroad goe any where,
my buſineſſe for to doe,
Then will my Wife anone be there,
for to encreaſe my woe:
Straight way ſhe ſuch a noiſe will make,
with her moſt wicked tongue,
That all her mates her part to take,
about me ſoone will thronge.

Thus am I now tormented ſtill,
with my moſt cruell Wife,
All through her wicked tongue ſo ill,
I am weary of my life:

I know not truely what to doe,
nor how my ſelfe to mend;
This lingring life doth breede my woe,
I would 'twere at an ende

O that ſame harmeleſſe honeſt man,
whom Death did ſo befriend,
To take his Wife from of his hand,
his ſorrowes for to end:
Would change with me to rid my care,
and take my wife alone,
For his Dead wife vnto his ſhare,
then I would hope to thriue.

But ſo it likely will not be,
that is the worſt of all,
For to encreaſe my daily woe,
and for to breed my fall.
My wife is ſtill moſt froward bent,
ſuch is my luckleſſe fate,
There is no man will be content,
with my vnhappy ſtate.

Thus to conclude and make an ende,
of theſe my Verſes rude,
I pray all wiues for to amende,
and with peace to be endude:
Take warning all men by the life,
that I ſuſtained long,
Be carefull how you'le chuſe a Wife,
and ſo Ile ende my Song.

FINIS.

Arthur Halliarg.

London, Printed by *M. P.* for *Henry Goſſon* on London Bridge neere the Gate.

The Cooper of *Norfolke*:

OR,

A pretty Ieſt of a Brewer and the Coopers Wife: And how the Cooper ſerved the Brewer in his kind. To the tune of, The Wiving Age.



ATtend my Maſters, and liſten well
Vnto this my Ditty, which briefly doth tell
Of a fine merry Ieſt which in Norfolke befell:
A brave luſty Cooper in that Countie did dwell,
And there he cry'd Worke for a Cooper,
Maids ha'ye any worke for a Cooper?

This Cooper he had a faire creature to's wife, (life,
Which a Brewer i'th Towne lou'd as deare as his
And ſhe had a tricke, which in ſome wiues is rife:
She ſtill kept a ſheath for another mans knife,
And often cornuted the Cooper,
While he cry'd, More worke for a Cooper.

It hapned one morning the Cooper out went,
To worke for his liuing it was his intent:
He truſted his houſe to his wiues gouernment,
And left her in bed to her owne hearts content,
While he cry'd, What worke for a Cooper,
Maids ha'ye any worke for a Cooper?

And as the Cooper was paſſing along,
Still crying and calling his old wonted ſong,
The Brewer, his rinall, both luſtie and yong,
Did thinke now or neuer to doe him ſome wrong,
And lie with the wife of the Cooper,
Who better lov'd him than the Cooper.

So calling the Cooper, hee to him did ſay,
Goe home to my houſe, and make no delay,
I haue ſo much worke as thou canſt doe to day:
What euer thou earneſt, Ile bountifully pay.
Theſe tidings well pleaſed the Cooper,
Oh, this was braue newes for the Cooper.

Away went the Cooper to th'houſe of the Brewer,
Who ſeeing him ſafe at his worke to indure:
Thought he, now for this day the Cooper is ſure,
Ile goe to his wife, her greene-ſickneſſe to cure:
Take heed of your forehead, good Cooper,
For now I muſt worke for the Cooper.

So ſtraight waies he went to the Coopers dwelling,
The goodwife to giue entertainment was willing,
The Brewer & ſhe like two pigeons were billing:
And what they did elſe they haue bound mee from (telling:
He pleaſed the wife of the Cooper,
Who better lov'd him than the Cooper.

But marke how it happened now at the laſt,
The ſun-ſhine of pleaſure was ſoone ouer-paſt;
The Cooper did lacke one of's Tooles, and in haſte
He came home to fetch it, and found the doore faſt:
Wife, open the doore, quoth the Cooper,
And let in thy husband the Cooper.

Now when the goodwife and the Brewer did heare
The Cooper at doore, affrighted they were:
The Brewer was in ſuch a bodily feare,
That for to hide himſelfe he knew not where,
To ſhun the fierce rage of the Cooper,
He thought he ſhould die by the Cooper.

The good wife perceiuing his wofull eſtate,
She hauing a ſubtill and politicke pate,
She ſuddenly whelm'd downe a great brewing Fat,
And cloſely ſhe couer'd the Brewer with that:
Then after ſhee let in the Cooper,
What's under this Tub? quoth the Cooper.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

When hearing her husband that question demand,
She thought it was time to her tacking to stand:
Take heed how you move it, quoth she, with your hand,
For there's a fine Pig was sent by a friend:
Oh, let it alone, good Cooper:
Thus she thought to couzen the Cooper.

Is it a Sow pig, the Cooper did say?
Let me han't to my Supper: the good wife said nay,
It is sir, a Boze-pig, quoth she, by my fay:
'Tis for my owne diet, 'twas gin'n me to day:
It is not for you, John Coo[illegible]
Then let it alone, John Cooper.

I would it were in thy belly, quoth John,
Indeed, quoth the goodwife, so it shall be anon:
What, ere I do with it, faith thou shalt have none.
Why standst thou here prating? I prethee be gone,
Make haste to thy worke, John Cooper,
Worse meat's good enough for a Cooper.

Cannot a good wife have a bit now and than,
But there must be notice tane by the good man?
Ile han't to my dinner, sir, doe what you can:
It may be I long to have all or none:
Then prethee content thy selfe Cooper,
Oh goe to thy worke, John Cooper.

The Cooper mistrusted some knauerie to be
Hid under the brewing Fat, and therefore hee
Was fully resolv'd, for his mind-sake, to see.
Alas, thought the Brewer, now woe be to me,
Oh what shall I say to the Cooper?
I would I were gone from the Cooper.

You whore, qd. the Cooper, is this your Boze-pig?
He has beene well fed, for he's growne very big:
Ile either of him have an arme or a leg;
Ile make him unable his taile for to wig
Before he gets hence from John Cooper,
Ile make him remember the Cooper.

Oh pardon me Neighbour the Brewer did say:
And for the offence I have done thee this day,
I am well contented thy wrath to allay,
And make restitution for this my foule play:
O prethee forgive me, John Cooper,
And Ile be a friend to John Cooper.

If from this offence thou wilt set me cleere,
My bounty and love to thee shall appeare:
Ile freely allow thee and thine all the yeare,
As much as ye'l drink, either strong Ale or Beere:
Then prethee forgive me, John Cooper,
Accept of my proffer, John Cooper.

Oh no, quoth the Cooper, I'de have thee to thinke,
That I with my labour can buy my selfe drinke:
Ile geld thee, or lame thee, ere from me thou shrinke.
These words made the Brewer with feare for to
He feared the rage of the Cooper, (shrink;
Yet still he intreated the Cooper.

The Cooper by no meanes would let goe his hold,
The Brewer cry'd out to the Cooper, and told
Him, there was the key of his silver and gold,
And gave him free leave to fetch what he would:
O then he contented the Cooper,
These tidings well pleased the Cooper.

If thou, quoth the Cooper, wilt sweare with an oath,
To doe all thou tell'st me, although I am loath,
I will be contented to pardon you both:
Content, quoth the Brewer, I will by my troth,
Here take thou my key, John Cooper.
Yea, with a good will, quoth the Cooper.

On this condition they both went their way,
Both John and the Brewer, but John kept the key,
Which open'd the Coffer where more money lay,
Than John the Cooper had seene many a day:
This is a brave sight, thought the Cooper,
Ile furnish my selfe, thought the Cooper.

John was so farre in affection with that,
That he tooke up handfuls and filled his Hat:
I will have my bargaine, quoth John, that is flat,
The Brewer shall pay well for filling my Fat:
Ile cry no more worke for a Cooper,
Farewell to the trade of a Cooper.

Thus money can pacifie the greatest strife:
For John never after found fault with his wife.
He left off his Adz, his Saw and his Knife,
And after liv'd richly all dates of his life;
Hee cry'd no more worke for a Cooper:
Oh he left off the trade of a Cooper.

And in his merry mood, oft he would say,
If that I had hoop't twenty tubs in one day,
I should not have got so much wealth, by my fay:
Gramercie kind wife, for thy wit found the way
To make a rich man of John Cooper:
Oh what a good wife has John Cooper.

Let no marry'd couple that heare this tale told,
Be of the opinion this couple did hold,
To sell reputation for silver or gold:
For credit and honesty should not be sold.
Thus ended the song of the Cooper,
That cry'd, Ha'ye any worke for a Cooper.

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352 Choice of Inuentions, Or

Seuerall ſorts of the figure of three,
That are newly compoſ'd as here you may ſee,
Then lend your attention you ſhall heare anon
It goes to the tune of Rock the Cradle ſweet Iohn.





There were thrée men of Gotam,
as I haue heard men ſay,
That néeds would ride a hunting
vpon Saint Dauids day,
Though all the day they hunting were,
yet no ſport could they ſée,
Untill they ſpide an Owle
as ſhe ſate in a trée:
The firſt man ſaid it twas a Goose,
the ſecond man ſaid nay,
The third man ſaid it was a Hawke,
but his Eeis were falne away.
There was an Ewe had three Lambes,
and one of them was blacke,
There was a man had three ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iames and Iacke,
The one was hang'd, the other drown'd,
The third was loſt and never found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill vs a cup of Sacke.

There were thrée London Laſſes
did loue a bonney Lad,
And either of theſe Wenchs thought
this young man to haue had,
Theſe Damſels all together met,
and wrought a ſtrange deuice,
That ſhe ſhould haue the mã that could
throw moſt vpon thrée Dice,
Their maiden-heads muſt be the ſtake,
now marke what did befall,
The young man threw the greateſt caſt
and brauely wonne them all.
There was an Ewe, &c.

There were thrée good old women,
that would not be contrould,
And each of them muſt take her cup
to kéepe them from the cold,
The one of them a Taylors wife,
the other was a Weauer,
The third a merry Coblers wife,
that praid for dirty weather:
To ſit and chat of this and that
it was then their hearts deſire,
So long they ſtaid till two were drunk,
the third fell in the fire.
There was an Ewe, &c.

The Piper pip't his wife a dannce,
and there ſprung vp a Roſe,
The Cobler drunke ſtrong Ale ſo long
till he had wrongd his Noſe:
His wife came with a Broomſtaffe,
and ſtrooke him on the head,
That euery one did ſurely thinke
the Cobler had beene dead,
But being to his ſenſes come,
ſweet wife ſaid he be quiet,
This twelue month thy day Ile take
for water for my diet. (ſmall Béere,
There was an Ewe, &c.

A man that hath a ſluttiſh wife,
is in a beaſtly taking,
And he that hath a cleanly wife
is of another making:
He that hath a dogged wife,
my fancy cannot brooke,
But he that hath a vertuous wife
hath farre more better lucke:
He that hath a drunken wife
that ſpends all at the Alehouſe,
Were better take a Cord in hand,
and hang himſelfe at the Gallowes.
There was a Ewe had three Lambs,
the one of them was blacke,
There was a man had three ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iames and Iacke,
The one was han'd, the other drown'd,
The third was loſt and never found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill vs a cup of Sacke.

The ſecond part 352. To the ſame tune.





There was a Laſſe had three Loners
the one of them a Taylor,
The ſecond was a monied man,
the third a Iouiall Saylor,
The Taylor gaue his Loue a Gowne,
in loue and kinde good will,
The Vſurer with his money bags
her purſe did often fill,
The Saylor in the Euening came
vnto his hearts delight,
And bravely carried the wench away,
the childe and all by night.
There was a Ewe had three Lambes,
and one of them was blacke,
There was a man had three ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iames and Iacke,
The one was hangd, the other drownd,
The third was loſt and never found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill vs a cup of Sacke.

There were three roaring Fidlers
came lately out of France,
That light and nimbly can
teach maidens how to daunce:
In Cornhill-ſtreet and Clarkenwell,
Pickt-hatch and faire Bloomsberry,
Theſe fidlers taught their ſcholler there
to ſing, daunce and be merry:
Yet bid all Fidlers haue a care
of dauncing in this kinde,
Leſt they from Tiburne chance to fall,
and leaue their Crowd behinde.
There was, &c.

A man that hath a ſigne at his doore,
and keeps good Ale to ſell,
A comely wife to pleaſe his gueſts,
may thriue exceeding well,
But he that hath a ſcolding wife,
his fortune is the worſe,
For ſhe'll not onely brawle and chide,
but picke her husbands purſe,
And he that hath a foole to his wife,
her neighbours oft will flout her,
But he that hath a Whore to his wife,
were better be without her.
There was, &c.

There were three luſty ſouldiers
went through a towne of late,
The one lou'd Beſſe, the other Siſſe,
the third lou'd bouncing Kate,
Theſe maidens were three Landreſſes,
to waſh men ſhirts and bands,
And for their pains theſe ſouldiers gaue
them wages in their hands:
The Gallants are to Sweathland gone
all this is truth I tell yee,
And left theſe Laſſes for to cry,
woe and alas my belly.
There was, &c.

Three Gallants in a Tauerne
did bravely call for Wine,
But he that loues thoſe dainty Cates
is ſure no friend of mine:
Giue me a cup of Barley broth,
for this of truth is ſpoke,
Theſe gallants drunke ſo hard that each
was forct to pawne his Cloake:
The oyle of Barley neuer did
ſuch iniury doe to none,
So that they drinke what may ſuffice,
and afterwards be gone.
There was a Ewe had three Lambes,
and one of them was blacke,
There was a man had three ſonnes,
Ieffery, Iames and Iacke,
The one was hangd, the other drownd,
The third was loſt and never found,
The old man he fell in a ſownd,
come fill vs a cup of Sacke.

Printed at London for *F. Coles*.

The Country-mans new care away.

To the tune of, *Loue will find out the way.*



IF there were imployments
for men, as haue beene,
And Drummes, Pikes, and Muskets
inth' field to be seene,
And euery worthy Souldier
had truely their pay,
Then might they be bolder,
to sing, Care away.

If there were no Rooking,
but plaine dealing vsed,
If honest Religion
were no wayes abused,
If pride in the Country
did not beare sway,
The poore, and the Gentry
might sing, Care away.

If Farmers consider'd
the dearenesse of graine,
How honest poore Tradesmen
their charge should maintaine,
And would bate the price on't
to sing, Care away.
We should not be nice on't,
of what we did pay,

If poore Tenants Land-lords,
would not racke their rents,
Which oft is the cause of
their great discontents:
If against good house-keeping
inth' Land did beare sway,
The poore that sits weeping,
might sing, Care away.

If to line vprightly
all men were concurring,
If Lawyers with Clients
would vse no demurring,
But kindly would vse them,
for what they did pay;
They need not sit musing,
but sing, Care away.

If Spendthrifts were carefull
and would leaue their follies,
Edriety hating,
Cards, Dice, Bowling-Alleyes,
Or with wantons to dally
by night or by day,
Their wiues might be merry,
and sing, Care away.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





IF Children to Parents,
would dutifull be,
If Seruants with Maſters;
would deale faithfully,
If Gallants poore Tradeſmen
would honeſtly pay,
Then might they haue comfort,
to ſing, Care away.

There is no contentment,
to a conſcience thats cleare,
That man is moſt wretched,
a bad mind doth beare,
To wrong his poore Neighbour,
by night or by day,
He wants the true comfort
to ſing, Care away.

But he that is ready,
by goodneſſe to labour,
In what he is able
to helps is poore Neighbour,
The Lord will euer bleſſe him
by night and by day,
All ioyes ſhall poſſeſſe him
to ſing, Care away.

Would wiues with their husbands,
and husbands with wiue,
In loue and true friendſhip
would ſo leade their liues,
As beſt might be pleaſing,
to God night and day,
Then they with hearts eaſing,
might ſing, Care away.

No croſſe can be greater,
vnto a good mind,
Than a man to be matched
with a woman vnkind,
Whoſe tongue is neuer quiet,
but ſcolds night and day,
That man wants the comfort
to ſing, Care away.

A vertuous woman
a husband that hath,
That's giuen vnto lewdneſſe,
to enuy and wrath,
Who after wicked women,
does hunt for his prey,
That woman wants comfort,
to ſing, Care away.

Were there no reſorting,
to houſes of vice,
Or were there no courting
a wench that is nice,
Yet ere ſhe will refuſe it,
the wanton will play,
Poore men might be merry,
and ſing, Care away.

Like true ſubiects loyall,
to God let vs pray,
Our good King ſo Royall,
to preſerue night and day:
With the Queen, Prince and Nobles,
the Lord bleſſe them aye:
Then may we all haue comfort,
to ſing, Care away.

Come buy this new Ballad, before you doe goe:
If you raile at the Author, I know what I know.
To the Tune of, Ile tell you but so.





IT is an old saying,
that few words are best,
And he that sayes little,
shall liue most at rest:
And I by experience
doe finde it right so,
Therefore Ile spare speech,
but I know what I know.

Yet shall you perceiue well,
though little I say,
That many enormities
I will display:
You may gusse my meaning,
by that which I show,
I will not tell all,
but I know &c.

There be some great climbers,
compos'd of ambition,
To whom better-borne men
doe bend, with submission:
Proud Lucifer climbing,
was cast very low,
Ile not say these men,
but I know &c.

There be many Fores
that goe on two legges,
They steale greater matters
then Cocks, Hennes, and Egges,
To catch many Guls
in Sheepes cloathing they goe,
They might be destroy'd,
but I know &c.

There be many men
that Deuotion pretends,
And make vs beleeue,
that true Faith they'le defend:
Three times in one day
to Church they will goe,
They cozen the world,
but I know &c.

There be many rich men,
both Yeomen and Gentry,
That for their owne priuate gaine
hurt a whole Country,
By closing free Commons,
yet they'le make as though
Twere for common good,
but I know &c.

There be diuers Papists,
that to saue their Fine,
Come to Church once a moneth,
to heare Diuine Seruice,
The Pope giues them power,
as they say, to doe so,
They saue money by't too,
but I know &c.

There be many Vpstarts
that spring from the Cart,
Who gotten to th'Court,
play the Gentlemans part:
Their fathers were plaine men,
they scorne to be so,
They thinke themselues brane,
but I know &c.

There be many Officers,
men of great place,
To whom if one sue
for their fauour and grace,
He must bride their seruants,
while they make as though
They know no such thing,
but I know &c.

The Second Part. To the ſame Tune.



There be many Women
that ſeeme very pure,
A kiſſe from a ſtranger
they'le hardly endure,
They are like Lucretia,
modeſt in ſhow,
I will accuſe none,
but I know &c.

Likewiſe there be many
diſſembling men,
That ſeeme to hate Drinking
and Whoring, yet when
They meet with a Wench,
to the Tauerne they'le goe,
They are ciuill all day,
but I know &c.

There be many Batchelors,
that to beguile
Beleeuing kind Laſſes,
vſe many a wile,
They all ſweare that they loue,
when they meane nothing ſo,
And boaſt of theſe trickes,
but I know &c.

There's many an Vſurer,
that like a Drone
Doth idly liue
vpon his moneys Lone,
From Tens vnto Hundreds
his money doth grow:
He ſayes he doth good,
but I know &c.

There be many Gallants
that goe in gay Rayment,
For which the Taylor
did neuer receiue payment,
They ruffle it out
with a gorgeous ſhow,
Some take them for Knights,
but I know &c.

There be many Rogers
that ſwagger and roze,
As though they in th'warres had be
ſeuen yeeres and more,
And yet they neuer looke
in the face of a Foe:
They ſeeme gallant Sparkes,
but I know &c.

There's many, both Women
and Men that appeare
With beautifull Out-ſides,
the Worlds eyes to bleare:
But all is not Gold
that doth glitter in ſhow,
They are fine with a Pox,
but I know &c.

There's many rich Traders-men
who liue by Deceit,
And in Weight and Meaſure
the poore they doe cheat,
They'le not ſweare an Oath,
but indeed, I, and No,
They truely protеſt,
but I know &c.

There be many people
ſo giuen to ſtrife,
That they'le goe to Law
for a two-penny Knife:
The Lawyers here aske them
why they doe ſo,
Ye gets by their hate,
but I know &c.

I know there be many
will carpe at this Ballet,
Becauſe it is like
ſowre Sawce to their Pallet:
But he, ſhee, or they,
let me tell ere I goe,
If they ſpeake againſt this Song,
I know what I know. Finis.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke.

A new Ballad, containing a communication between the carefull Wife, and the comfortable Husband touching the common cares and charges of House-hold.

104



The carefull Wife.



The comfortable Husband.

HOw shall we good husband now live this hard yeare,
This world is so queasie and all things so deare:
And so little taking of money for ware,
Makes me lye waking with no little care.
Then had you need husband to looke to the Fore,
Whose crafty conveyance will empty your bore:
With faire fawning speeches some credit to crave,
Or else to be sure, for more then you have.

Then Husband be carefull and not over large,
For unto House-keeping there longeth a charge:
In wiping and thrifting it is an old song,
More then the bare legs to bed doe belong.
What you spend on mee, I take for my paine,
For doing such duties as you would disdaine:
For dressing your dyet, in washing and wringing,
And much paines I take man, with faire babies bringing.

And what you doe get, Sir that will I save,
What better good will in a Wife can you have?
Be sure of my promise, for better, for worse,
I will be a thrift wife to husband your purse.
I must provide, man, for many an odde thing,
That you never looke to buy or to bring:
To welcome your neighbours, your Nurse and your friend,
To furnish a houshold longs many an odde end.

What need, man, such odding betwixt you and me?
All shall be even, man, if we two agree:
Even you my good husband, and I your good wife,
Will passe this hard yeere, man without any strife,
And I for my part will doe what I may,
With Spinning and Reeling to passe time away,
Providing and getting to pay for my share:
That none shall come chatting to you for such lacks.

As fast as you will, man, I will be content,
Pay you the Brewer, and the Landlord his rent.
The Butcher, the Baker, and the Collier his score,
And then the Woodmonger and I aske no more,
Then a good Newyeers gift, good husband give mee,
And a good Newyeers gift I doe give thee,
Thou hast a good wife, that a thrift wife will bee,
Both this yeare and many to bee merry with thee.

WIfe, as wee get little, so temper our dyet,
With any small morsell to live and be quiet,
Though home be but homely and never so poor
Yet let us keepe warily the Wolfe from the doore,
Lay thou lay a straw, wife, I am not so mad,
Well ward is well sold, wife, a man may be glad,
With any light gaine to fill up the purse,
Beare state to maintaine, but not make it worse.

I know it is true, good wife, that you say,
He that doth marry, must cast much away:
For looke whatsoever I spend upon you,
Comes never againe (wife) I thinke this is true,
Looke what you would have, wife, let mee know,
I grutch not at any thing that you bestow.
Be content and pleased, lacke shall bee no let:
Ile see your cares eased as fast as I get.

But looke no more in wife, then I looke without,
You looke in my purse, wife, too often I doubt,
But when you looke in, would you bring in as fast
Then though you still look'd, the longer 'twould last,
Upon the odds, wife, I perceive still you goe,
With the odds I have gotten a verry odde showe:
The odds may sometimes, wife, make a faire lay,
And the odds may hazard to make all away.

A merry new life, makes a merry beginning,
Let goe this is past, wife, be it losing or winning,
I will play the good husband the best that I can,
To live with good credit and pay every man,
Then shall wee lacke nothing, wife I doe beleeve,
Nor no man shall take you or me by the sleeve,
For scoring, or tallying, or taking on trust,
But cleare quittance making is joyfull and just.

That I shall doe, wife, with a very good will,
To pay that I owe my meaning is still:
And shall have to pay, I hope while I live,
What old yeare affords not, the new yeere will give.
God grant it bee true all this that you say,
To his onely glory, to whom let us pray,
That wee in his feare may seeme to amend
Our former sinnes passed unto our lives end.

The Housholders New-yeeres Gift, containing a pleasant Dialogue betwixt the Husband and his Wife, pleasant to be regarded.

To the tune of, where is my true-love.

G Rieve no more, sweet Husband,
to grieve it is in vaine,
Little it availeth
to grieve or else complaine:
Then shew thy need to no man,
for it doth breed disdaine:
Now comes a good new yeare.

H. Alacke and alas for woe,
how can I chuse,
The world is growne so cruell,
that friendship few doe use:
Flattery gets credit,
plaine troth is overthrowne:
O Lord send a good new yeere.

W. The world it is deceitfull,
then trust it not, my deare:
But take this comfort to thee
thy saddest thoughts to cheare:
The Lord will never leave them,
where true love doth appeare:
And God send a merry new yeare.

H. What comfort can I take, Wife,
when sorrow is so great:
Misery on all sides
doth us alwayes threat:
When labour is too little
to finde us bread and meat:
O Lord send a god new yeare.

Scarcitie is planted
in Village and in towne,
We see our neighbours children
goe begging up and downe,
Few persons doe relieve them;
but all at them doe frowne:
O Lord send a good new yeare.

W. Greedinesse is causer,
good husband, of this ill,
Pride that madding monster,
kind charitie doth kill:
Lord Jesus soone amend it,
according to thy will:
And send us a merry new yeare.

H. Corne in every Market
so dears we dayly see:
Wee pay more for a bushell,
then wee were wont for three:
This cuts the hearts of poore men,
and this undoeth me:
O Lord send a good new yeare.

W. Why husband, this hath caused
so many at this day,
To pinch their pretty bellies
within their garments gay:
And all they thinke too little,
upon themselves to lay:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

H. Sweet wife, a thousand sorrowes
doe yet torment my minde,
To thinke for all my labour
how I am still behinde:
And for the same no remedy
alacke, that I can finde:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

W. Take courage, gentle Husband,
and hearken what I say,
After freezing January
commeth pleasant May:
There is no storme so cruell,
but comes as faire a day:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

H. Gentle Wife, I tell thee,
my very heart is done
The worlds great calamitie,
no way can I shunne:
For still in debt and danger,
more and more I runne:
Good Lord send a merry new yeere.

W. Be content, sweet Husband,
and hearken unto mee:
The Lord is still as mercifull
as he was wont to bee.
Goe thou and ply thy labour,
and I will worke with thee:
God Lord send a merry new yeere.

I will not be idle,
but I will Card and Spin:
I will save together
that thou bringest in:
No man for debt is hanged,
then passe thou not a pin:
And God send a merry new yeere.

H. Deare Wife, thy gentle speeches
revive me at the heart,
To see thee take my poverty
in such a gentle part:
If God doe ever raise me,
thou shalt have thy desert:
And God send a merry new yeere.

W. Poverty (sweet Husband)
oft time hath been blamed:
But poverty with honesty
never yet was shamed:
The rich man discontented,
may bee a poore man call'd:
But God send a merry new yeere.

What thou want'st in riches,
I will supply in love,
Thou shalt be my honey,
and I thy Turtle Dove:
Thou art my beloved,
no sorrow shall remove:
And God send a merry new yeere.

FINIS. London, Printed for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

Come worldling see what paines I here do take, To gather gold while here on earth I rake.

What the Father gatherethby the Rake, the Sonne doth scatter with the Forke.



COme, come my brave gold,
Which I love to behold,
come to me and Ile give you rest;
Where as you may sleepe,
And I safely will keepe
you lock't in my iron bound chest;
No thieves you shall feare,
You in pieces to teare,
such care of you still I will take,
Come to me and flye
Gold Angels I cry,
And Ile gather you all with my Rake.

Come silver and all,
When as I doe call,
your beauties to me are so bright
I love you so deare,
I pray you come nére,
and be you not wavering or light,
Your weight so you have,
Come glittering and brave,
then you I will never forsake,
But heape you together,
Against rainy weather,
And gather you all with my Rake.

Rich Jewels and plate,
By no meanes I hate,
with Diamonds, Saphirs, or rings;
The Carbuncle red,
Stands me in like stead,
or any other rich things,
The Emerold gréene,
Like the spring that is séene,
gold chains, or the like I will take,
I have a kind heart,
With my coyne I will part,
so I may get all with my Rake.

But yet here me, friend,
No money Ile lend,
without a good pawn you do bring,
But Ile tell to thée,
How a knave cheated me
one time with a base copper Ring,
With me it bred strife,
It nére cost me my life, (take
halfe a crowne on the same he did
But Ile have more care,
Of such knaves to beware,
how such copper together I rake.

On leases or lands,
On very good bands,
good security like wise provide,
If we can agrée,
Then my coyne it flyes frée,
if not, your could suit is deny'd,
To foe or to friend,
No money Ile lend,
as they brew, so let them bake,
This rule I observe,
Let them hang or starve.
if I cannot get with my Rake.

And those that doe lacke,
To the highth I doe racke,
I know that they money must have
Some morgage their lands,
Which fall in my hands,
to dominére and to goe brave,
If they faile of their day,
And have not to pay,
a seisure on all I doe make,
Although I goe bare,
yet I have a care,
my gold and my silver to Rake.

Let the poore widdowes cry,
Let their children dye,
let their Father in prison goe rot,
What is that to me,
Their wealth is my fée,
for I have their livings now got,
Whole Lordships and Lands,
Are falne to my hands,
and all of them all I will make,
My bags full of coyne,
And my purse I doe tyne,
with that which together I rake.

Thus rich usury,
Me're thinking to dye,
nor on his poore soule have a care,
With one foot in the grave,
Yet more wealth he doth crave.
and his backe and his belly doth spare;
At whose cost he dine,
With good chére and wine,
he cares not at whose hands he take,
Not a penny he'l spend,
Nor without a pawne lend,
The Divell and all he will Rake.

But now comes grim death,
And ceaseth his breath,
his trée of life is wethered,
This wretch so unkind,
His wealth leaves behind,
and is a poore wormne being dead:
But now pray give eare,
To that you shall heare,
his heire what a course he will take;
That day he did dye,
In his grave he did lye,
And the Sexton the earth on him Rake.

London printed for Henry Gosson [illegible]

Come Prodigals, your selves that loves to flatter,
Behold my fall, that with the Forke doth scatter.

To the tune of, *To drive the cold winter away.*



ROome, roome for a friend,
That his money will spend,
old Flatcap is laid in his grave,
Hee kept me full poore,
But now I will roare,
his lands and his livings I have,
The tide of gold flowes,
And wealth on me growes,
hee's dead, and for that 'tis no matter,
Great use he did take,
And for me did rake,
which now with the forke I will scatter.

I now must turne gallant,
That have such a talent,
what need I to take any care,
I tell thee good friend,
'Tis mine owne which I spend,
for I was my Fathers owne heire:
No Blade here shall lacke,
Give us claret and sacke,
hang pinching, it is against nature,
Let's have all good cheere,
Cost it never so deare,
for I with my forke will scatter.

Let me have a Lasse
That fare Venus doth passe,
give me all delights that I may,
Ile make my gold fly
Aloft in the skie,
I thinke it will never be day:
Let the welkin roare,
Ile never give o're,
Tobacco, and with it strong water,
I meane for to drinke,
Untill I doe sinke,
for I with my forke will scatter.

And let musicke play
To me night and day,
I scorne both my silver and gold,
Brave gentlemen all,
Ile pay what you call,
with me I beseech you be bold:
on London Bridge.

Dice run low or high,
My Gold it shall fly,
I meane for to keep a brave quarter,
Let the Cards goe and come,
I have a great sum,
That I with my forke will scatter.

Let Caroules goe round,
Till some fall to the ground,
and here's to my Mistresse her health
Then let's take no care,
For no cost we'l spare,
hang money, I have store of wealth,
My Father it got.
And now falne to my lot,
I scorne it as I doe mortar,
For coyne was made round,
To stand on no ground,
And I with my forke will it scatter.

My Lordships to tell,
I thinke would doe well,
ill gotten goods never doe thrive:
Let's spend while we may,
Each Dog hath his day,
Ile want not while I am alive:
Come Drawers, more sacke,
And see what we lacke,
for money Ile send a porter,
Brave gallants ne're feare
For we'l domineere,
For I with my forke will scatter.

Come, drinke to my friend,
And let the health end,
my Coffers and Pockets are empty,
I now have no more,
That had wont to have store,
ther's scarcity where there was plenty,
My friends are all gone,
And left me alone,
I think I must now drink cold water:
There's nought but sad woe,
Upon me doth grow,
Because with my forke I did scatter.

Now this is the story,
Of prodigall glory,
who thought that he never shold lack
No drinke nor no meat,
Now he hath to eate,
nor cloathes for to put on his back:
His friends they forsake him,
And woe doth o're take him,
because he was too free of nature,
That never did mind,
How time comes behind, (scatter.
who mows, though with forke he did

His leaves they grew greene,
But they were not seene,
for Autumne them quickly did kill,
Then let youth beware,
And have a great care,
and trust not too much to their will,
Least a prison them catch,
Or a house without thatch,
and glad of brown bread & cold water
To God thanks lets give,
And in a meane live,
having a care how we doe scatter.

FINIS. N. P.

The cunning Northerne Begger,

VVho all the By-ſtanders doth earneſtly pray, To beſtow a penny upon him to day.

To the tune of Tom of Bedlam.



I Am a luſty begger,
and live by others giving,
I ſcorne to worke,
But by the highway lurke,
And beg to get my living:
I'le 'ith wind and weather,
And weare all ragged Garments.
Yet though I'm bare,
I'm free from care,
A fig for high preferments.
For ſtill will I cry good your worſhip good ſir,
Beſtow one poore denier ſir:
Which when I've got
At the Pipe and Pot,
I ſoone will it caſhiere ſir.

I have my ſhifts about me,
Like Proteus often changing
My ſhape when I will,
I alter ſtill,
About the Country ranging:
As ſoone as I a Coatch ſee,
Or Gallants by come riging,
I take my Cratch,
And rouſe from my Couch,
Whereas I lay abiding.
And ſtill doe I cry, &c.

Now like a wandring Soulder
(That has 'ith warres bin maymed,
With the ſhot of a Gunne)
To Gallants I runne,
And begg for helpe the lamed,
I am a poore old Soulder,
And better times once viewed,
Though bare now I goe,
Yet many a foe,
By me hath bin ſubdued.
And therefore I cry, &c.

Although I here was further
Then Kentiſh ſtreet in Southwarke,
Nor ere did ſee
A Battery
Made againſt any Bulwarke,
But with my Trulls and Doxes,
Lay in ſome corner lurking,
and here went abroad
But to beg on the road,
To keepe my ſelfe from working.
And alwaies to cry, &c.

Anon I'm like a ſayler,
And weare old Canvas cloathing,
And then I ſay
The Dunkerks away,
Take all and left me nothing:
Five ſhips ſet all upon us,
'Gainſt which wee bravely ventur'd,
And long withſtood,
Yet could doe no good,
Our ſhip at length they enter'd.
And therefore I cry good your worſhip good ſir
Beſtow one poore denier ſir:
which when I've got,
at the pipe and pot, &c.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





SOmetime I like a Cripple
Upon the ground lye crawling,
For money I begge,
as wanting a legge
To beare my corps from falling,
Then ſeeme I weake of body,
And long t'have beene diſeaſed,
And make complaint,
As ready to faint,
And of my griefes increaſed,
And faintly I cry good your worſhip good, ſir.
Beſtow one poore deſire ſir,
which when I've got,
at the Pipe and Pot,
I ſoone will it caſheere ſir.

My fleſh I ſo can temper,
That it ſhall ſeeme to feſter,
And looke all o're,
Like a raw ſore,
Whereon I ſticke a plaiſter.
With blood I daub my face then,
To faigne the falling ſickneſſe,
That in every place
They pitty my caſe,
As if it came through weakeneſſe.
And then I doe cry, &c.

Then as if my ſight I wanted,
A Boy doth walke beſide me,
Or elſe I doe
Grope as I goe,
Or have a Dog to guide me:
And when I'm thus accounted,
To th' highway ſide I hye me,
and there I ſtand
with cords in my hand,
And beg of all comes nye me.
And earneſtly, cry good your worſhip good ſir
Beſtow one poore denier, &c.

Next to ſome Country fellow,
I preſently am turned,
And cry alacke
With a child at my back,
My houſe and goods were burned:
Then me my Mates followes,
Who for my wifes believed,
and along wee two
together goe,
With ſuch miſchances grieved.
And ſtill we doe cry good your worſhip, &c.

What though I cannot labour,
Shall I therefore pine with hunger,
No, rather then I
Will ſtarve where I lye:
I'le beg of the money monger,
No other care ſhall trouble
My minde, nor griefe diſeaſe me,
Though ſometime the laſh
I get, or the laſh,
Will but a while diſpleaſe me,
And ſtill I will cry good your worſhip good ſir
Beſtow one, &c.

No tricks at all ſhall ſcape me,
But I will by my maunding,
Get ſome reliefe
To eaſe my griefe,
When by the highway ſtanding:
Tis better be a Begger,
And aſke of kind good fellowes,
And honeſtly have
What we doe crave,
then ſteale and goe to th' Gallowes:
Therefore 'Ile cry good your worſhip good ſir,
Beſtowe one poore denier ſir.
Which when I've got
At the Pipe and Pot,
I ſoone will it caſheere ſir.

Printed at London for *F. Coules.*

FINIS.

A comparison of the life of Man,

Concerning how fickle his estate doth stand,
Flourishing like a Tree, or Vine, or dainty flower,
Or like a ship, or raine, that's turn'd each houre.

To the tune of *Sir Andrew Barton.*



AS I lay musing all alone,
Great store of things I thought vpon,
And specially of mans estate,
And how hee's subject vnto fate.

First Ile compare him to a tree,
Which you sometimes all greene may see,
But suddenly his leaues doe fall
That he was beautify'd withall.

The Tree likewise is knowne by's fruit
Better then by his fine greene suit,
He may show comely to the eye,
Yet his fruit may tast bitterly.

So men sometimes make a faire showe,
All fresh and greene they seeme to growe,
But when the winter of griefe and thrall
Doth on them seize, their greene leaues fall.

But for the difference of mens fruit,
I must indeed be something mute,
But those that grow like Cedars tall
Yield little fruit or none at all.

Yet doe they flourish fresh and greene,
Much like the pleasant sommer Queene:
They are bedect with fragrant flowers,
And they doe dwell in stately Towers.

But as the Tree is great and tall,
The greater and mightier is his fall:
And as he falls, so doth he lye,
Vntill the builder him apply.

What though a man haue store of wealth,
It cannot him assure of health,
By his fruits he must sure be try'd,
Either condemn'd or justify'd.

Againe, a man is like a Vine,
That from the earth doth flourish fine,
Adorn'd with natures ornament,
With store of Grapes to giue content;

But with a knife, or such a thing,
The Vine is soone set a bleeding,
And then those Grapes will soone decay,
And pinyngly will wast away.

Euen so stands the life of man,
If that his blood from him be drawne,
Then suddenly his life doth yield,
And vnto death he is compell'd.

Man flourisheth euen like a flower,
Which liues and dyes within an houre,
He growes perhaps vntill his prime,
Or he may dye in's budding time.

He may chance liue till hee is old,
And bide the brunt of Winters cold,
But then hee'l lose the smell and shew,
And will no more be worth the view.

So many men dye in their prime,
And some dye in their budding time:
But he that liues the longest life,
Shall find but sorrow, care, and strife.

Mans life is like a ship o'th Seas,
Which is sometimes as Fortune pleases,
Sometimes in safety, yet not still so,
Euen as proud Boreas blasts doe blow.

When Winds are still and weather's faire,
Then Mariners are free from care;
But when as stormes make dark the skye,
Then must each man his labour plye.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





SO is't with man the ſelfe ſame caſe,
His life's a ſhip that ſeas doth trace,
And oft is like to goe to wracke
When winds and ſtormes doe tacklings crack.

We men when ſickneſſe doth aſſaile
Our bodyes, and makes vs looke pale,
Then would we doe all things we may,
So that our health we might enjoy.

But when the Fates on vs doe ſmile,
Like Saylers we forget our toyle.
We hang out colours for a ſhow,
But take them in when ſtormes doe grow.

I may compare a man againe
Euen like vnto a turning vaine,
That changeth euen as doth the wind,
Indeed ſo is mans fickle mind.

The mind of man doth often change,
Hee's apt with every gale to range,
He ſtandeth tottering to and fro,
Euen as his fooliſh fancies goe.

Againe I may mans life compare
Like to a bird that flyes i'th aire,
And ſuddenly ſhe ſees a bayt,
Which is to take her with deceit.

The bird no ſooner is betrayd,
But comes me him that the bait layd,
And having taken her in his Net,
She dyes, and he for more doth bait.

Euen ſo is man by cunning caught,
When as thereof he hath no thought,
He ſoareth high and feares no fall,
Yet then hee's in moſt danger of all.

Make tryall of this any one,
And you ſhall find that I haue ſhowne
A proſpect where you may behold
The difference in this earthy mold.

This life is fickle, fraile, and vaine,
Seeke everlaſting life to gaine.
All worldly treaſures ſoone decay,
And mortall man returnes to clay.

Before thou dyeſt bid pride adieu,
Which doth ſo often ſhape thee new,
Call out for mercy with loud voice,
And let her be thy onely choice.

If thou haue liu'd in gluttony,
Forgetting quite that thou ſhalt dye,
Then quickly charity imbrace,
That ſhe may plead well in thy caſe.

If thou by couetouſneſſe haue liu'd,
And haſt thy neighbours poore deceiu'd,
Then ſuddenly reſtor't againe,
For feare thou feele hells burning paine.

Perchance in wrath thou haſt ſhed blood,
Which wrath ſhould alwayes be withſtood,
Put arme thee with a patient heart,
And neuer more act ſuch a part.

If thou haſt enuy'd at thy brother,
Repent with ſpeed, that blacke ſinne ſmother,
And let true loue be thy delight,
Thou mayſt depart with life this night.

If thou haſt ſlothfull beene, and lewd,
Neglecting Gods moſt holy word,
Apply thy ſelfe moſt ſpeedily,
Redeeme thy time ſpent idly.

If thou laſciuious haſt beene giuen;
Doe ſo no more, but pray to heauen,
That hateful ſinne God may forgiue,
Chaſtiſe thy ſelfe, repent, and grieue.

Thus to conclude, let me intreat
All thoſe that heare what I relate,
That they ſeeke heauens grace to find,
And alwayes beare an vpright mind.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules* FINIS. R.C.

Cuckolds Haven:

OR,

The marry'd mans miſerie, who muſt abide
The penaltie of being Hornify'd:
Hee unto his Neighbours doth make his caſe knowne,
And tels them all plainly, The caſe is their owne.

To the tune of, *The Spaniſh Gipſie.*





COme Neighbours follow me,
that Cuckollized be,
That all the Towne my caſe
our ſlaniſh miſerie:
Let every man who keepes a Bride
take heed hee be not hornify'd.

Though narrowly I doe watch,
and vſe Lock, Bolt, and Latch,
My wife will me o'ermatch,
my forehead I may ſcratch:
For though I wait both time and tide,
I oftentimes am hornify'd.

For now the time's ſo growne,
men cannot keepe their owne,
But every ſlaue unknowne
will reape what we haue ſowne:
Yea, though we keep them by our ſide,
we now and then are hornify'd.

They haue ſo many waves,
by nights or elſe by dayes,
That though our wealth decayes,
yet they our hornes will raiſe:
And many of them take a pride
to keepe their Husbands hornify'd.

O what a caſe is this,
O what a griefe it is,
My wife hath learn'd to kiſſe,
and thinkes 'tis not amiſſe:
Shee oftentimes doth me deride,
and tels me I am hornify'd.

What euer I doe ſay,
ſhe will haue her owne way,
Shee ſcorneth to obey;
Shee'll take time while ſhe may:
And if I beate her backe and ſide,
In ſpight I ſhall be hornify'd.

May you would little thinke,
how they will friendly link,
And how they'l ſit and drink,
till they begin to winke:
And then if Vulcan will but ride,
Some Cuckold ſhall be hornify'd.

A woman that will be drunk,
will eaſily play the Punck;
For when her wits are ſunk,
all keyes will fit her Trunk:
Then by experience oft is tride,
poore men that way are hornify'd.

Thus honeſt men muſt beare,
and 'tis in vaine to feare,
For we are ne're the neare
our hearts with griefe to teare:
For while we mourne it is their pride,
the more to keepe vs hornify'd.

And be we great or ſmall,
we muſt be at their call;
How e're the Cards doe fall,
we men muſt ſuffer all:
Doe what we can we muſt abide
the paine of being hornify'd.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.



If they once bid vs goe.
We dare not twice ſay no,
Although too well we know
'Tis to our griefe and woe:
Nay we are glad their faults to hide,
though often we are hornify'd.

If I my wife prouoke,
with words in anger ſpoke,
She ſweares ſhe'll make all ſmoke,
and I muſt be her Cloake:
Her baſeneſſe and my wrongs I hide,
and patiently am hornify'd.

When theſe good Goſſips meet,
In Alley, Lane, or Street,
Poore men we doe not ſee't,
with Wine and Sugar ſweet,
They arme themſelues, and then beſide
their husbands muſt be hornify'd.

Not your Italian Locks,
which ſeemes a Parador,
Can keepe theſe Hens from Cocks,
till they are paid with a P—
So long as they can goe or ride,
They'l haue their husbands hornify'd.

The more you haue intent,
the buſines to preuent,
The more her mind is bent
your will to circumuent:
Such ſecret meanes they can prouide
to get their husbands hornify'd.

For if we them doe blame,
or tell them of their ſhame;
Although the men we name,
with whom they did the ſame:
They'l ſweare who euer ſpake it ly'd,
Thus ſtill poore men are hornify'd.

All you that ſingle be,
auoid this ſlauery,
Much danger is you ſee
in womens company:
For he who to a Wife is ty'd,
May looke ſtill to be hornify'd.

Yet muſt I needs confeſſe,
(though many doe tranſgreſſe)
A number, numberleſſe,
which vertue doe poſſeſſe,
And to their Husbands are a guide:
by ſuch no man is hornify'd.

They who are of that race,
this Ditie in any caſe
Is not to their diſgrace,
they are not for this place:
To ſuch this onely is apply'd,
by whom good men are hornify'd.

FINIS.

Printed at London by *W. P.* for *Francis Grove*, neere the Sarazens head without Newgate.

7.

Christmas Lamentation,

For the losse of his Acquaintance, showing how he is forst to leaue the Country, and come to London. To the tune of, *Now the spring is come.*





Christmas is my name, farre haue I gone,
Haue I gone, haue I gone, haue I gone,
without regard.
Whereas great men by flockes there be flowne,
There be flown, there be flown, there be flowne,
to London-ward.
Where they in pomp and pleasure doe walke,
That which Christmas was wonted to feast,
Welladay.
Houses where musicke was wont for to ring,
Nothing but Batts and Howlets doe sing,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where should I stay.

Christmas beefe and bread, is turn'd into stones,
Into stones, into stones, into stones,
and silken rags.
And Ladie money sleepes, and makes moanes,
And makes moanes and makes moanes, and, &c.
in Misers Bags.
Houses where pleasures once did abound,
Nought but a Dogge and a Shepheard is found,
Welladay.
Places where Christmas Revells did keepe,
Is now become habitations for sheepe,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where should I stay.

Pan the Shepeards god doth deface,
Doth deface, doth deface, doth deface,
Lady Ceres crowne.
And tillage that doth goe to decay,
To decay, to decay, to decay,
in every Towne.
Land-lords their rents so highly inhance,
That Pierce the Plow-man, bare not may dance,
Welladay.
And Farmers that Christmas would entertain,
Haue scarce where with themselues to maintain,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where should I stay.

Come to the Country man, he will protest,
Will protest, will protest, will protest,
and of Bull beefe lost.
And for the Citizen hee is so hot,
Is so hot, is so hot, is so hot,
he will burne the rost.
The Courtier he good deeds will not learne,
Nor will he see poore Christmas sojourne,
Welladay.
Since none of these good deeds will doe,
Christmas had best turne Courtier too,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where should I stay.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





Pride and luxury they doe deuoure,
Doe deuoure, doe deuoure, doe deuoure,
houſe-kéeping quite.
And beggery that doth beget,
Doth beget, doth beget, doth beget,
in many a Knight.
Madam lo7cloth in her Coach ſhe muſt wheell,
Although ſhe weare her hole out at héele,
Welladay.
And on her backe weare that lo7 a wéed,
Which me and all my fellowes would néed,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where ſhould I ſtay.

Since pride that came vp with yellow ſtarch,
Yellow ſtarch, yellow ſtarch, yellow ſtarch,
poore folkes doe want.
And nothing the rich men will to them giue,
To them giue, to them giue, to them giue,
but doe them taunt.
Fo7 charity from the Country is fled,
And in her place hath left nought but néed,
Welladay.
And Co7ne is growne to ſo high a p7ice,
It makes poore men cry with weeping eyes,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where ſhould I ſtay.

Bꝛiefely fo7 to end, here I doe find,
I doe find, I doe find, I doe find,
ſo great vacation,
That moſt great houſes ſéeme to attaine
To attaine, to attaine, to attaine.
a ſtrong purgation. (ſhe wed;
Where purging pills, ſuch effects they haue
That fo7th of doo7s their owners haue ſpéed;
Welladay.
And where as Chꝛiſtmas comes by and calls,
Nought but ſolitary and naked walls,
Welladay.
Welladay.
Welladay.
where ſhall I ſtay.

Philomes cottage was turn'd into gold,
Into gold, into gold into gold,
fo7 harboꝛing loue,
Rich men their houſes fo7 to kéepe,
Fo7 to kéepe fo7 to kéepe, fo7 to kéepe,
might their greatneſſe moue.
But in the City they ſay they doe liue,
Where gold by handfulls away they doe giue,
Ile away.
And thither therefoꝛe I purpoſe to paſſe,
Hoping at London to finde the golden Aſſe,
Ile away.
Ile away.
Ile away.
fo7 here's no ſtay.

Printed at London for F. C. dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

Cupids wrongs vindicated:

Wherein he that *Cupids* wiles did discover,
Is proved a false dissembling Lover.
The Mayd shewes such cause that none can her condemne,
But on the contrary the fault's layd on him.

To the tune of Cupids *cruell torments*





THe guilefull Crocodile
when he his prey would gain,
That none may spie his wile,
A mournfull noyse doth feigne:
So thou false Hypocrite
Thy foule deceipt to couer,
Dost act the part aright
of a distracted Louer.
But raile no more on Loue,
Nor doe young Cupid wrong,
For thou didst never proue
What doth to love belong.

Hienna like thou feign'st
words of a dying man,
But falsely thou complain'st
with woe I proue it can:
For like a cheating wretch,
thou dost on me exclaime,
But this is but a fetch
for thou deserv'st the blame.
Why dost thou raile on loue,
Or doe, &c.

Thou knowst I lou'd thee well,
and purposd thee to haue,
Thy conscience this can tell,
thou false dissembling knaue,
But when I did perceine
thy fickle wauering mind,
'Twas time to take my leaue,
and serue thee in thy kind.
Then raile no more on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didst neuer proue
What doth to loue belong.

Let any one that will
be judge twixt thee and mee,
Why should I loue thee still,
when thou lou'st two or three.
Dost thinke I'le stand at stake,
to helpe at the last cast?
When all doe thee forsake,
then I must serue at last.
O raile no more on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didst never proue
What doth to loue belong.

Thou com'st to me ith morne,
and goest to Madge at night,
Thy mind will quickly turne
to which comes next in sight.
Thou'lt promise and protest
thou wilt haue none but me,
But when thou seest the rest
those vowes forgotten bee.
Then raile no more on love,
Nor Cupids, &c.

Dost thinke I cannot heare
how thou playst fast and loose,
Long Mall gaue thee good cheere.
both Cony Hen and Goose:
Alas man I haue friends
that note thy actions well,
Thou lou'st for thine owne ends,
but I thy knauery smell.
Then raile no more on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didst neuer proue
What doth to loue belong.

The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.



I Saw laſt Thurſday night,
when thou wentſt to the Swan,
With Kate and Winifrite,
and after you came Nan,
I know what wine you had,
and alſo what was pyd,
Alas poore harmeleſſe lad,
wilt thou dye for a Mayd!
Fye raile no more on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didſt neuer proue
What does to loue belong.

I Cannot chooſe but ſmile
to thinke how cunningly
Thou wouldſt the world beguile
with ſoule hypocriſy:
For I the wrong ſuſtaine,
and thou from griefe art free,
Yet ſtill thou doſt complaine
that I am falſe to thee.
Fye neuer raile on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didſt never proue
What doth to loue belong.

To either man or Mayd
For cenſure Ile appeale,
Which of us may be ſayd
diſloyally to deale;
Did euer I ſeeme nice
till I was told for truth,
More oft then once or twice,
thou was't a faithleſſe youth.
Fye doe not raile, &c.

Thou mak'ſt the world beleeue,
thou for my loue doſt pine,
Indeed thou ſore doſt griene
with wenches, Cakes, and wine,
For my part tis my lot
to pray for patience ſtill,
Vntill I haue forgot
thy ouer-reaching skill.
Then doe not raile, &c.

Yet though I ſuffer wrong
I needs muſt prayſe thy art,
Sure thou haſt ſtudy'd long
to act the Mad-mans part,
Thou canſt not ſleep nor wake
for fancies in thy head,
Now I doe thee forſake
I muſe thou art not dead.
Fye doe not raile, &c.

That Laſſe which ſhall haue thee
Who ere has that ill hap,
Let her learne this of me,
ſhee's caught in follies trap.
He that diſſemble can
with one in ſuch a way.
Hee'l neuer proue honeſt man,
beleeue me what I ſay.
Then doe not raile on loue,
Nor Cupids cruell wrong,
For thou didſt neuer proue
What doth to loue belong.

FINIS. M.P.

Printed at London for F.G.

The Countrey Lasse.

To a daintie new Note, which if you can hit,
There's another tune will as well fit.
To the tune of, *The mother beguild daughter.*





ALthough I am a Countrey Lasse,
a lofty minde I beare a,
I thinke my selfe as good as those
that gay apparrell weare a:
My coate is made of comely Gray,
yet is my skin as soft a,
As those that with the chiefest Wines,
do bathe their bodies oft a.
Downe, downe dery, dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
a dery dery dery dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a dery.

What though I keepe my Fathers sheep,
a thing that must be done a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
shall shrewd me from the Sunne a:
And when I see them feeding be,
where grasse and flowers spring a'
Close by a Crystall fountaine side
I sit me downe, and sing a,
Downe &c.

Dame nature crownes us with delight,
surpassing Court or Citie,
We pleasures take from morne to night
in Sports and pastimes pretty:
Your City Dames in Coaches ride
abroad for recreation,
We Countrey Lasses hate their pride,
and keepe the Countrey fashion.
Downe &c.

Your City Wives lead wanton lives,
and if they come i'th' Countrey,
They are so proud, that each one strives
for to outbrave our Gentry
We countrey lasses homely be
for seat nor wall we strive not,
We are content with our degree,
our debtors we deprive not,
Downe &c.

I care not for the fane or Maske,
when Titans heat reflecteth,
A homely Hat is all I aske,
which well my face protecteth:
Yet am I in my Countrey guise,
esteem'd Lasse as pretty
As those that every day deuise
new shapes in Court or City.
Downe &c.

In every season of the yeare
I vnder-goe my labour
No Showre nor Winde at all I feare,
my Limbes I do not favour:
If Summers heat my beauty staine,
it makes me nere the sicker,
Sith I can wash it off againe
with a Cup of Christmas Liquor.
Downe, downe dery, dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a downe a,
a dery dery dery dery downe,
heigh downe a downe a dery.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune,



AT Chriſtmas time in mirth and glee,
I dance with young men neatly,
And who i'the City like to me,
ſhall ſurely taſte compleately:
No Sport, but Pride and Luxury
i'th city can be found then,
But bounteous Hoſpitality
i'th Countrey doth abound then,
Downe &c.

I'the Spring my labour yeelds delight,
to walke i'the merry Morning,
When Flora is (to pleaſe my ſight)
the ground with flowres adorning:
With merry Lads to make the Hay
I goe, and doe not grumble,
My worke doth ſeeme to be but play,
when with young men I tumble.
Downe &c.

The Larke & Thruſh from Byar to Buſh
do leape, and ſkip, and ſing a,
And all this then to welcome in
the long and lookt for Spring a:
We feare not Cupids arrowes keene,
Dame Venus we deſie a,
Diana is our honored Queene,
and her we magnifie a.
Downe &c.

That which your City-Damſels ſcorne,
we hold our chiefeſt Jewell,
Without, to worke at Hay and Corne,
within to Bake and Brew well,
To keepe the Dayrie decently,
and all things cleane and neatly,
Your Citie-Minions do deſie,
their ſcorne we weigh not greatly.
Downe &c.

When we together a milking go,
with pailes upon our heads a,
And walking ouer Woods and Fields,
where Graſſe and Flowers ſpreds a,
In honeſt pleaſure we delight,
which makes our labour ſweet a,
And Mirth exceeds on every ſide,
when Lads and Laſſes meete a.
Downe &c.

When do not ſcorne a Countrey Laſſe,
though ſhe be plaine and meanely:
Who takes the Countrey Wench to Wife,
(that goeth neat and cleanely)
Is better ſped, then if he wed
a fine one from the City,
For then they are ſo nicely bred,
they muſt not worke for pitie.
Downe &c.

I ſpeake not this to that intent,
(as ſome may well coniecture)
As though to Wooing I were bent,
nor I nere learn'd Louers Lecture:
But what I ſing is in defence
of all plaine Countrey Laſſes,
Whoſe modeſt honeſt innocence
all City Girles ſurpaſſes.
Downe, downe dery, dery downe, &c.

FINIS.

Printed by the Aſſignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

The Complaint of a Lover forſaken of his Love.

To a pleaſant new Tune.



A Paire ſoule ſate ſighing, by a Sicamore Tree.
O Willow, willow, willow:
His hand on his boſome, his head on his knee,
O Willow, willow, willow,
O Willow, willow, willow,
Sing O the greene Willow ſhall be my Garland.

He ſigh'd in his ſinging, and after each groane
O Willow, willow, willow:
Adue to all pleaſure, my true loue is gone,
O Willow, willow, willow,
O Willow, willow, willow,
Sing O the greene Willow ſhall be my Garland.

Oh falſe ſhe is turned, vntrue ſhe doth proue,
O Willow. willow, willow:
She renders me nothing but hate for my loue.
O Willow, willow, &c.
Sing O the greene VVillow, &c.

Oh pitty me (cries he) you Louers each one,
O Willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as Marble, ſhe rues not my moane,
O Willow, willow, willow &c.
Sing O the greene Willow, ſhall be my Garland.

The cold ſtreames ran by him, his eyes wept apace,
O willow, willow, willow:
The ſalt teares fell from him, which drowned his face,
O Willow, willow, &c.
Sing O the greene Willow, &c.

The mute Birds ſate by him, made tame by his moane,
O Willow, &c.
The ſalt teares fell from him, which ſoftned the ſtone,
O Willow, &c.
Sing O the greene Willow,

Let no body blame me, her ſcornes I doe proue,
O Willow, &c.
She was borne to be falſe, and I dye for her loue:
O VVillow, vvillow, &c.
Sing O the greene vvillow ſhalbe my Garland.

O that beauty ſhould harbour, a heart that's ſo hard,
O Willow, vvillow, &c.
My true loue reſecting, without all regard:
O VVillow, &c.
Sing O the greene VVillow, &c.

Let Loue no more boaſt him, in Pallace or Bowre,
O VVillow, &c.
For Women are trotheleſſe, and fleet in an houre:
O Willow, &c.
Sing o the greene, &c.

But what helpes complaining, in vaine I complaine,
O Willow, &c.
I muſt patiently ſuffer, her ſcorne and diſdaine:
O VVillow, &c.
Sing O the greene, &c.

Come all you forſaken, and ſit downe by me,
O VVillow, &c
He that plaineth of his falſe loue, mine's falſer then ſhe:
O VVillow, &c.
Sing O the greene, &c.

The Willow wreath weare I, ſince my Loue did laſt,
O VVillow, &c.
A Garland for Louers forſaken moſt meet:
O VVillow, VVillow, &c.
Sing o the greene Willow ſhall be my Garland.

FINIS.

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.





LOw lagde by my ſorrow, begot by diſdaine,
O Willow, Willow, VVillow,
Againſt her, too cruell, ſtill ſtill I complaine:
O VVillovv, VVillovv, Willow;
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

My Loue too injurious, to wound my poore heart,
O Willovv, &c.
To ſuffer her triumph, and ioy in my ſmart:
O Willovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

My Willow, Willow, Willow, the Willow Garland,
O VVillovv, &c.
A ſigne of her falſeneſſe, before me doth ſtand,
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

As heere lying payned, it ſtands in mine eye,
O VVillovv, &c.
So hang it (friends) ore me, in Graue where I lye:
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

In Graue when I reſt me, hang this to the view,
O VVillovv, &c.
Of all that doe know her, to blaze her vntrue:
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

With theſe words ingrauen, as Epitaph meete,
O VVillovv, &c.
Heere lyes one drunke Poyſon, for potion moſt ſweete:
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing O the greene, &c.

Though ſhe thus vnkindly, haue ſcorned my loue,
O VVillovv, &c.
And carelеſſy ſmiles at the ſorrowes I proue,
O Willovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene Willovv, &c.

I cannot againſt her vnkindly exclaime.
Oh VVillovv, &c.
Cauſe once well I loude her, and honourde her name,
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

The name of her ſounded, ſo ſweet in mine eare,
Oh VVillovv, &c.
It raiſde my heart lightly, the name of my deare:
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

As then twas my comfort, it now is my griefe,
Oh VVillovv, &c.
It now brings me anguiſh; then, brought me reliefe:
O VVillovv, &c.
Sing ô the greene, &c.

Farewel faire, falſe-hearted, plaints end with my breath
Oh VVillovv, Willovv, Willovv,
Thou doſt loth me, I loue thee, though cauſe of my death
O VVillovv, Willovv, Willovv,
O VVillovv, Willovv, Willovv;
Sing O the greene Willovv ſhall be my Garland.

FINIS.

London, Printed by *M.P.* for *Edward Wright* at his Shop neere Chriſt Church gate.

The Constancy of True Loue,

OR. 293

An Excellent Relation of the Vntimely Death of Two Faithfull Louers.

To the tune of *Downe by a Forrest*

101.







IN that faire fragrant month of May,
When earth her curtaines doth display,
I did by chance my corps repose
Vpon a banke, which Woods did close,
With greene and leany bowres about;
A place to shunne the tedious rout
Of Tibs and Toms, for this intent,
This flowrie seat I did frequent.

Nature had strone to shew her feate
In the compositure of this seat;
For in a Valley plaine was found,
This place by hills incircled round.
Both lofty Beech and Cedars tall
Did shelter this rich Siluan hall.
Were Satires and the Naiades,
Here Siluans and the Dryades,

Here rurall gods and tripping Nymphs,
Did bath their corps in the pure lymphs,
And chrystall streams which made a noise
In compassing this place of ioyes.
No fairer place nor Fountaine found
Dian with golden trelles crown'd,
And Tabrogarded in this seate,
The wistling wind cool'd summers heat

Here the nine Muses vse to dance,
Here the three graces vse to prance;
Here Phœbe his warbling harpe did tune,
The lifesome monthes of May & June.
Here Philomel tun'd melody,
Hither the chirping birds did fly,
Here Throstle & blackbird frō their throats
Strain'd diuers sundry pleasant notes.

Here the Nymph Eccho in hollow ground
Did the last syllable resound;
What harbour could the world spare
more trim, more neat, more sweet more (rare?

Here as I sate musing alone,
Me thought I heard one grieue and groane,
Ah me poore wretch, this creature said,
Whereat my senses grew afraid.

I started looking here and there,
To viewe the subject of this feare:
A Lady obiect to mine eyes,
I found the effect of all these cryes;
I basked to enquire the cause
Which did her weeping eyes amaze:
Behold, quoth she, my Loue (alas)
Whose reuiuion biddes here dyes the grasse.

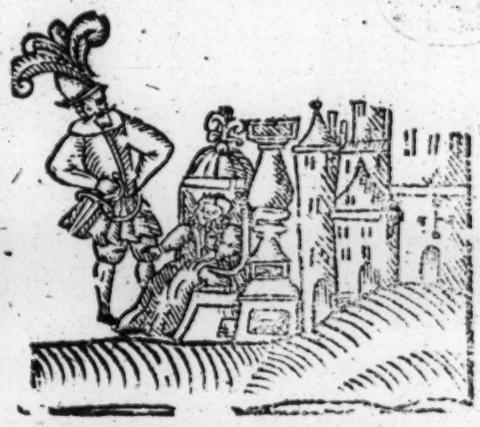
The sweetest creature here lyeth dead,
That famous Europe euer bred;
I haue my wronged Louer slaine,
His death shall be the death of twaine.
I praid her then for to relate,
The cause of his vntimely fate;
She then scarse fetching of her breath,
Beginnes the Story of his death.

Blinde Cupid (quoth she) with his dart,
In tender yeares did wound his heart,
Made subiect to the lone of me,
An actor of this tragedie.
His heart and mind together tried,
His lone and mine together ti'ed,
Our parents sought to crosse our will,
But we continued constant still.

Though time the disaduantage gaue,
And we no place for lone could haue,
Yet still we sought to recompence,
Lone with true lone without offence.
We dwelt in neighbouring houses nie,
And getting conference thereby;
We did appoint vnder this tree
To meet but disapointed bee.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





VVhen bright Aurora peeped out,
And Phœbus newly look'd about,
I firſt (according to my vow)
made haſte vnto this plighted bough:
Heere as I ſtayed for my Lone,
Whoſe comming ouerlate did proue,
A Lyon with inhumane pawes,
Came to that well to coole his jawes.

His mouth was all with blood beſmear'd,
This inſtrument of Death I fear'd,
I fled to hide my ſelfe for feare,
And left behind my mantle there.
The Lyon hauing ſlak'd his thirſt,
Ran where I left my garment firſt,
But when hee ſaw no place for prey:
He ſtain'd with blood my Liuerie:

And hauing mangled this the ſame,
Thither he went whence firſt he came:
But I knew not that hee was gone,
And therefore ſtayd I bid alone.
In the meane time (Oh griefe) came hee,
Who promiſ'd had to meet with mee,
And vnder this our plighted bough,
He ſought performance of our vow.

Hee found not mee, but found my Coat,
All blooded by the Lyons throat,
Which when he ſaw with blood belayd,
My abſence made him ſore afraid:
What ſhould he thinke, but that ſome beaſt,
Vpon my earkaſſe made his Feaſt:
He thought that the grim Lyons whelpe,
Deuoured mee being voyd of helpe.

While hee theſe euents thus did breake,
This inſtrument of death he take,
A naked ſword, which by his ſide,
Ready for Combats hee had tyed:
I haue, quoth hee, wrought my Lones death,
The end of her ſhall end my breath,
And thereupon thruſt to the hilt
His ſword, and thus his blood he ſpilt.

That the firſt Paſſenger might know,
The diſmall euents of this woe,
He wrote and pinn'd a note thereof,
Vpon his Hatt to ſhew the proofe:
Which I being voyd of feare at laſt,
And thanking all the danger paſt,
Returning from that hideous bed,
Whereto I from the Lyon fled,

I found this Copie of his death,
And his dead earkaſſe voyd of breath:
No ſobbes nor ſighes, no griefes, no groanes,
No trickling teares, no mournful moanes,
No ſaculations, no cries,
No dolefull Dittie, or Elegies,
Shall ſerue for to be vaſſe his end,
Which for my Lone his life did ſpend.

In life his Lone did mee purſue,
But by his death hee proou'd it true:
If he then for my ſake did die,
As much for him who ſhould not I?
Since death hath vs denied our right,
Then friendly death ſhall vs vnite,
And I will follow him in haſte,
Who thought he followed me being paſt.

Theſe words alſoone as ſhee had ſpoke,
Shee gaue her ſelfe a deadly ſtroke:
Shee drew the ſword out of his breaſt,
And in her owne the ſame ſhee thruſt.
And as in life their hearts were one,
So are their liues together gone,
In ſpight of parents, time or place,
Fond loue will runne his wilfull race.

Thus haue you heard a Tragedy
Acted by louers conſtancy,
God ſend ſuch louers better ſpeed,
Where fervency true Loue doth breed.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for Francis Coules and are to be ſould at his ſhop in the Old-Bayley.

A Courtly new Ballad of the Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London, by King *Edward*.

To the tune of, *Bonny sweet Robbin*.

FAire Angell of England, thy beauty most bright'
Is all my hearts treasure my joy and delight:
Then grant me sweet Lady thy true Love to be,
That I may say welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle so true and chast in her love,
By gentle perswasions her fancy will move:
Then be not intreated sweet Lady in vains,
For Nature requireth what I would obtaine.

What Phenix so faire that liveth alone,
Is vowed to chastity being but one?
But be not my Darling so chaste in desire,
Lest thou like the Phenix do penance in fire.

But alas gallant Lady I pitty thy state,
In being resolved to live without mate:
For if our courting the pleasure you knew,
You shall have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time I have sued the same to obtaine,
Yet am I requited with scornefull disdaine:
But if you will grant your good will to me,
You shall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chaste that liveth, though never so nice;
What woman so worthy but will be content,
To live in the Palace where Princes frequent?

Two Brides yong & princely to Church have I led,
Two Ladies most lovely have decked my bed:
Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart,
Than all their contentments whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot mens teares much abide,
And women least angry when most they do chide:
Then yeeld to me kindly and say that at length,
Men doe want mercy, and poore women strength.

I grant faire Ladies may poore men resist,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they list:
A King may command her to lie by his side,
Whose stature deserveth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your love you shall purchase renowne,
Your head shalbe deckt with Englands faire crown,
Thy garment most gallant with gold shalbe wrought
If true love nor treasure of that may be bought.

Great Ladies of honour shall tend on thy traine,
Most richly attired with scarlet in graine:
My chamber most Princely thy person shall keepe,
Where Virgins with musicke shal rocke thee asleep.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
Command them sweet Lady thy mind to content:
For Kings gallant Courts where Princes do dwel
Affoord such sweet pastimes as Ladies love wel.

Then be not resolved to dye a true Maid,
But print in thy bosome the words I have said:
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say welcome sweet Virgin to me.

The faire Maid of Londons answer to King *Edwards* wanton Love.

To the same tune.

O Wanton King Edward thy labour is vaine,
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attaine,
Which getting thou loosest, and having dost waste it
The which is thou purchase is spoil'd if thou hast it:

But if thou obtainst it thou nothing hast won,
And I losing nothing yet quite am undone,
But if of that Jewell a King doe deceive me,
No King can restore though a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is vanisht, my beauty is past
The Roses red blushes that sate on my cheekes,
To paleness are turned, which all men mislikes.

I passe not what Princes for love doe protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best:
I have not deserved to sleepe by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edwards bride.

The name of a Princesse I never did crave,
No such type of honour thy hand-maid will have,
My brest shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonnesse brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond one of our sort,
Had never frequented King Henries brave Court:
Such heapes of deepe sorrow she never had seene,
Nor tasted the rage of a jealous Queene.

All men have their freedome to shew their intent,
They win not a woman except she consent:
Who then can impute to a man any fault,
Who still goes uprightly while women doe halt.

'Tis counted kindnesse in men for to try,
And vertue in women the same to deny:
For women inconstant can never be prov'd,
Untill by their betters thereto they be mov'd.

If women and modesty once doe but sever,
Then fare well good name and credit for ever:
And royall King Edward let me be exilde,
Ere any man knowes my body is defil'd.

No, no, my old Fathers reverent teares,
Too deepe an impression within my soule beares:
Nor shall his bright honour that blot by me have,
To bring his gray haires with griefe to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I should dye,
That any such sinne upon my soule lye:
If I have kept me from doing this sinne,
My heart shall not yeeld with a Prince to beginne.

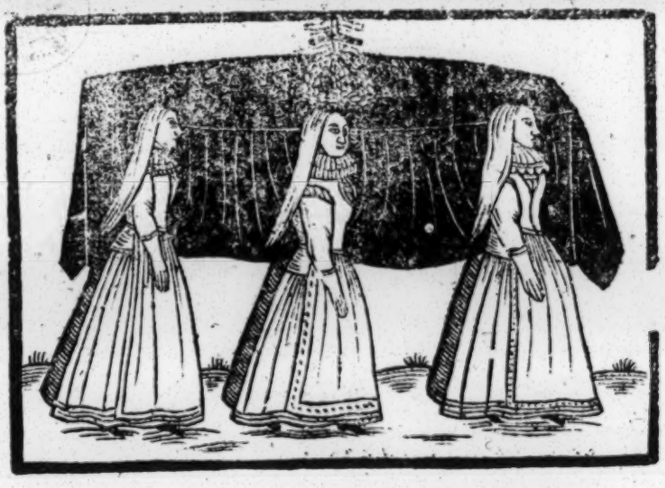
Come rather with pitty to weepe on my Tombe,
Then for my birth curse my deare mothers Wombe,
That brought forth a blossome that stained the tree,
With wanton desires to tempter and me.

Leave me (most noble King) trust not in vaine,
My milk-white affections with lewdnesse to stain:
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England shall yeeld me a sad burial.

FINIS.

London Printed for *Henry Gosson*.

The Brides Buriall. To the tune of the Ladies fall. 14



COme mourn, come mourn with me
you loyall lovers all,
Lament my losse in wordes of woe,
whom griping griefe doth thrall,
Like to the dropping vine,
cut downe by gardners knife,
Even so my heart with sorrow slaine,
doth bleed for my sweet wife.

My Death (that grisly Ghost)
my turtle Dove is slaine:
And I am lost unhappy man,
to spend my dates in paine:
Her beauty late so bright,
like Roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the mountaines snow,
by force of Phœbus shine.

Her faire red coloured lips,
now pale and wan, her eyes
That late did shine like christall stars,
alas her light it dies:
Her pretty lilly hands,
with fingers long and small,
In colour lie like earthly clay,
yea cold and stiffe withall.

When as the morning gray,
her golden gate had spred,
And that the glistring sunne arose,
forth from faire Thetis bed:
Then did my loue awake,
most like a lilly flower,
And as the lovely Queene of heauen,
so shin'd she in her bower.

Attired she was then,
like Flora in her pride,
As faire as braue Dianes Nimphs,
so looke my lovely Bride,
And as faire Hellens face,
gaue Grecian Dames the lurch,
So did my deare exceed in sight,
all Virgins in the Church.

When we had knit the knot,
of holy wedlocks band:
Like Alablaster lopn'd to sett,
so stood we hand in hand:
Then loe a chilling cold,
struk every vitall part;
And griping griefe like pangs of death,
seaz'd on my true Loves heart.

Downe in a sownd she fell,
as cold as any stone:
Like Venus picture lacking life,
so was my Love brought home.
At length arose a red,
throughout her comely face,
As Phœbus beames with watry clouds
ore covered her face.

Then with a grievous groane,
and voyce most hoarse and dry,
Farewell quoth shee my loving friends,
for I this day must die.
The messenger of God,
with golden Trompe I see:
With many other Angels more,
doth sound and call for me.

In stead of musicke sweet,
goe tole my passing bell:
And with these flowers strow my grave
that in my chamber smell:
Strip off my Brides array,
my Corke-shoes from my feet,
And gentle mother be not coy,
to bring my winding sheet.

My Wedding dinner drest,
bestow upon the poore:
And on the hungry needy maind,
that craveth at the doore.
In stead of Virgin spoung,
my Bride-bed for to see,
Goe cause some cunning Carpenter
to make a chest for mee.

My Bride-laces of silke,
bestow'd on maidens meete,
My silly scarfe when I am dead,
to tie my hands and feete:
And thou my Lover true,
my husband and my friend,
Let me intreate thee here to stay,
untill my life doth end.

Now leave to talke of love,
and humbly on your knee:
Direct your prayer unto God,
but mourne no more for me.
In love as we have lived,
in love let us depart:
And I in token of my love,
doe kisse thee with my heart.

Drench thy bootlesse teares,
thy weeping is in vaine:
I am not lost, for we in heaven,
shall one day meet againe.
With that she turn'd her head,
as one disposed to sleepe,
And like a Lambe departed life:
while friends full sore did weepe.

Her true Love seeing this,
did fetch a grievous groane,
As though his heart did burst in two,
and thus he made his moane:
O dismall heavy day,
a day of griefe and care,
That hath bereft the Sun so high,
whose beames refresht the ayre.

Now woe unto the world,
and all that therein dwell,
O that I were with her in heaven,
for here I live in hell:
And now this Lover lives,
a discontented life:
Whose Bride was brought unto the
a maiden and a Wife. (grave

A garland fresh and faire,
of Lillies there was made,
In signe of her Virginity,
and on her Coffin laid:
Faire maidens all in white,
did beare her to the ground,
The Bells did ring in solemne sort,
and made a solemne sound.

In earth they laid her then,
for hungry wormes a prey:
So shall the fairest face alive,
at length be brought to clay.

FINIS.

London Printed for *H. G* for

An excellent Ballad Intituled,
The Conſtancy of Suſanna.

To an excellent new tune.



There dwelt a man in Babylon,
of reputation great by fame:
He tooke to wife a faire woman,
Suſanna ſhe was call'd by name,
A woman faire and vertuous,
Lady, Lady,
Why ſhould wee not of her learne thus
to line godly?

Vertuouſly her life ſhe led,
ſhe feared God, ſhe ſtood in awe,
As in the ſtorie we haue read,
was well brought up in Moſes Law.
Her parents they were godly folke,
Lady, Lady,
Why ſhould we not then ſing and talke
of this Lady.

That yeare two Iudges there was made
which were the Elders of Babylon,
To Ioachims houſe was all their trade,
who was Suſannaes husband then,
Ioachim was a great rich man,
Lady, Lady,
Theſe Elders oft to his houſe came
for this Lady.

Ioachim had an Orchard by,
faſt joyning to his houſe or place,
Whereas Suſanna commonly
her ſelfe did daily there ſolace,
And that theſe Elders ſoone eſpy'd,
Lady, Lady,
And priuily themſelues did hide
for that Lady.

Her chaſte and conſtant life was tride,
by theſe two Elders of Babylon,
A time conuenient they eſpide,
to haue this Lady all alone,
In his Orchard it came to paſſe,
Lady, Lady.
Where ſhe alone her ſelfe did waſh
her faire body.

Theſe Elders came to her anon,
& thus they ſaid, faire dame God ſpéd,
Thy doors are faſt, thy maids are gone,
conſent to vs, and doe this déed:
For we are men of no miſtruſt,
Lady, Lady,
And yet to thée we haue a luſt,
O faire Lady.

If that to vs thou doſt ſay nay,
a teſtimoniall we will bring,
Wée will ſay that one with thée lay,
how canſt thou then auoid the thing?
Therefore conſent and to vs turne,
Lady, Lady,
For we to thée in luſt doe burne,
O faire Lady.

Then did ſhe ſigh, and ſaid alas,
now woe is me on euery ſide,
Was euer wretch in ſuch a caſe?
ſhall I conſent and doe this déed?
Whether I doe or doe it not,
Lady, Lady,
It is my death right well I wot,
O true Lady.

Better it were for me to fall
into your hands this day guiltleſſe,
Then that I ſhould conſent at all,
to this your ſhamefull wickedneſſe,
And euen with that (whereas ſhe ſtood)
Lady, Lady,
Vnto the Lord ſhe cryed aloud
pitifully.

Theſe Elders both likewiſe againe,
againſt Suſanna aloud they cry'd,
Their filthy luſt could not obtaine,
their wickednеſſe, they ſought to hide
Vnto her friends they then her brought
Lady, Lady,
And with all ſpéd the life they ſought
of that Lady.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.

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ON the morrow ſhe was brought forth
before the people there to ſtand,
That they might heare & know the truth
how theſe two Elders Suſanna found,
The Elders ſwore and thus did ſay,
Lady, Lady,
How that they ſaw a young man lay
with that Lady.

Iudgement there was, for no offence,
Suſanna cauſeleſſe then muſt dye,
Theſe Elders bore ſuch evidence,
againſt her they did verifie,
Who were believ'd then indeed,
Lady, Lady,
Againſt Suſanna to proceed,
that ſhe ſhould dye.

Suſannaes friends that ſtood her by,
they did lament, and were full woe,
When as they ſaw no remedy,
but that to death ſhe then muſt goe,
Lady, Lady,
In God was all her hope and truſt,
to him did cry.

The Lord her voice heard and beheld,
the Daughters cry of Iſrael,
His ſpirit he raiſed in a child,
whoſe name was call'd young Daniel,
Who cryed aloud whereas he ſtood,
Lady, Lady,
I am cleare of the guiltleſſe blood
of this Lady.

Are you ſuch fooles quoth Daniel then?
in iudgement you have not done well,
For yet the right way have you gone,
to iudge a daughter of Iſrael,
By this witneſſe of falſe diſdaine,
Lady, Lady,
Wherefore to iudgement turne againe
for that Lady.

And when to iudgement they were ſet,
he called for thoſe wicked men:
And ſoone he did them ſeparate,
putting the one from the other, then,
He asked the firſt where he did ſee
that faire Lady,
He ſaid under a Mulberry tree,
who lyed falſely.

Thou lyeſt ſaid Daniel, on thy head,
thy ſentence is before the Lord,
He bad that forth he might be led,
and bring the other that bore record,
To ſee how they two did agree
for this Lady,
He ſaid under a Pomgranat tree,
who lyed falſely.

Said Daniel as he did before,
behold the meſſenger of the Lord
Stands waiting for you at the doore,
even to cut thee with a ſword.
And even with that the multitude,
aloud did cry,
Give thankes to God, ſo to conclude
for this Lady.

They dealt like with theſe wicked men
according as the Scripture ſaith,
They did as with their neighbour then,
by Moſes law were put to death,
Thus innocent preſerved was,
Lady, Lady,
As God by Daniel brought to paſſe,
for this Lady.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Iohn Wright*, neere Pye-corner.

A Compleate Gentle-woman

Deſcribed by her feature,

Her perſon ſlender, her beauty admirable, her wit excellent, her carriage modeſt, her behaviour chaſt, with her conſtancie in love.

To the tune of Sabina.





YOu Muſes all your aide to mée aſſigne
To ſpeake in praiſe of the true loue of mine.
Strike up with ioy
Strike up with ioy
Strike up with ioy your inſtruments of mirth
Till piercing Ecchoes ring 'twixt heaven and (earth.
Let Pan with ſpéed prepare himſelfe to play,
And ſweetly chaunt my loue a roundelay
While Satyres pépe
While Satyres pépe
While Satyres pépe to ſée her lovely face,
Let Citterne, harpe, and lute her méeting grace.

Let all the Poets company combine
Their wits in one for my ſweet Roſaline,
And ſay that thée
And ſay that thée
And ſay that thée Queene Uenus doth excell,
For beauty, love, and wit thée beates the bell.

And to recite the ſubſtance of her feature
That all may ſay thée is a comely creature,
From head to foot
From head to foot
From head to foot I will unfold aright
The ſhape of her which is my hearts delight.

Firſt is her haire like threds of golden wyre
Upon her head is ſet a ſeemly tyre,
Which doth protect
Which doth protect
Which doth protect her crimſon chéeks from wind
From Titans heate and Boreas blaſts unkinde.

Her gliſtring eyes excell the diamond light,
When I behold her countenance by night,
I doe admire
I doe admire
I doe admire to ſée her beauteous brow
In whom Diana chaſtneſſe doth allow.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





HEr rubie lips which doth incloſe the tongue
From whence rare elegies are ſweetly ſung,
That may amaze
That may amaze
That may amaze each rurall ſwaine to heare
Her Siren ſongs with voice ſo ſhrill and cleare.

Her Iuorie necke with golden gems compleate,
Her armes and ſhoulders framed fine and neate,
Her lilly hand
Her lilly hand
Her lilly hand and fingers long and ſmall
With ſlender waſt and perſon ſome-what tall.

And farther to devulge ſome other parts
Wherein dame nature ſhewes her chiefeſt arts,
I purpoſe to
I purpoſe to
I purpoſe to ſtoope downe unto the toe,
And ſo ſpeake of the reſt as up I goe.

Her prietty foot and nimble dapper heele
Her ſhaking legge haue ſhowne ſuch active skill,
Both Cozidon
Both Cozidon
Both Cozidon and Phillis blaſh't to ſee
Her amourous cariage when ſhe bends the knee.

Not only this which nature in her plac't,
But Lavie vertue hath her further grac't
In all reſpects
In all reſpects
In all reſpects each creature doth her finde
To paſſe the Pellican ſhe is ſo kinde.

So conſtant in her actions ſtill is ſhe
Shee may compare with chaſt Penelope.
Her minde once fix't
Her minde once fix't
Her minde once fix't it never will remeue,
She'l rather die like to the Turtle doue.

Her will to chaſtitie is ſo appli'd,
Shee ſcornes ambition, luſt, and hatefull pride,
Whereby ſhee gaines
Whereby ſhee gaines
Whereby ſhee gaines good will of great and ſmal
Strõg weak, high low, rich poore, they loue her all (skil

But ſince my trembling hand and pen wants
To write her fame compleate unto my will,
I here conclude
I here conclude
I here conclude wiſhing each honeſt lad
May haue ſo true a choice as I haue had.

FINIS. I. P:

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Clods Carroll: or, A proper new Iigg, to be sung Dialogue wise, of a man and a woman that would needs be married.

To a pleasant new Tune.





Man. NOw in the Garden are we well met,
To crave our promise,
for promise is a debt.
Wom. Come sit thee down all by my side,
and when that thou art set,
say what then will unto me.

M. Shew me unfaignedly,
and tell me thy mind,
For one may have a yong wench
that is not over-kind.
W. Seeke all the world for such a one,
then hardly shalt you find
a Love of such perfection.

M. This single life is wearisome,
faine would I marry:
But feare of ill chusing
makes me to tarry:
Some sayes that flesh is flexible,
and quickly it will vary.
W. It's very true, God mend them.

M. Why speak'st thou ill of women,
sith thou thy selfe art one?
W. Would all the rest were constant
saue I my selfe alone.
M. Faith, good or bad, or howsoe're,
I cannot live alone,
but needs I must bee married.

W. To marry with a yong wench,
thee'l make thee poore with pride:
To marry with one of middle age,
perhaps she hath beene try'd:
To marry with an old one,
to freeze by fire side;
both old and yong are faulty.

M. Ile marry with a yong wench,
of beauty and of wit.
W. It is better tame a yong Colt,
without a carbing bit.
M. But she will throw her rider downe.
W. I true, he cannot sit.
when Fillies fall a wighing.

M. Ile marry one of middle age,
for she will love me well.
W. But if her middle much be vs'd,
by heaven and by hell;
Thou shalt find more griefes
than thousand tongues can tell:
Ah, silly man, God helpe thee.

M. Ile marry with an old wench,
that knowes not good from bad.
W. But once within a fortnight
she'l make her husband mad.
M. Beshrew thee for thy counsell,
for thou hast made me sad:
but needs I must be married.

W. To marry with a young wench,
me thinkes it were a blisse:
To marry one of middle age,
it were not much amisse.
I'de marry one of old age,
and match where money is;
there's none are bad in chusing.

M. Then thou for all thy saying,
commendst the single life.
W. I, freedome is a popish
banishment of strife.
M. Hold thy tongue fond woman,
for I must have a wife.
W. A Cuckold in reversion.

When you are once married
all one whole yeare,
Tell me of your fortune,
and meet with me here:
To thinke upon my counsell
thou wilt shed many a teare;
till which time I will leave thee.

M. Were I but assured,
and of a Beggars lot,
Still to live in misery,
and never worth a groat,
To have my head well furnished
as any horned Goat;
for all this would I marry.

Farewell you lusty Batchelors,
to marriage I am bent:
When I have try'd what marriage is,
Ile tell you the event;
And tell the cause, if cause there be,
wherein I doe repent,
that ever I did marry. FINIS.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





W. Gwo-morrow to thée new married man,
how doeſt thou fare?
M. As one quite mard with marriage,
conſum'd and kill'd with care:
Would I had tane thy counſell.
W. But thou wouldſt not beware.
M. Alas, it was my fortune.

W. What griefe doth moſt oppreſſe thée?
may I requeſt to know?
M. That I haue got a wanton.
W. But is ſhe not a ſhrew?
M. Shée's any thing that euill is,
but I muſt not ſay ſo.
W. For feare that I ſhould ſkorne thee.

M. Indéed to mocke at miſery,
would adde vnto my griefe.
W. But I will not torment thée,
but rather lend reliefe:
And therefore in thy marriage,
tell me what woes are chiefe;
good counſell yet may cure thée.

W. Is not thy huſwife teſty,
too churliſh and too lowre?
M. The deuill is not ſo waſpiſh,
ſhee's neuer pleas'd an howre.
W. Canſt thou not tame a deuill?
lies it not in thy power?
M. Alas I cannot coniure.

W. What, goeth ſhe not a goſſiping,
to ſpend away thy ſtore?
M. Woe what I can, I promiſe you,
ſhée's euer out of doore;
That were I here ſo thrifty,
yet ſhe would make me poore:
woes me I cannot mend it.

W. How goeth ſhée in apparell?
delights ſhe not in pride?

M. No more than Birds doe buſhes,
or hatts the riuer ſide.
Witneſſe to that, her looking-glaſſe,
where ſhée hath ſtood in pride
a whole foremoone together.

W. How thinkſt thou? was ſhe honeſt,
and loyall to thy bed?
M. I thinke her legs doe fall away,
for ſpying time keeping head.
And were not hornes inuiſible,
I warrant you I were ſped
with broad browed Panthers.

W. Thy griefe is paſt recouery,
no ſalue will help but this:
To take thy fortune patiently,
and brooke her wi't ſhe is.
Yet many things amended are,
that haue beene long amiſſe;
and ſo in time may ſhe be.

M. I cannot ſtay here longer,
my wife or this doth ſtay:
And he thats bound as I am bound,
perforce muſt needs obey.
W. Then farewell to thee new married man,
ſince you will needs away; (man,
I can but grieue thy fortune.

M. All you that be at libertie,
and would be void of ſtrife:
I ſpeake it on experience,
ne're venture on a wife.
For if you match, you will be matcht
to ſuch a weary life,
that you will all repent you.

FINIS.

London, Printed by *A. M.* for
Henry Goſſon.

Conſtant, faire, and fine Betty.

Being

The Young-mans praiſe, of a curious Creature.
Faire ſhee was, and faire in deed,
And conſtant alwayes did proceed.

To the Tune of, Peggy went over Sea, with a Souldier.





NOw of my ſweet Betrie,
I muſt ſpeake in praiſe,
I never did ſee
ſuch a Laſſe in my days,
She is kind and loving,
and conſtant to me;
Wherefore I will ſpeake,
of my pretty Betty.

Betty is comely,
and Betty is kind,
Beſides ſhee is pretty,
and pleaſeth my mind:
She is a brave bonny Laſſe,
lovely and free,
The beſt that ere was,
is my pretty Betty.

Her haire it doth gliſter,
like to threeds of gold;
All thoſe that doe meet her,
admire to behold:
Her they take for Iuno,
ſo glorious ſeemes ſhee,
More brighter then Lun
is pretty Betty.

Her eyes they do twinkle,
like ſtarres in the ſkie,
She is without wrinkle,
her fore-head is high:
Faire Venus for beauty,
the like cannot be,
Thus I ſhew my duty,
to pretty Betty.

She hath fine cherry cheekes,
and ſweet Corall lips,
There is many one ſeekes,
love with kiſſes and clips,
But the like Diana,
flies their company,
She is my Tytana,
my pretty Bettie.

Her Chinne it is dimpled,
her viſage is faire,
She is finely temp ed,
ſhe is neat and rare.
If Hellen were living,
ſhe could not pleaſe me,
I joy in praiſe giving,
my pretty Betty.

Her skinne white as ſnow,
her breſt ſoft as downe,
All her parts below,
they are all firme and ſound:
Shee's chaſte in affection
as Penelope.
Thus endes the complexion,
of pretty Bettie.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





NOw of her conditions,
ſomething Ile declare,
For ſome have ſuſpitions,
She's falſe being faire:
But thee's not falſe hearted,
in any degree,
I 'm glad I conſorted,
with pretty Betty.

Her words and her actions,
they are all as one,
And all her affection,
is on me alone.
She hates ſuch as vary,
from true conſtancy,
Long I muſt not tarry,
from pretty Betty.

Well met my ſweet Hony,
my joy and delight,
O how hath my Cony
done ere ſince laſt night.
Oh what ſaies my deareſt,
what ſaiſt thou to me,
Of all maids the rareſt,
is pretty Bette.

Wo. Kind love thou art welcome,
to me day and night,
Why came you not home,
I did long for your ſight:
My joy and my pleaſure,
is onely in thee,
Thou art all the treaſure,
of pretty Bette.

Hadſt thou not come quickly,
I thinke I ſhould dye,
For I was growne ſickly,
and did not know why.
Now thou art my doctor,
and phyſicke to me,
In love thou art proctor,
for pretty Bette.

Sweet when ſhall we marry,
and lodge in one bed,
Long I cannot tarry,
not my maiden head.
And there's none ſhall have the ſame,
but onely thee,
Tis thee that I crave,
to love pretty Bette.

Man. Beſſe be thou contented,
wee'l quickly be wed,
Our friends are conſented,
to all hath bin ſed,
Thou ſhalt be my wife,
ere much older I be,
And Ile lead my life,
with my pretty Bette.

Theſe lovers were married,
and immediately,
And all was well carried,
they liv'd lovingly:
Let faire maids prove conſtant,
like pretty Beſſe,
Fine Beſſe hath the praiſe an't,
and worthy is thee.

FINIS. R.C.

London Printed for Iohn Wright the yonger dwelling at the upper end of the Old-Baily.

The. Conſtant Lover.

2. Who his affection will not move,
Though he live not where he love.

To a Northerne tune called, *Shall the abſence of my Miſtreſſe.*





YOu loyall Lovers that are diſtant,
from your Swéet hearts many a mile,
Pray come helpe me at this inſtant,
in mirth to ſpend away the while,
In ſinging ſwétly and compleately,
in commendation of my love,
Reſolving ever to part never,
though I live not where I love.

My love ſhe's faire and alſo vertuous,
God grant to me ſhe may prove true,
Then there is naught but death ſhall part us,
and Ile ne're change her for a new,
And though the fates my fortunes hates,
and me from her doe farre remove,
Yet I doe vow ſtill to be true,
though &c.

My conſtancy ſhall ne're be failing,
whatſoe're betide me here,
Of her vertue Ile be telling,
be my biding farre or nére,
And though blind fortune prove uncertaine,
from her preſence me to remove,
Yet Ile be conſtant every inſtant,
though &c.

Though our bodies thus are parted,
and aſunder many a mile,
Yet I vow to be true hearted,
and be faithfull all the while;
Though with mine eye I cannot ſpye,
for diſtance great my deareſt Loue,
My heart is with her altogether,
though &c.

When I ſléepe I doe dreame on her,
when I wake I take no reſt,
But every moment thinke upon her,
ſhe's ſo fixed in my breſt,
And though farre diſtance may be aſſiſtance,
from my mind her loue to moue,
Yet I will never our loue diſſever,
though &c.

To thinke upon the amarous glances,
that have béene betwixt us twaine,
My conſtancy and loue advances,
though from her preſence I remaine,
And makes the teares with groanes & feares,
from watery eyes and heart to moue,
And ſighing ſay both night and day,
alas I live &c.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.





I To her will be like Leander;
if Hero like ſhe'le proue to me,
For her ſake through the world Ile wander,
no deſperate danger I will flee,
And into the Seas with little eaſe,
the mountains great themſelues ſhal moue,
Ere faith I breake, let me ne're ſpeake,
though &c.

Penelope ſhall be unconſtant,
and Diana proue unchaſte,
Venus to Vulcan ſhall be conſtant,
and Mars farre from her ſhall be plac't,
The blinded boy no more ſhall toy,
with Arrowes keene lovers to moue,
Ere falſe I be ſweet-heart to thee,
though &c.

The Birds ſhall leave their Airy region,
the fiſhes in the aire ſhall fly,
All the world ſhall be at one religion,
all liuing things ſhall ceaſe to dye,
All things ſhal change to ſhapes moſt ſtrange,
before that I diſloyall proue,
Or any way my loue decay,
though &c.

If you lines doe come before her,
or doe deigne to touch her hand,
Tell her that I doe adore her,
aboue all Maidens in the land,
Remaining ſtill at her good will,
and alwayes to her loyall proue,
Tell death with dart doe ſtrike my heart,
though &c.

And tell my miſtreſſe that a Louer,
that loues perfect image beares,
As true as loue it ſelfe doe loue her,
witneſſe his farre fetcht ſighes and teares,
Which forth he groanes with bitter moans,
and from his troubled breaſt he mones.
And day nor night takes no delight,
becauſe &c.

So with my duty to her commended,
her loyall ſeruant Ile be ſtill,
Deſiring I may be befriended,
with loue againe for my good will,
And wiſh that ſhe as true may be,
as I to her will conſtant proue,
And night and day I ſtill will pray,
and wiſh I may liue where I loue

London Printed for *Henry Goſſon*.

FINIS. *P. L.*

A diſcourſe of Mans life.

Comparing him to things that quickly paſſe,
As bubble, ſhuttle, bloſſome, ſtreame, and graſſe.
To the tune of Ayme not too high.

177.



NOw to diſcourſe of man I take in hand,
In what eſtate his fickle life doth ſtand,
Hee in this world is as a pilgrimage,
And maketh haſt to trauaile to old age.

Mans life compared is vnto a Flower,
That growes and withers all within one houre
And like to graſſe that groweth in the field.
Or like true courage which is loath to yéeld.

The flower's cut, and now can beare no ſhew,
The graſſe is withered wch was gréen to view
True courage wronged by o're many foes.
And death doth make a man his life to loſe.

Mans life is like the damaſke Roſe you ſée,
Or like the bloſſome that growes on the trée,
Or like vnto the dainty flowers in May,
Or like the morning that begins the day.

The Roſe is withered & the bloſſome blaſteth,
The flowers fade, & faſt the morning haſteth.
Euen ſuch is man whoſe thred is quickly ſpun,
Drawn out and cut, and ſuddenly is done.

Mans life is like the Sun, or like the ſhade,
Or like vnto the gourd which Jonas had,
Or like an houre, or like vnto a ſpan,
Or like vnto the ſinging of a Swan

The Sun doth ſet, and faſt the ſhaddo'w flies,
The gourd conſumes and man he quickly dies
The houre is ſhort, for and the ſpan not long,
The ſwan néer death, mans life is quickly don

Mans life is like the graſſe that's newly ſprung
Or like vnto a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird which wée doe ſée to day,
Or like the pearlie dew that is in May.

The graſſe is wither'd, and the tale is ended,
The bird is flowne, and vp the dew aſcended,
Euen ſuch is man, who liueth by his breath,
Is here, now there, ſtill ſubiect vnto death.

Mans life is like the bubble in the Brook,
Or like a glaſſe wherein a man doth look,
Or like a ſhuttle in a Weauers hand,
Or like the writing that is in the ſand.

The bubble's broke, and ſone the looke's forgot
The ſhuttle's flung, for and the writings blot;
Euen ſuch is man that liueth on the earth,
Hee's alwaies ſubiect for to loſe his breath.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





MAns life is like a thought, or like a dreame,
Or like the gliding of a running ſtreame,
Or like a race, or like vnto a goale,
Or like the dealing of a rich mans doale.

The thought is paſt, for and the dreame is gone,
The water glides, euen ſo mans life is done.
The race ſoon run, ſo is the goale ſoon won,
The dole ſoon dealt, mans life is quickly done.

Mans life is like an arrow from the bow,
Or like ſweet courſe of waters that doth flow,
Or like the time betwixt the flood and ebbe,
Or like vnto the Spiders tender web.

The arrowes ſhot, for and the flood ſoon ſpent,
The time's no time, the Spiders web is rent:
Euen ſuch is man, and of as brittle ſtate,
Hee's alwaies ſubiect vnto Ennies hate.

Mans life is like the lightning in the ſky,
Or like a Poſt that ſuddenly doth hye,
Or like a Quauer ſinging of a ſong,
Or like a iourney that's not very long.

The lightning's paſt, for and the Poſt muſt goe,
The Note is ſhort, and ſo's the iourney too:
Euen ſuch is Man the which doth heap vp ſorow
That liues to day, and dyes before to morrow.

Mans like vnto the ſnow when ſummer's come,
Or like a Peare, or like vnto a Plum,
Or like a tree that groweth freſh and green,
Or like the wind which can no waies be ſeen.

The Peare doth rot, for and the Plum doth fall,
The ſnow diſſolues, and ſo wee muſt doe all,
The tree's conſumd that was ſo freſh and faire,
The wind's vncertaine that blowes in the ayre.

Man's like the ſeed put into the earths womb,
Or like dead Lazarus that's in his Tombe:
Or like Tabitha being in a ſleep,
Or like to Jonas that was in the deep.

The ſeed it ſpringeth, Lazarus now ſtandeth,
Tabitha wakes, and Jonas he hath landed.
Thus are we certain life wee ſhall obtaine,
Though death doth kill yet ſhall we liue againe.

God of his mercy grant to vs his grace,
That we may lead our liues in ſuch a caſe,
That when wee are departed hence away,
Wee then may liue with him in ioy for aye.

Grant Lord that we may pleaſe thy will diuine
Lord let thy louing fauour on vs ſhine,
And turne from vs thy heauy wrath and ire,
And grant vs mercy Lord wee thee require.

Lord make vs like the fruitfull Vines,
To bring forth fruits in our due tides & times,
Vnto the honour of thy glorious name,
Amen good Lord, grant wee may doe the ſame.

(Charles,

Now to conclude, God bleſſe our gracious
With all his worthy Subiects, Lords, & Carles,
And grant vs Lord, true faith, with loue & peace,
And let thy Goſpell more and more encreaſe.

FINIS. London Printed for H. G.

182.

The Dead Mans Song,

VVhose dwelling was neere unto Basings Hall in *London*.
to the tune of, *Flying Fame*.





SOme sick deare friends, long time I
and weakely laid in bed; (was
And for five houres in all mens sight,
at length I lay as dead:
The bel rung out, my friends came in,
and I key cold was found,
Then was my carkasse brought from
and cast upon the ground: (bed,
My loving wife did weepe full sore,
and children loud did cry,
My friends did mourne, yet thus they
all flesh is borne to dye: (said
My winding sheet prepared was,
my grave was also made,
And five long houres by iust report,
in this same case I laid:
During which time, my soule did see
such strange and fearefull sights,
That for to heare the same disclos'd,
would banish all delights.
Yet sith the Lord restor'd my life,
which from my body fled,
I will declare what sights I saw,
that time that I was dead.
Me thought along a gallant greene,
where pleasant flowers spring,
I tooke my way, whereas I thought,
the ghoules sweetely sung.
The grasse was sweet the trees full fair,
and lovely to behold,
And full of fruit was every twig,
which shin'd like glittering gold,
My cheerefull heart desired much
to taste the fruit so faire:
But as I reacht a faire young man,
to me did fast repaire,
Touch not (qd. he) that's none of thine,
but wend and walke with me,
And see thou marke each severall thing
which I shall show to thee:
I wondred greatly at his words,
yet went with him away:
Till on a goodly pleasant banke,
with him he bad me stay.
With branches then of Lillies white,
mine eyes there wiped he.
When this was done he bad me look,
what I farre off could see.
I looked up and loe at last,
I did a City see,
So faire a thing did never man
behold with mortall eye; (stores
Of Diamonds, pearles, and precious
it seem'd the wals were made:
The houses all with beaten gold,
were til'd and overlaid.
More brighter then the morning Sun,
the light thereof did show,
And every creature in the same,
like crowned Kings did goe.
The fields about this City faire,
were all with Roses set:
Gilly-flowers, and Carnation faire,
which canker could not fret:
And from these fields there did proceed
the sweet'st and pleasant'st smell,
That ever living creature felt,
the scent did so excell:
Besides such sweet triumphant mirth,
did from the City sound,
That I therewith was ravished,
my ioy did so abound.
With musick, mirth, and melody,
Princes did there embrace,
And in my heart I long'd to be,
within that topfull place.
The more I gaz'd, the more I might,
the sight pleas'd me so well.
For what I saw in every thing,
my tongue can no way tell:
Then of the man I did demand,
what place the same might be,
Whereas so many Kings do dwell
in ioy and melody?
Quoth he, that blessed place is heaven,
where yet thou must not rest,
And these that do like Princes walke,
are men whom God hath blest.
Then did he turne me round about,
and on the other side,
He bad me view and marke as much,
what things are to be spide.
With that I saw a sole-blacke den,
all rond with soot and smoake (was
Where stinking Brimstone burning
which made me like to choake,
An ugly creature there I saw,
whole face with knives was slasht,
And in a caldron of poyson'd filth,
his ugly corps were washt.
About his necke were fiery ruffes,
that flam'd on every side,
I askt, and lo the young man said,
that he was damn'd for pride,
Another sort then did I see,
whose bowels Vipers tore,
And grievously with gaping mouth,
they did both yell and rore.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.



A Spotted perſon by each one,
ſtood gnawing on their hearts,
And this was conſcience I was told,
that plagu'd their enbious parts.
Theſe were no ſooner out of ſight,
but ſtraight came in their place,
A ſort ſtill throwing burning fire,
which fell againſt their face.
And ladles full of melted gold,
were powred downe their throats,
And theſe were ſet (it ſeem'd to me)
in midſt of burning boats:
The formoſt of this company,
was Judas I was told,
Who had for filthy lucres ſake,
his Lord and Maſter ſold,
For covetouſneſſe theſe were condemn'd,
ſo it was told to me,
And then methought another rout,
of Hel-hounds I did ſee:
Their faces they ſeem'd fat in ſight,
yet all their bones were bare,
And dithes full of crawling Toades,
was made their fineſt fare: (faſte,
From armes, from hands, from thighs and
with red hot pincers then,
The fleſh was pluckt even from the bone,
of thoſe vile gluttonous men:
On cole-black beds another ſort,
in grievous ſort did lye,
And underneath them burning brands,
their fleſh did burne and fry.
With brimſtone fierce their pillowes eke,
whereon their heads were laid,
And fiends with whips of glowing fire,
their lecherous skins off flaid.
Then did I ſee another come,
ſtab'd in with daggers thicke,
And filthy fiends with fiery darts,
their hearts did wound and pricke,
And mighty bowles of corrupt blood,
was brought for them to drink,
And theſe men were for murther plagu'd,
from which they could not ſhrinke.
I ſaw when theſe were gone away,
the Swearer and the Lier,
And theſe were hung up by the tongues,
right o'er a flaming fire.
From eyes, from eares, from Navell & noſe
and from the lower parts,
The blood me thought did guſhing runne,
and clodded like mens hearts.
I asked why that puniſhment,
was upon ſwearers laid:
Becauſe, quoth one, wounds, blood & heart,
was ſtill the oath they made.
And there withall from ugly Hell,
ſuch ſhrieks and cryes I heard,
As though ſome greater griefe and plague
had vext them afterward,
So that my ſoule was ſore afraid,
ſuch terrour on me fell:
Away then went the young man quite,
and bad me not fare well.
Wherefore unto my body ſtraight,
my ſpirit return'd againe,
And lively blood did afterwards
ſtretch forth in every veine.
My cloſed eyes I opened,
and raiſed from my ſwound,
I wondred much to ſee my ſelfe
laid ſo upon the ground:
Which when my neighbours did behold,
great feare upon them fell,
To whom ſone after I did tell,
the newes from heaven and hell.

Printed at London for *F. Coules.*

A Dialogue betweene Maſter *Gueſright* and poore neighbour *Needy*.

OR

A few proofes both reall and true,
Shewing what men for mony will doe.

To a pleaſant new tune, called, But I know what I know.





WEll met neighbour Needy, what walking alone,
How comes it I pray that you thus ſigh and groane,
The cauſe by your phyſiognomie ſtraight I can tell,
And know by the ſame that all is not well.

In truth maſter Gueſright you ſpeake very true,
For money I want, and believe ſo do you.
And therefore ene ſay, and do what you pleaſe,
I know you are ſicke of my ſore diſeaſe.

For me neighbour Needy, the world is ſo hard,
That ſolely my ſelfe I now cannot guard
Beſides young and old loves coyne ſo intire,
That have it they will though out of the fire.

Nay, good neighbour Needy, I pray ſay not ſo,
For then you will wrong a many I know,
Beſides I no way perſwaded can be,
That money is loved in the higheſt degree.

Money if you thinke ſo I inſtant will prove,
That few or none but money do love,
And when I have done I know you will ſay,
'Tis all reall truth, then harken I pray.

Inprimis, your Taylor, is loving and kind,
Nor doe I with him any fault find,
But rſt you aſſured and take it from mee,
That moſt he doth, he doth for his fee.

Your Perrer in courteſie ſeldome ſogbeares,
To ſhow you the prime and beſt of his wares,
But if that a reaſon you'd have me to ſhow,
'Tis cauſe he would get by the bargaine I know.

Your Barber moſt nimbly will trimme your fine Patte,
And if that you pleaſe turne up your mouſtatto,
But marke you what followes my kind loving neighbour,
He lookes to be gratified well for his labour.

Your Vintner will ſpread you his linnen moſt fine,
And bring you both Super, Tobacco and Wine,
And having ſo done requires but this
To pay him his ſhot, which you muſt not miſſe.

Againe this is true, as I now doe tell yee,
A Cooke in Pye-Corner will fill up your belly,
And when you are ſatisfied, he like an Aſſe,
Deſires no money but ene for his ſawce.

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.



Your Tapſter is growne a right honeſt man,
For he will miſreckon no more than he can,
For by his Jug, his Pot, and his Pipe,
He has danc't himſelfe an Officer ripe.

Your out-landiſh Doctour moſt ready will be,
To cure you of your infirmity,
Which being effected, he for his skill,
Deſires no more but a golden Pill.

Nay, what makes your Land-lord let houſen by leaſe,
That you may live in 'em daily peace,
But that he imagines and has an intent,
You will not faile for to pay him his rent.

What makes your In-keeper to harbour the poore,
And unto all comers ſet open his doore,
But that he intends if poſſible can,
To have his reward of every man.

What makes your Uſurer over your friend,
And be ſo officious his money to lend,
But that he intends to bring you in thrall,
And get if he can, the Devill and all.

Nay, what makes your Hang-man, I tell you but ſo
Such a baſe office for to under-goe,
But that he hopes, and ever preſages,
To have all their cloathes as well as his wages.

What makes your Broker ſo often to cry,
See what you lacke friend, what will you buy,
But that he would as his neighbours all doe,
Get if he could for one penny two.

What makes your Carrier to traverſe the land,
Nay, what makes your Souldier fight while he can
But that they intend my owne deereſt honey, (ſtand,
To gaine this ſame paultry thing called money.

What makes your Cloth-drawer to cut off your coate,
What makes your Cow-gelder to wind up his horne,
Nay, what makes the world to do as they doe,
But that they would purchaſe this ſame mony too?

Nay, neighbour there's more then all theſe are yet,
Which I for brevities ſake doe omit,
But theſe I hope will very well prove,
That men doe more for money then love.

Well neighbour Gueſright if this ſame be true,
Then home we will ſtraight without more adoe,
And what we intend to none we will tell,
But keepe to our ſelves and ſo fare you well.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Cowles.

B. F.

Doctor *Do'goods* directions,

To cure many diſeaſes both in body and minde, lately written and ſet forth for the good of infected perſons.

To the tune of *The Golden age.*



If any are infected, give audience a while,
Such Phyſick Ile teach you, ſhal make you to ſmile,
It is wholſome and toothſome, and free from all guile,
Which ſhall breed good blood, and bad humors exile.
Although it may ſeeme moſt ſtrange,
Yet this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If any man be troubled with a fiery hot noſe,
Which in midſt of cold winter is as red as a Roſe,
It proceeds from drinking old Sack, I ſuppoſe,
Small Beare and fayre water, let him drink none but thoſe.
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If any man be troubled with an uncomely long hayre,
Which on his ſoules forehead unſeemly doth ſtare.
I haue a medicine will cure him, to proue it I dare,
Let him take a Razor and ſhaue his head bare.
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is a wonderfull change.

If any man be troubled with contagious breath,
Which eat vp his riches, and make him play the theef,
If he will be cured of this kinde of griefe,
Let him ſow up his lips, and he ſhall finde releefe,
And this is a cure moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If any be troubled with an idle drouſie head,
Whoſe chiefeſt delight is to ſleepe in his bed,
With glutting his ſtomack this folly firſt bred.
Let him fall to his worke, and be ſlenderly fed,
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If a woman be troubled with a tatling tongue,
Whoſe too much vaine babling her neighbours doth wrong
I iudge for her mouth it's ſomething too long,
Therefore ſhe muſt cut short while ſhe is young,
And ſhe ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If any man be troubled with a very ſhallow brayne,
Whoſe giddy apprehenſion can no wiſedom attaine,
If he will be eaſed of this kinde of paine,
Strong Beare and hot waters then let him refraine,
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If a man haue light fingers that he cannot charme,
Which will pick mens pockets, and do ſuch like harme,
He muſt be let bloud, in a ſcarſe beare his arme,
And drink the herbe Grace in a poſſit like warme.
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.



IF a man with falſe dealing hath infected his breaſt,
Or hath no good motion in his boſome poſſeſt,
Two handfull of honeſty he muſt eat at the leaſt,
And hate all vaine glory, and falſhood deteſt,
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If any mayd be ſick of the ſullen diſeaſe,
Or grown out of temper that none can her pleaſe,
She muſt be kept faſting the ſpace of three dayes,
And no man ſpeak to her whatſoever ſhe ſayes,
And ſhe ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If any man be troubled with a falſe hollow heart,
To cure ſuch a fellow exceedeth my Art,
But yet my good counſell to him Ile impart,
Let him take heed he rides not to Tyburn in a Cart,
For then heele be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If a mayd be infected with the falling awar,
Which proceeds from a longing deſire ſome ſay,
If ſhe will be preſerued and kept from decay,
She muſt get her a husband without all delay,
And ſhe ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If a man haue an ach in his bones at any tide,
That to do any labour he cannot abide,
With the oyle of old Holly annoynt well his ſide,
And he ſhall be cured, this thing hath been tride,
And it is a cure moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If a man haue a conſcience that doth him torment,
If it be for ſinne, then let him repent,
He muſt be right ſorry for the time he miſpent,
And drink brimiſh teares when his heart doth relent,
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If any mans knées are grown ſtiffe and ſo ſore,
That he cannot kneele downe to pray any more,
His heart is right ſtony, it is fitting therefore
He get grace and mercy heauens name to adore,
And he ſhall be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

If a man be troubled with exceeding light foes,
Which will run to the Alehouſe in ſpight of his noſe,
If he ſpend all his mony his credit to loſe,
He ſhall in cloſe priſon be caſt by his foes,
And then heele be cured moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

Now you that reap profit by the fruit of my quill,
Giue thanks to the Doctor that taught you this ſkill,
For ſure he deſerueth praiſe for his good will,
That taught you this Phyſick your minds to fulfill,
For this is a thing moſt ſtrange,
O this is moſt true and ſtrange.

FINIS. I.D.

London, Printed for *Richard Harper*.

Death's loud Allarum:

OR,

A perfect description of the frailty of Mans life, with some admonitions to warne all men and Women to repentance.

To the tune of, Aime not too high.





LAment your sinnes, good people all lament,
You plainely see the Messenger is sent,
I meane grim death and he doth play his part,
He stands prepar'd to strike you to the heart:
How suddenly alas there's none doth know,
We all must yeld to Death 'this death we owe.

Our time is short we have not long to stay,
We are not sure to live one night nor day,
Nay, nor one houre or minut which is lesse,
As God doth please our time is more or lesse:
We are all mortall that live here below,
And all must dye, that is the debt we owe.

No strength nor valour can this death prevent,
Nor can faire beauty hinder his intent,
Both rich and poore must all prepare to dye,
No King nor Subject can proud death denye:
Death cares no friend nor doth he dread a foe,
We all must dye that is the debt we owe.

Behold and see all you that smile at death,
Who plainely see how fickle is your breath,
To day alive, to morrow clad in clay,
Therefore prepare, repent, weep, fast and pray:
Why sinners dare you raise the Lord to send us woe,
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Thy brother's dead and buryed in the ground,
Prepare thy self, the mournfull Bell doth sound,
The grave stands open ready to receive,
Whom death doth strike, prepare to take thy leave.
The day nor houre there is none that doth know,
We all must die, that is the debt we owe.

Then why doe we so vainely spend our time,
And unto wickednesse so much incline?
We live as though we never meant to die,
Spending our dayes most lewd and wantonly:
All wickednesse doth daily in us grow,
Yet all must die, that is the debt we owe.

In pride and lust we daily doe abound,
What wicked sinnes but in us may be found?
Wrath and revenge, with beastly gluttony,
With drunkennesse deceit and flattery:
All this appeares apparantly in show,
Yet all must die, that is the debt we owe.

The hearts of men are growne as hard as stone,
They'l not give care unto the griefe and mone,
Which their poore brethren make being oppress,
Make hard hard heart, for death will thee arrest:
And then 'tis doubtfull will begin thy woe,
For all must die, that is the debt we owe.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



IT is our ſinnes doth cauſe Gods wrath to fall,
For we offend ev'n generally all,
Both rich and poore with yong and old alſo:
Let us repent, leaſt God increaſe our woe.
If we repent the Lord will mercy ſhow,
We all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

Some ſeeme to murmur and to make complaint,
But they are thoſe whoſe faith is weake and faint,
They doe not truly feare nor ſerve the Lord,
Nor doe they note his bleſſed holy Word,
Upon repentance he will mercy ſhow:
But all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

Gods mercy goes before his juſtice ſtill,
He's alwayes ſure to puniſh us for ill,
He lets us ſcape in hope we may amend,
Thus he's to us a father and a friend:
But we to him ungraceleſſe children grow,
Yet all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

What can a father doe more for a ſonne,
Then our good Father and our God hath done?
He made us from the brittle earth and clay,
And gave vs breath, yet him we diſobay:
O wretched creatures why ſhould we doe ſo,
We all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

Over all creatures man a ruler is,
Hath not the Lord done much in doing this?
O thinke on this and praiſe him for the ſame,
Give land and glory to his holy name,
All men that's living ought for to doe ſo,
We all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

But we forget our duties to our God,
Wherefore he now doth ſcourge us with his rod,
His puniſhment we now are like to feele,
He ſhoots his Arrowes from his Bow of ſteele:
Which Bow doth ſeeme to ſtrike a deadly blow,
We all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

What father alwayes will forgive his child,
That diſobays his will and is moſt vilde:
Correction doth befit a wicked ſon,
'Tis true we muſt confeſſe the ſame each one:
Now God correct's us by one blow,
In hope thereby, that we will better grow.

Then let's amend our lives moſt ſpeedily,
We may live long or ſuddenly may die,
Let us prepare our ſelves for to repent,
It cannot long be ere our glaſſe be ſpent:
Our time is ſhort, for certaine it is ſo,
We all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

Happy's that man that is for death prepar'd,
Although he die heaven is his reward,
He lives to die, and dies to live againe,
In joyes eternally for to remaine:
Thrice bleſſed's he that lives and dieth ſo,
We all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

Then ſeeing all muſt die as that we muſt,
While we live here, in God lets put our truſt,
Then we ſhall die to live with him in joy,
And happineſſe which never will decay:
Let all true Chriſtians wiſh it may be ſo,
For all muſt die, that is the debt we owe.

Looke not upon thy pleaſures and thy pride,
But for thy ſilly ſoule doe thou provide,
Minde not this world 'tis vaine and tranſitory,
Minde heaven on high which is a place of glory
Unto which place Lord grant that we may goe,
When we doe die: Amen, let all ſay ſo.

FINIS. R.

Printed at London for *John Wright* the Young
and are to be ſold at his ſhop at
the upper end of the
Old-Bayley.

A delicate new Ditty composed upon the Posie of a Ring: being, *I fancie none but thee alone*: sent as a New-years gift by a Lover to his Sweet-heart.

To the tune of *Dulcina*.

13.





THou that art so sweet a creature,
that aboue all earthly ioy,
I thée deeme for thy rare feature,
kill me not by fe'ming coy,
nor be thou mute
when this my suit
Into thy eares by loue is blowne,
but say by me,
as I by thée,
I fancie none but thee alone.

Hadst thou Cupids mothers beauty,
and Dianaes chaste desires,
Thinke on that which is thy duty,
to fulfill what loue requires:
'tis loue I aske,
and tis thy taske
to be propitious to my moane,
for still I say,
and will for aye,
I fancie none but thee alone.

Let not this conceit ore-straine thée,
woman was at first ordained
To serue man, though I obey thée,
being by loues law constrayned,
my sobs and teares,
true witnesse beares
of my hearts griefe and heavy moan,
let not thy frowne
then me cast downe,
Who fancies none but thee alone.

Think what promise thou didst giue me,
when I first did thée behold,
There thou vow'dst then wouldst not
for a masse of Indian gold, (leaue me
but now I find
thou art vnkind,
all former vowes are past and gone,
yet once againe
him entertaine:
Who fancies none but thee alone.

Let my true affections mone thee
to commiserate my paine,
If thou knew'st how deare I loue thée,
sure thou wouldst loue me againe:
I thée affect,
and more respect
thy welfare then I doe mine owne,
let this mone thée
to pitty me,
Who fancies none but thee alone.

Why should women be obdurate,
and mens prayers thus despise?
Deare, be rul'd, we haue a Curate,
nuptiall Rites to solemnize:
thou Marigold,
whose leaues vnfold,
when Tytans rayes reflect thereon,
on thée Ile shine,
for thou art mine,
I fancie none but thee alone.

The ſecond part, Or the Maidens kind Reply.

To the ſame tune.





DEare I haue receiu'd thy token,
and with it thy faith full loue,
Prethee let no more be ſpoken,
I to thée will conſtant proue,
doe not deſpaire,
nor line in care
for her who vowes to be thy owne,
though I ſeeme ſtrange,
I will not change,
I fancie none but thee alone.

Thinke not that I will forgoe thée,
though I'm abſent from thy ſight,
When I find my ſelfe kept from thée,
I'd be with thée day and night,
but well thou know'ſt
how I am croſt,
elſe ſhould my loue to thée be ſhowne,
with free accord,
yet take my word,
I fancie none but thee alone.

This Prouerbe hath oft beene vſed,
ſhe that's bound muſt needs obey,
And thou ſeeſt how I'm incloſed,
from thy preſence night and day,
I dare not ſhow
what loue I owe
to thée, for feare it ſhould be knowne,
yet ſtill my mind
ſhall be inclind,
To fancie none but thee alone.

Though my body for a ſeaſon,
be abſent from thée perforce,
Yet I pray thée iudge with reaſon,
that I loue thee nere the worſe:
Oh that I might
enioy thy ſight,
then ſhould my loue to thee be ſhowne,
then doe not thinke
her loue to ſhrinke,
Who fancies none but thee alone.

Many times I thinke vpon thee,
in my melancholy fits,
When I find my ſelfe kept from thee,
it depriues me of my wits,
oft times I weepe,
when others ſleepe;
producing many a grieuous groane,
then thinke on me,
as I on thee,
And fancie none but me alone.

No faſtidious motions moue me,
to be from thy ſight ſo long,
Doe not then (my deare) reprooue me,
nor ſuſpect I doe thee wrong,
for be thou ſure,
I doe indure,
in conſtancie ſurpaſt by none,
I long to ſee
the time that we
ſhall of two bodies be made one.

Printed at London for H. Goſſon on *London-Bridge*. FINIS.

The Deſpairing Lover,
Whoſe minde was much tormented, Becauſe of his True-Love Hee thought hee was prevented.

To the tune of, Aime not too high.





BReake heart and dye, I may no longer liue,
To enioy this world nothing that I will giue,
I liue forlorne, my loues are from me fled,
I haue loſt my loue, alacke my heart is dead.

Each thing on earth continueth with his Loue,
The pretty Pigeon and the Turtle Doue,
And others others in the world know,
But my Loue will not ſeeme to loue me ſo.

I little thought what now I true doe finde,
I did not deeme my Loue would be vnkind:
But 'tis no newes, for many proue vntrue,
And ſo doth mine, for ſhe bids me adieu.

But ſeeing 'tis ſo, Ile turne a Palmer poore,
And I will range abroad the World halfe ore,
To ſee if I can find ſome diſmall Cave,
There will I dwell, there will I make my graue.

I will goe trauell in ſome other Land,
To France, to Spaine, or Turkie out of hand,
Where vnto ſtrangers there will I complaine,
How that my Loue hath me vnkindly ſlaine.

If I doe land vpon ſome other ſhore,
Whereas no man did ever land before;
Then ſhall I thinke my ſelfe a happy man,
Becauſe my death no man ſhall vnderſtand.

There will I write my fill of my true Loue:
Did I ſay true? What fury did me moue,
To count her true, that alwayes proues vnkind,
And is as fickle as the wauering wind?

Since ſhe was faire and lovely in my ſight,
She was my ioy and all my hearts delight:
But now her ſmiles are turn'd from troſnes t
To kill my heart with woe is her deſire.

Bright Phoebus beames are darkned in the ſki
When as the ſtormes of Boreas doe ariſe:
yet he doth quickly ſhine after the raine,
But my poor ſpirits will not loue againe.

I would I were i'th middeſt of the Seas,
In ſome broken Veſſell if the Fates did pleaſe,
Where neither loue nor comfort can be found,
But euery houre expecting to be drown'd.

My ſpeeches all doe but prolong my paine,
For I did neuer ſaile the Ocean maine:
Nor will I ſuffer life in me to bide,
So long to wait the time of winde or tide.

Seeing 'tis ſo, toth' Wilderneſſe Ile hie,
Among wild beaſts, where I intend to dye,
Where Lyons, Beares, & other wild beaſts mourn
The Dragon, Elephant, and Vnicorne.

Thus many wiſhes haue I wiſht in vaine,
But none of thoſe will rid me out of paine:
This pierring poniard now ſhall end the ſtrife,
And kill my heart, that loathes this mortall life.

This being ſpoken forth his Loue did ruſh,
Beholding him with many a changing bluſh:
O hold quoth ſhe, and heare what I muſt ſay,
Doe not deſpaire, nor worke thy liues decay.

You Maidens faire I pray come lend an eare,
And you ſhall heare how true ſhe doth appeare:
She gaue him comfort in his troubled mind,
And euer after proued loving kind.

OR

A merry diſcourſe, twixt him and his *Ioane*,
That ſometimes did live as never did none,
But now at the laſt ſhe proves very kinde,
And doth what heed have her, as here you may finde.

To three ſeverall tunes, called, But I know what I know, Captaine Ward, and Gilty Coate Peggy.





The Tune, but I know, &c.

Man.

Come Joane by thy owne deereſt husband ſit downe
And caſt away from thee this impudent frowne,
Knowe I doe love thee as deere as I doe,
Be with a Gaylor that's honeſt and true.

Woman.

Thou villanous blinq harlot away,
Leave this thy prating and cogging, I ſay,
Whilſt like a drunkard thou thus doſt remaine
Never ſhall love thee, I tell thee againe.

Captaine Ward.

Man.

Wife what would'ſt thou have me doe
More then I have done,
I not I pawne my cloathes for thee,
And like wiſe ſould my ſhune,
My ſhirt in lavender,
All alike is likewiſe ſould:
And thou Joane for all this love,
Run with Jacke to ſcould.

Woman.

Why thou deboſſt and drunken ſot,
Did'ſt doe all this for me,
Or for the love you alwayes bare,
To evill company?
And therefore hold thy ſelfe content,
And leave this idle prate,
Or as I am thy honeſt wife,
I'le lay thee o're the pate.

Gilty Coate Peggy.

Man.

Come chucke no more of this, but ſit thee downe by me,
And then what is amiſſe, I'le mend in verity,
My money I will ſave out of the Cup and Can,
And keepe thee fine and brave, as I am an honeſt man:
Then chide no more my deere, but all my faults remit,
And then as I am here, I'le mend my drunken fit.

Woman.

How many times haſt thou this promiſed unto me,
And yet haſt broke thy vow the more's the ſhame for thee
And therefore I'le be wiſe, and take your word no more,
But ſcratch out both your eyes if you goe out of doore;
And therefore ſit you ſtill and ſtirre not for your life,
I once will have my will, although I am your wife.

The second part, to the same tunes.

But I know what, &c.

Man.

WEll, do what thou wilt, I am thine at command,
But let not my neighbours of this understand;
For that if thou dost, I know it will be
A shame to thy selfe, disgrace unto me.

Woman.

No matter for that, Ile make you to know,
What 'tis for to injure a loving wife so,
In pawning her goods, and making her be,
A scorne to her neighbours, and all long of thee.

Captaine, &c.

Man.

Come Joane, be satisfied I pray,
forgive me what is past,
And I will thee never offend,
whilst life and breath doth last:
My pots and my Tobacco too,
Ile turne, for to be briefe,
Into a dainty house-hold loafe,
and lusty powder-beefe.

Woman.

Well, if I thought all this were true,
and that thou didst intend
To doe as thou relates to me,
I then should be thy friend;
But I am Jacke so fearefull growne,
of thy relaps againe,
That I can little credite give,
to what you now maintaine.

Gilty Coate Peggy, &c.

Man.

Here's my hand sweet Ducke, what I have said to thee,
Ile keepe, if I have lucke, till such time that I dye,
And sore that I am dead my lobe I will unfold
To helpe thee in thy need, if that thou wilt not scould,
I will not coffened be, I tell thee gentle Joane,
But I will bring to thee my sherte, and Ile have none.

Woman.

Why then sweet-heart forgive the words that I have said,
For surely while I live, Ile never thee upbraid,
I will not scould nor brawle, but keepe my clapper still
And come when thou dost call do all things to thy will,
Then Jacke, forgive thy Joane, that is to thee so kinde,
Or else as hard as stone I surely shall thee finde.

But I know, &c.

Man.

Why, here is my hand, I am pacified Joane,
And as I will live with thee never lived none,
Then be but as kind as I carefull to thee,
And then none new married shall better agree,
For thou with thy Kitchin-stuffe I with my topes
My Hammer and Kittle, will make such a noyse,
That all that does heare me shall tell it for true,
I mend well their worke and pleasure um too.

Captaine, &c.

Woman.

Then Jacke take up thy budget straight,
thy kettles braffe enough,
And I will follow thee and cry.
Pakes have you any Kitchin-stuffe;
And then the neighbours seeing us
so friendly for to goe
With say that they are loving growne,
who thought it would be so

Gilty Coate, &c.

Man.

Then to the Ale-house we will go with might and main
And seale up presently what we have now decreed,
A full pot of the best, a crust, and so away,
And then we will protest we can no longer stay:
This is a thriving course, if I do not mistake,
I am sure I have done worse but now amends Ile make.

Woman.

Well say no more, sweet-heart but let us both away
For friends you know must part, though ne're so long
Go thou through Cannon-street, Ile take the latines a
And then at night we'le meet at home for ought we kn
But if I be not Jacke at home so soone as yo
It shall but little lacke: and so sweet-heart adieu,

But I know, &c.

And thus you have heard an end of my song.
Which I would be loath that any should wrong,
But if that you do, I tell you but so,
I little will say, but I know what I know.

FINIS.

Ed. Ford.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

A c
Wl
And



COntent thy selfe my lob
Thy life I love, thy dea
Live then in ioy, and seeke t
Take a good heart, and I w

All things on earth doth love
And thou contemnest me and
Open love by fancie, Vtros th
Then fancie me and thou sha

For all the good that ever Cr
I will not seeme to leave my
No no, my Love, I will no
For will I change my old fr

Thou shalt not need to turne
For I for thee have Gold an
Instead of finding out a des
Thou shalt have me within

Thou shalt not travell to an
For I am she that am at thy
Thou shalt my deare have n
For I with ioy thy Love w

If thou hadst landed on som
Then I would never have
But being thou art here arr
Thou shalt not goe hence da

What wouldst thou wish
Feare not my Love, for I
I am thine owne, and so th
To thee I will be loving, t

As I was faire and lovely
So will I prove thy ioy an
I will not seeke my dearest
But I will yeeld into thy w

A conſtant and a kinde Maid.

Which ſaved a proper Young-mans life, And after proved his loving Wife. *To the ſame tune.*





e my lobe and doe not dye,
e, thy death I doe deſie;
d ſeeke to baniſh paine,
and I will love againe.

doth love its choſen Mate,
t me and ſayeſt I hate;
Birds they love by kind,
thou ſhalt favour finde.

t ever Cræſus wonne,
leave my love alone;
will not prove untrue,
my old friend for a new.

o turne a Palmer poore,
Gold and Silver ſtore;
out a deſart place
e within thine armes t'imbrace

bell to another Land,
am at thy command:
re have no cauſe to complaine,
Love will entertaine.

d on ſome forreine ſhore,
ber have enjoy'd thee more:
here arriv'd with me
e hence dangers for to ſee.
(love,

n write of me thine own true
ve, for I will conſtant prove,
and ſo thou ſtill ſhalt find,
loving, true, and kinde.

d lovely in thy ſight,
y joy and hearts delight,
y deareſt love to kill,
nto thy wiſhed will.

Sweet I have liſtened to thy moanes: no cryes,
Weepe thou no more, but dry thy watred eyes:
The ſtormes are paſt and Sun ſhines after raine
And I doe vow to love thee once againe.

If thou wert in the raging Seas ſo wide,
Upon a Dolphins back faine wouldſt thou ride:
Deſiring Neptunes ſuccour out of hand,
To be thy Pilot to ſome certaine Land.

Sweet Love much danger doth abroad enſue,
The Seas and wilderneſſe bid thou adue:
Here ſeeke to write, or thinke of winde or tide,
But live with me, and I will be thy bride.

Oh ſtay at home ſweet Love, and goe not there,
Wilde Beaſts in pieces will thy body teare:
When I behold them for to ſucke thy blood,
They ſhall have mine, my Love, to doe thee good.

Loe thus to thee my Love I doe make knowne,
Vowing hereafter I will be thine owne;
Loe ſtay thy hand my Love and doe not kill
Thy gentle heart, that I could love ſo well.

Then ſtraight he tooke his Love into his armes,
Which had preſerv'd him from ſuch dangerous
Welcome (quoth he) I love thee as my life, (harms
And quickly after he made her his wife.

Thus have you heard my ſong of woe and joy,
Let Maids and young men liſten to't I pray:
Make you no vowes, but have a ſpeciall care,
For fear y wound your Mates with deep deſpair

FINIS.

London, Printed for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

The deceased Maiden-Louer.

Being a pleasant new Court-Song: to an excellent new tune. Or to be sung to the tune of Bonny *Nell*.



AS I went forth one Summers day,
To view the Meddowes fresh & gay
A pleasant Bower I espide,
Standing hard by a Riuer side:
And in a Maiden I heard cry,
Alas theres none ere loud like I.

I couched close to heare her mone,
With many a sigh and heauie grone,
And wisht that I had been the wight
That might haue bred her hearts delight
But these were all the words that she
Did still repeate, none loues like me.

Then round the Meddowes did she walke
Catching each Flower by the stalke,
Such as within the Meddowes grew,
As Dead-mans-thumb & Hare-bel blew
And as she pluckt them, still cri'd she
Alas theres none ere loud like me.

A Bed therein she made to lie,
Of fine greene things that grew fast by,
Of Poplers and of Willow leaues,
Of Sicamore and flaggy sheaues:
And as she pluckt them still cri'd she,
Alas theres none ere loud like mee.

The little Larke-foot, seed not passe,
Nor yet the flowers of Three leaud grasse
With Milkmaids Hunny-suckles phrase
The Crows-foote, nor the yellow Crayse,
And as she pluckt them still cride she,
Alas theres none ere loud like me.

The pretty Daisie which doth show
Her loue to phœbus bred her woe,
Who ioyes to see his chearefull face,
And mournes when he is not in place,
Alacke, alacke, alacke, quoth she
Theres none that ever loues like me.

The flowers of the sweetest scent,
She bound them round with knotted Bent
And as she laid them still in bands,
She wept she wayld, and wrung her hands
Alas, alas, alas, quath she.
Theres none that euer loud like me.

False man (quoth she) forgiue thee heauen
As I do with my sinnes forgiuen:
In blest Elizium I shall sleep,
when thou with grieues soule shalt weepe:
Who when they liued did like to thee,
That loud there loues as thou dost me.

When shee had fild her apron full
Of such sweet flowers as she could cull,
The greene leaues serud her for her Bed
The Flowers pillowes for her head.
then down she lay, nere more did speak
alas with loue her heart did breake.

45. b. 28. 155.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The Faithlesse Louer.

To the same Tune.



VVHen I had seen this Virgins end,
I sorrowed as became a friend,
And wept to see that such a maid,
Should be by faithlesse loue betraid,
But woe (I feare) will come to thee,
That was not true in loue as she.

The Birds did cease their harmony,
The harmlesse Lambes did seem to cry:
The Flowers they did hang their head,
The Flower of Maidens being dead,
Whose life by death is now set free.
And none did loue more deare then she.

The Bubling Brooks did seem to mone
And Eccho from the vales did grone:
Dianas Nimphs did ring her knill,
And to their Queene the same did tell:
Who vowed by her chastitie
That none should take reuenge but she.

When as I saw her corpes were cold,
I to her louer went and told,
What chance unto this Maid befell,
Who said, I'm glad she sped so well,
D'ee thinke that I so fond would be
To loue no Maid but onely she:

I was not made for her alone,
I take delight to heare them mone:
When one is gone I will haue more,
That man is rich that hath most store:
I bondage hate I must liue free,
And not be tide to such as she.

O Sir remember then (quoth I)
The power of heauens all seeing eye,
Who doth reme nber vowes for got,
Though you deny you know it not:
Call you to minde this maiden free,
the which was wrõgd by none but thee

Quoth hé I haue a loue more faire
Besides she is her Fathers heire:
A homy Lasse doth please my minde,
That unto me is wondrous kinde:
Her will I loue and none but she,
Whs welcome still shall be to me.

False minded man that so would proue
Disloyall to thy dearest Loue:
Who at her death for thee did pray,
And wisht thee many happy day.
I would my Loue would but loue me,
Even halfe so well as she lou d thee.

Faire Maidens will example take,
Young men will curse thee for her sake:
Theyle stop their eares unto our plaints,
And call us deuils seeming Saints:
Theyle say to day that we are kind,
To morrow in another minde.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas symcocke.

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The deſperate Damſells Tragedy.
OR
The faithleſſe young man.

To the tune of *Dulcina.*

151.





IN the gallant month of June,
When ſweet roſes are in prime,
And each bird with a ſeuerall tune,
Harmoniouſly ſaluteſ the time:
then to delight,
my appetite
I walkt into a meddow faire,
and in a ſhade
I eſpied a maide
Whoſe loue had brought her to diſpaire.

Shee her hands fate ſadly wringing
Making pitteous exclamation,
Upon a falſe young man for bringing
her into this great vexation:
Quoth ſhe falſe youth,
Is there no truth,
In thee, of Faith haſt thou no ſhare?
no thou haſt none,
tis to well knowne:
By me poore wretch now in deſpaire

How oftentimes haſt thou proteſted
That thou louedſt me well indeede
And I performed what was requeſted,
Too much truſt my woe doth breed:
I let thee haue
what thou didſt craue,
Induced by thy ſpeeches faire,
and hauing had,
thy will falſe lad,
At laſt thou left'ſt me in deſpaire.

My deareſt Jewell thou haſt taken,
Which ſhould ſtand me in great ſtead,
And now thou haſt me quite forſaken,
And art like falſe Æneas fled,
from Dido there:
what can inſue,
This faithles deed? but to end my care,
like her a knife,
muſt end my life
For I like her am in deſpaire.

Then ſith tis ſo, come gentle death,
I yeeld my ſelfe vnto thy power,
Moſt willing to reſigne my breath,
I am this inſtant time and howre:
let thy keene dart,
ſuch force impart
That I may die, oh doe not ſpare,
from earth I came,
and willing am,
Hence to returne with grim deſpaire:

When ſhe theſe bitter words had ſpoken
From her minde ſo fraught with woe,
Her heart was in her boſome broken
Teares abounndantly did flow,
from her faire eyes,
then to the skies,
Shee did direct her hands with prayer,
and ſeem'd to moue,
the pow'rs aboue,
To ſcourge the cauſe of her deſpaire.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





YOu Gods (quoth ſhe) I innocate,
That as your iudgements ſtill are iuſt,
My wrongs I pray you vindicate,
Oh may no Mayde that young man truſt:
henceforth may he
ſo wretched be,
That none for him at all ſhall care,
but that he may
for his foule play,
Be brought like me to grim deſpaire.

Having made an end of praying,
Suddenly ſhe drew a knife,
And I that nere vnſeene was ſtaying,
Ran in haſt to ſaue her life,
but ere that I
to her could cry,
That her owne life ſhe might forbeare,
ſhee Didolike
her heart did ſtrike,
Thus dyde the Damſell in deſpaire.

With ſuch force her ſelfe ſhe ſtabbed,
Blood ranne out abundantly,
My heart within my boſome throbbed,
To behold this Tragedy;
Yet though ſhe bled,
ſhe was ſcarce dead,
But gaſping lay with her laſt ayre,
and bad to me
ſhee ſpake words three,
Which ſhewed the cauſe of her deſpaire.

Sir (quoth ſhe) muſe not to ſee me
Deſperatly my ſelfe to ſlay,
For his fatall ſtroake doth free me
From diſgrace another way:
My honours dead,
my credits fledd,
Why therefore ſhould I liue in care:
this being ſpoke,
her heart ſtrings broke,
Thus dyed the Damſell in deſpaire.

When death had done his worſt vnto her,
I did withly on her looke,
And by her fauour I did know her.
Therefore I my Journey tooke
Vnto the Towne,
where ſhe was knowne,
And to her friends I did declare
what diſmall fate
had hapt of late,
Vnto this Damſell in deſpaire.

With brinish teares her friends lamented,
To heare of her timeleſſe end,
And every one in griefe conſented,
And with me along did wend
Vnto the place
where lay that face,
That late aliue was freſh and faire,
now wanne and pale
cauſe life did faile,
Her life ſhe ended in deſpaire.

When this was told to her falſe Louer,
He was of his wits beſtraught,
And wildly ran the Country ouer,
Home hee'd by no meanes be brought:
Let this Tale then
warne all young men,
Vnconſtancy ſtill to forbeare,
For he betraide
this harmeleſſe Mayde
Vnto her death through grim deſpaire,

FINIS. M.P.

London Printed for H.G.

The Story of *David* and *Berſeba*.

To a pleaſant new tune.



8

VVHen David in Ieruſalem,
as royall King did rule & raigne,
Behold what hapned unto him,
that afterward procur'd his paine.

On the top of all his Princely Place,
a gallant proſpect there had he,
From whence hee might when't pleaſ'd h
many a gallant Garden ſee. (Grac

It chanced ſo upon a day,
the King went forth to take the ayre,
All in the pleaſant month of May,
from whence he ſpide a Lady faire.

Her beauty was more excellent
and brighter than the morning Sunne,
By which the King incontinent,
was to her favour quickly wonne.

She ſtood within a pleaſant Bower,
all naked for to waſh her there,
Her body like a Lilly Flower,
was covered with her golden haire.

The King was wounded with her love,
and what ſhe was he did enquire,
He could not his affection move,
he had to her ſuch great deſire.

She is Vriahs Wife, quoth they,
a Captaine of your Princely Traine,
That in your Warres is now away,
and ſhe both all alone remaine.

Then ſaid the King, Bring her to me,
for with her love my heart is ſtaine:
The Prince of beauty ſure is ſhe,
for whom I doe great griefe ſuſtaine.

The Servants they did ſoone prepare,
to doe the meſſage of the King,
And Berſeba the Lady faire,
unto the Court did quickly bring.

The King rejoyced at her ſight,
and won her love, and lay her by,
Till they in ſport had ſpent the night,
and that the Sunn was riſen high.

The King his leave moſt kindly tooke
of the faire Lady at the laſt:
And homeward then ſhe caſt her looke,
till that three moneths were gone & paſt.

And then in Berſeba ſo faire,
ſhe found her former health exilde,
By certaine tokens that ſhe ſaw,
the King had gotten her with childe.

Then to the King ſhe made her mone,
and told him how the caſe did ſtand:
The King ſent for her Husband home,
to cloake the matter out of hand.

When from the Camp Vriah came,
the King receiv'd him courteouſly,
Demanding how all things did frame
concerning of the Enemy.

Vriah ſhew'd his Highneſſe all
the accident of warlike ſtrife,
Then ſaid the King, this night you ſhall
keepe company with your owne wife.

The Arke of God (Vriah ſaid)
with Iudah's Hoſt, and Iſrael,
Keepe in the Field, and not a man
within the houſe where they doe dwell.

Then ſhould I take my eaſe, quoth he,
in beds of Downe with my faire wife?
O King, he ſaid, that muſt not be,
ſo long as I enjoy my life.

Then did the King a Letter frame,
to Ioab Generall of the Hoſt,
And by Vriah ſent the ſame,
but certainely his life it coſt.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



AND when the King for certaine knew
Vriah thus had murdered beene,
Faire Berſeba to Court he drew,
and made of her his royall Queene.

Then God that ſaw his wicked deed,
was angry at King Davids ſinne:
The Prophet Nathan then with ſpeed,
came thus complaining unto him.

O David, ponder what I ſay,
a great abuſe I ſhall thee tell:
For thou that rul'ſt in equity,
ſhouldſt ſee the people ruled wel.

Two men within the City dwell,
the one is rich, the other poore:
The rich in Cattell doth excell,
the other nothing hath in ſtore,

Saving one ſilly little Sheepe,
which yong he did with money buy:
With his owne bread he did it feed,
amongſt his Children tenderly.

The rich man had a ſtranger came
unto his houſe that lov'd him deare,
The poore mans Sheepe therefore he toke,
and thereof made his friend good cheere.

Becauſe that he his owne would ſave,
he ul'd the man thus cruelly:
Then by the Lord the King did ſweare,
the rich man for that fault ſhould die.

Thou art the man, the Prophet ſaid,
thy Princely Crowne God gave to thee:
Thy Lords wives thou thine owne haſt made,
and many more of faire beauty.

Why haſt thou ſo defilde thy life,
and ſlaine Vriah with the ſword,
And taken home his wedded Wife,
regarding not Gods holy Word?

Therefore behold, thus ſaith the Lord,
great warres upon thy houſe ſhall be,
Becauſe thou haſt my Lawes abhord,
much ill be ſure Ile raiſe on thee.

Ile take thy wives before thy face,
and give them to thy neighbours uſe:
And thou thereby ſhalt have diſgrace,
for men ſhall laugh at thine abuſe.

Then David cryed out pittiouſly,
ſore have I ſinned againſt the Lord,
Have mercy God therefore on me,
let not my prayers be abhor'd.

But as the Prophet told to him,
ſo did it after chance indeed.
For God did greatly plague his ſinne,
as in the Bible you may read.

The ſcourge of ſinne thus you may ſee,
for murther and adultery.
Lord grant that we may warned be,
ſuch crying ſinnes to ſhun and flie.

FINIS.

Printed at London for I. Wright, dwelling in Gilt-ſpurre ſtreet, neere New-gate.

The distressed Virgin:

OR,

The false Young-man, and the constant Maid, The qualities of them both displaid.

To an excellent new Tune.





A Thousand times my love commend,
to him that hath my heart in hold,
I tooke him for my dearest friend,
his Love I more esteem'd than Gold.
When that mine eyes see his face,
and that mine eares had heard his voyce,
His Love I freely did embrace,
my heart told me he was my choice.

O had he still continued true,
and in affection permanent,
Had hee performed what was due,
then had I found true hearts content:
But hee, regardlesse of his vow,
which he did make to me before,
Hath thus in sorrow left me now,
my former follies to deplore.

Would I had never seene those eyes,
that (like attractive Adamants)
Did my poore heart with love surprize,
the power of love so me enchants.
I have no power to leave his love,
though with sterne hate he me pursue,
To him I will most constant prove,
though he be faithlesse and untrue.

I put my finger unto the bush,
thinking the sweetest Rose to find,
I prickt my finger to the bone,
and yet I left the Rose behind:
If Roses be such prickling flowers,
they must be gathered when tha're grown,
But she that loves an unkind Love,
alas, she rowes against the streame.

Oh, would he but conceive aright,
the griefe that I for him sustaine,
He could not chuse but change his spight
to faithfull love, and leave disdaine.
I love to have him still in place,
his too long absence makes me mourne,
Yet he disdaines to see my face,
and holds my company in scorne.

It grieves my heart full sore to thinke,
that he whom I so dearely love,
Should thus refuse with me to drinke,
yet can my passion ne're remove:
Though he, I know, could with my death,
so great is his inbeterate hate,
Yet I could sooner lose my breath,
than see him wrong'd in name or state.

Ill hap had I to come in place,
where first I saw his tempting looke,
As soone as I beheld his face,
I Cupids prisoner straight was tooke:
And never since that fatall houre
I have enioyed one minutes rest,
The thought of him is of such power,
it never can forsake my brest.

Then was I strucke with Cupids Dart,
then was my fancie captivated,
Then did I vow that still my heart
should rest with him though me he hated:
Then did he make a shew of love,
which did much more my heart enflame,
But now he doth perfidious prove,
and gives me cause his love to blame.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





NAy more, he made a vow to me,
that I ſhould be his wedded wife,
And he forſakes me now I ſee,
which makes me weary of my life:
I little thought what now I finde,
that youngmen could diſſemble ſo,
Sure he's the falſeſt of his kinde,
ill hap have I to prove him ſo.

Could any man be ſo hard hearted,
to leave a harmleſſe Maid in griefe:
From me all comfort cleane is parted,
unleſſe his favour grant reliefe.
Hee is the man that bred my paine,
he is the man whoſe love alone
Muſt be the ſalve to cure my paine,
or elſe my life will ſoone be gone.

O faithleſſe wretch, conſider well
that Heaven abhorreth periury:
Great torments are prepar'd in Hell
for them that thus will ſweare and lye.
Oh hadſt thou never made a ſhow
of love, thou hadſt excus'd thy blame:
But thy falſe heart full well doth know
what oaths thy periur'd tongue did frame.

That obſtacle that hinders me
is that which I ſuſpect full ſore:
His fruit growes on ſome other tree,
and he ſeduced by ſome whore:
Or elſe he hath ſome other Laſſe,
perhaps like me, a harmleſſe Maid,
Whom he may bring to ſuch a paſſe,
as I am brought by Cupids aide.

Oh Heavens forbid that any one,
that beares an honeſt loving mind,
Should thus have cauſe to grieve and moan,
for ſuch a knave that ſhames his kind.
But why ſhould I as paſſions move,
with bitter words upon him raile,
Whom I am ever bound to love,
untill my vitall ſpirits faile.

Sweet Love forgive my lavish tongue,
if I offend in any ſort:
To recompence thee for that wrong,
Ile alwayes give thee good report,
Although to me thou art unkind,
who never gave thee any cauſe:
Yet I am ſtill reſolv'd in mind,
never to breake God Cupids Lawes.

And if I never be thy wife,
(which is the thing I ſutſly claime)
I vow to live a ſingle life,
and never thinke of Lovers game.
But why ſpeake I of life, when death
doth every minute claime his due?
I cannot long retaine my breath,
having a Lover ſo untrue.

Let all true Lovers judge aright,
in what a caſe poore ſoule am I:
Come gentle death, and worke thy ſpight,
for now I am prepar'd to dye:
O Heaven forgive my Love his wrong,
done unto me a Maiden pure,
Who for his ſake muſt dye ere long,
for long my life cannot endure.

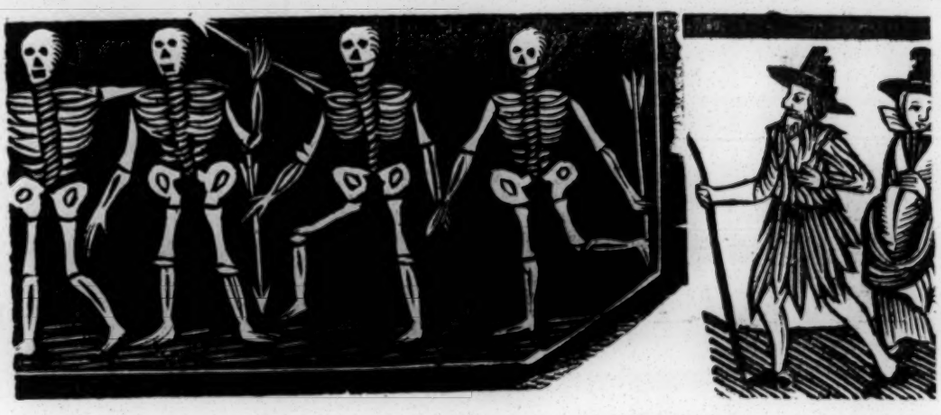
Printed at London, for *F. Coules.*

FINIS. *M. P.*

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DEAT

To be ſung to a pleaſant new tune, cal



If Death would come and ſhew his face,
as he dare ſhew his power,
And ſit at many a rich mans place,
both every day and houre.
He would amaze them every one,
to ſée him ſtanding there,
And wiſh that ſome he would be gone,
from all their dwellings faire.

Or if that Death would take the paines,
to goe to the water ſide,
Where Merchants purchaſe golden gains
to prance them up in pride.
And bid them thinke upon the poore,
or elſe Ile ſée you ſome,
There would be giuen then at their doore,
good almes, both night and noone.

Or walke into the Royall-Exchange,
when every man is there,
No doubt his comming would be ſtrange,
to put them all in feare.
How they do worldly buy and ſell,
to make their markets good,
Their dealings all would proſper well,
if ſo the matter ſtood.

Or if Death would take the paines,
to go to Pauls one day,
To talke with ſuch as there remaines,
to walke and not to pray.
Of life they would take laſting Leaſe,
though nere ſo great a Fine,
What is not that, but ſome would giue,
to ſet them up a Shrine.

If Death would go to Weſtminſter,
to walke about the Hall,
And make himſelfe a Counſellor,
in pleas amongſt them all.
I thinke the Court of Conſcience,
would haue a great regard,
When Death ſhould come with diligence,
to haue their matters heard.

For Death hath béen a Checker man,
not many yéares agoe,
And he is ſuch a one as can,
beſtow his checking ſo.
That neuer a Clarke within the Hall,
can argue ſo his caſe,
But Death can ouerrule them all,
in euery Court and place.

If Death would kéepe a tipling houſe,
where Royſters do reſort,
And take the cup, and drinke, carouſe,
when they are in their ſport.
And briefly ſay, my Maſters all,
why ſtand you idle here,
I bring to you Saint Gibs his bowle,
t'would put them all in feare.

If Death would make a ſtep to dance,
where luſty Gallants be,
Or take Dice, and throw a chance,
when he doth gameſters ſée.
And ſay, my Maſters, Haue at all,
I warrant it will be mine.
They would in amazement fall,
to ſet him any Coyne.

316

DANCE.

Oh no, no, no, not yet, or, the meddow brow.



If Death would Gossip now and then,
amongst the drabbed Mines,
That taunts and railes at their good men,
to make them weary lines.
It would amaze them, I might say,
so spightfully to boast:
That they will beare the swing and sway,
and ouer-rule the roast.

If Death would quarterly but come,
amongst the Landlozes crue,
And take a count of euery sum,
that rises moze than due.
As well of Income, as of Fine,
abone the old set Rent.
They would let Leases without Coyne,
foz feare they should be shent.

If Death would take his dayly course,
where Tradesmen sell their Ware,
His welcome sure would be moze worse,
then those of monyes bare,
It would affright them foz to see,
his leane and hollow lokes,
If Death should say, come shew to me,
my reckoning in your bokes.

If Death would thozow the Markets trace
where Conscience di'd to dwell,
And take but there a Pucksters place,
he might do wondzous well.
High prizes would abated be,
and nothing found too deare,
When Death should call, Come buy of me,
would put them all in feare.

If Death would prove a Gentleman,
and come to court our Dames,
And do the best of all he can,
to blazon forth their names.
Yet should he little welcomes haue,
amongst so fayze a crew,
That daily go so fine and braue,
when they his face do view.

Oz if he would but walke about,
our City Suburbs round,
There would be giuen him out of doubtfull many a golden pound.
To spare our wanton femall crew,
and giue them longer day:
But Death will grant no Leases new,
but take them all away.

Foz Death hath promised to come,
and come he will indeed,
Therefoze I warne you all and some,
beware and take good heed.
Foz what you do, oz what you be,
he's sure to find and know you,
Though he be blind, and cannot see,
in earth he will bestow you.

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

The moſt rare and excellent Hiſtory Of the Dutcheſſe of Suffolkes calamity.

To the tune of Queene *Dido*.



WHen God had taken for our ſinne,
that prudent Prince K. Edward away,
Then bloody Bonner did begin
his raging malice to bewray,
All thoſe that did Gods Word profeſſe,
He perſecuted more or leſſe.

Thus whilſt the Lord on vs did lowre,
many in priſon he did throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards towre,
whereby they might the truth forgoe,
Then Cranmer, Ridley and the reſt,
Were burn'd in fire that Chriſt profeſt.

Smithfield was then with fagots fill'd,
and many places more beſides;
At Couentry was Saunder kill'd;
at Worſter eke good Hooper dy'd,
And to eſcape this bloody day,
Beyond Seas many fled away.

Amongſt the reſt that ſought releaſe,
and for their faith in danger ſtood,
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe
King Henries daughter of royall blood,
Which in the Tower did priſoner lye,
Looking each day when ſhe ſhould dye,

The Dutcheſſe of Suffolke ſeeing this,
whoſe life likewiſe the tyrant ſought,
Who in the hope of heauenly bliſſe,
within Gods Word her cõfort wrought,
For feare of death was faine to flye,
And leaue her houſe moſt ſecretly.

That for the loue of God alone,
her land and goods ſhe left behind,
Seeking ſtill for that precious ſtone
the Word of truth ſo rare to find,
She with her nurſe, husband, and child,
In poore aray their ſights beguild,

Thus through London they paſt along,
each one did take a ſeuerall ſtreet:
Thus all along eſcaping wrong,
at Billingſgate they all did meete:
Like people poore in Grauelend Barge,
They ſimply went with all their charge.

And all along from Grauelend towne,
with hurnies ſhort on fot they went
Vnto the Sea-coaſt they came downe,
to paſſe the Seas was their intent,
And God prouided ſo that day,
That they take ſhip and ſafe away.

And with a proſperous gale of wind,
in Flanders ſafe they did arriue,
This was to their great eaſe of minde,
and from their heart much woe did driue
And ſo with thankes to God on hie,
They toke their way to Germany.

Thus as they trauell'd ſtill diſguis'd
vpon the high way ſuddenly,
By cruell theeues they were ſurpriz'd,
aſſailing their ſmall company.
And all their treaſure and their ſtore
They toke away and beat them ſore.

The Nurſe in middeſt of their fight,
laid downe the child vpon the ground,
She ran away out of their ſight,
and neuer after that was found.
Then did the Dutches make great mone,
With her good husband all alone.

The theeues had there their horſes kill'd,
and all their money quite had toke,
The pretty Baby almoſt ſpoild,
was by the nurſe likewiſe forſake:
And they far from their friends did ſtand,
And ſuccourleſſe in a ſtrange land.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune. 279.



THe Skie like wiſe began to ſcowle,
it haild and rain'd in pittious ſoꝛt,
The way was long and wondꝛous ſoule:
then may I now full well repoꝛt:
Their griefe and ſoꝛꝛow was not ſmall,
When this vnhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the Dutches boꝛe the child,
all wet as euer ſhe could be;
And when the Lady kind and mild
was weary, then the child boꝛe he,
And thus they one another eas'd,
And with their ſoꝛtunes were well pleas'd

And after many weary ſteps
all wet-chod both in durt and mire,
after much griefe their hearts yet leaps,
foꝛ labour doth ſome reſt require,
A towne beſoꝛe them they did ſee,
But lodg'd therein he could not bee.

From houſe to houſe then they did goe,
ſeeking that night where they might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
and ſtill their babe with cold did crie:
With cap and knee they curteſie make,
But none on them would pitty take.

Loe here a Pꝛincelle of great blood,
doth pꝛay a peaſant foꝛ reliefe,
With teares bedewed as ſhe ſtood,
yet few oꝛ none regards her griefe.
Her ſpeech they could not vnderſtand,
But gaue her money in her hand.

When al in vaine their paines were ſpēt,
and that they could no houſeꝛoome get,
Into a Church poꝛch then they went,
to ſtand out of the raine and wet:
Then ſaid the Dutcheſſe to her deare,
O that we had ſome fire here.

Then did her husband ſo pꝛouide,
that fire and coales he got with ſpeed,
Shee ſate downe by the fire ſide,
to dꝛeſſe her daughter that had need:
And while ſhe dꝛeſt it in her lap,
Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon the Sexton thither came,
and finding them there by the fire,
The dꝛunken knaue, all voyd of ſhame,
to dꝛiue them out was his deſire.
And ſpurning foꝛth the Noble Dame,
Her Husbands wꝛath it did inflame.

And all in fuꝛy as he ſtood, (hand:
he wꝛung the Church keyes out his
And ſtrucke him ſo that all of blood
his head ran downe where he did ſtand
Wheꝛefoꝛe the Sexton pꝛeſently,
Foꝛ helpe and aid aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haſte;
and toke the Dutches and her child,
And with her husband thus they paſt,
like Lambes beſet with Tygers wilde,
And to the Gouernour were bꝛought,
Who vnderſtood them not in ought.

Then maſter Bartu bꝛane and bold,
in Latine made a gallant ſpeech,
Which all their miſery did vnfold,
and their high fauour did beſeech.
With that a Doctoꝛ ſitting by,
Did know the Dutches pꝛeſently.

And thereupon aꝛiſing ſtraight,
with woꝛds abaſhed at this ſight:
Vnto them all that there did wait,
he thus bꝛake foꝛth in woꝛds aright:
Behold within your ſight, quoth he,
A Pꝛinceſſe of moſt high degree.

With that the Gouernour and the reſt
were all amazed the ſame to heare,
Who welcomed this newcome gueſt,
with reuerence great & pꝛincely cheere.
And afterward conuey'd they were
Vnto their friend Pꝛince Caſſimer.

A ſonne ſhe had in Germany,
Peregrine Bartu call'd by name,
Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
of courage great and woꝛthy fame:
Her daughter yong which with her went
Was afterwards Countelle of Kent.

Foꝛ when Queene Mary was deceaſt
the Dutches home return'd againe,
Who was of ſoꝛꝛow quite releaſt,
by Queene Elizabeths happy raigne,
Whoſe godly life and piety,
Wee all may pꝛaiſe continually.

FINIS.

London Printed for *Edward Wright*
Dwelling at Chriſt Church gate.

The discontented married Man.

OR,

A merry new Song that was pend in foule weather,
Of a Scould that could not keep her lips together.

To the tune of, *Shee cannot kéepe her &c.*

83.





A Young man lately wedded was
To a faire and comely creature;
She was a blithe and bonny Lasse
As ere was fram'd by Nature.
With rolling eye,
And forehead high,
And all good parts Nature could give her:
But she had learned such a note,
She could not keep her l. together.

A lusty youth of Cupids straine,
That might the Queen of Love contented:
Came unto her, her love to gain,
And freely she her love consented.
But to be short,
In Cupids Court,
He woo'd her well when he came thither:
And plaid his part in such an art,
She could not, &c.

When her Husband he heard tell
Of her tricks with true relation,
He complained to himselfe
Very sadly in this fashion.
Quoth he, I would give twenty pound,
That's ten more then I had with her,
Her mother would take her home againe
And make her keepe her, &c.

Comme be thou of patient mind,
Let not thoughts thy fancies trouble:
For I to thee will still prove kind,
And her potion I will double.
Time and age
Will assuage,
And the fairest flower will wither,
And I such counsell will her give,
Shall make her keepe her l. together.

Henceforth therefore Ile forsake her,
And her mother shall her take:
And for shame let her better make her.
Or I againe will never take her.
Pure modesty she doth detest,
Besides she's fickle as the weather:
And her scolding plainly shewes,
She cannot keepe her l. together.

Then Ile leave off to find another,
Though't may adde unto my lustre,
For brave spacious England wide
I am sure affords a cluster.
God and bad,
Are to be had,
Love speed me well though long I tarry
For ere that Ile have such a Mate,
I never more intend to marry.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.



She is gone a wandring forth,
Wanton wenches will be ranging
With two gallants of great worth:
Such as they affect a changing.
She is bent
To conſent
For to go ſhe knowes not whether
They will teach her ſuch a trick,
She will not keep her l. together.

To the Dancing-ſchoole ſhe goes,
There ſhe ſpends her husbands treaſure.
On each ſhow ſhe wears a Roſe,
For to ſhew ſhe's fit for pleaſure.
And reſort,
To Cupids Court,
And no ſooner ſhe comes thither,
She learns ſo much of that ſame ſport
She cannot keep her l. together.

To the Tavern ſhe repaires,
Whilſt her husband ſits and muſes,
There ſhe domineres and ſweares,
'Tis a thing ſhe often uſes.
And being fine
She for wine,
Will both pawne her hat and feather,
Which doth ſhew that it is true,
She cannot keep her l. together.

He's a Corcombe that doth grieve
And knows not how to court this creature,
For he may pin her to his ſleeve,
She is of ſo kind a nature.
She will play
Every way.
And is as nimble as a feather
But ſhe will often go aſtray,
She cannot keep her l. together.

Thou that haſt a wife that's evill,
Love her well and make much of her,
For a woman that is evill
All the town thou ſeeſt will ſcoffe her.
Love thy wife
As thy life
Let her not go then know'ſt not whither,
For you will alwayes live in ſtrife,
If ſhe keep not her l. together.

Maidens faire have a care,
Whom you love, and whom you marry,
Love not thoſe that jealous are
Longer you had better tarry.
For offence,
Springs from hence,
You will go you know not whether,
Till you loſe both wit and ſence,
And cannot keep your l. together.

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper* in Smithfield.

A pleaſant new Dialogue:

OR,

The diſcourſe between the Serving-man and the Husband-man;

The lofty pride muſt bated bee,
And praiſe muſt goe in right degree.

To the tune of, *I have for all good wives a Song.*



AS I went through the meddowes greene,
that are moſt lovely to be ſeene,
I heard two men in great diſcourſe
o many things better or worſe:
The one a Serving-man, and he
ſtood much upon his bravery:
The other was a Husbandman,
which no man ſpeake againſt him can.

The Serving-mans ſpeech.

I am a Serving-man that's fine,
and feed on dainties, and drinke wine,
I am for Ladies company,
who can have pleaſures more than I?
I have the love of Maidens faire,
that are their Parents onely heire,
Although they goe in garments gay,
with me they'l yeeld to ſport and play.

The Plough-man.

Though you in garments goe moſt brave,
yet you muſt yeeld to what I crave,
No ſerving-man ſhall make me yeeld,
Ile ſhew the cauſe whereon I build.
A Servingman cannot come nie
to that which I will veriſie:
A young Serving-man may compare
to be an old beggar mans heire.

The Serving-man.

I wait on Ladies, Lords, and Knights,
where pleaſure flowes with much delights,
My time I ſpend with Venus Nymphs,
whoſe features rare deſire attempts.
We Serving-men have pleaſure at will:
and Plough-men they have labour ſtill,
Then how can they with us compare,
ſeeing we have pleaſure, and they have care?

The Plough-man.

Though you in pleaſure do exceed,
who is it that doth ſerve your need?
you might goe pine and ſtarve with want,
then at a Plough-man do not tant.
We till the ground which brings increaſe,
and all would lack if we ſhould ceaſe.
Such bragging Jacks might doe full ill,
then to a Plough-man yeeld thee ſkill.

The Serving-man.

Our parell many times is ſilke,
our ſhirts as white as any milke,
Our fare is of the very beſt,
and that which is moſt neatly dreſt,
And often when we ſup or dine,
we taſte a dainty cup of wine:
Our Maſters Cellars yeeld good beere,
and in his Hall we finde good cheere.

The Plough-man.

'Tis true: there many goes in ſilke,
and have their linnen white as milke,
And yet perhaps not worth a groat,
but much like you, will lye and prate:
The Proverbe of a Serving-man,
as alwayes I doe underſtand,
In prime of yeares he'l roare and ſwagger,
and being growne old he turnes a begger.

The Serving-man.

Why ſhould a Plough-man me deface,
and urge me with ſuch foule diſgrace?
I dare to challenge you ſir foole,
to meet me at the Fencing-ſchoole:
I will not ſo out-braved be,
nor ranke with ſuch baſe pedigree,
I am a man of courage bold,
by Plough-men Ile not be controll'd.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.



The Plough-man.

INdeed you are of perfect mettle,
your noſe ſhines like a copper kettle,
Tis true you are of courage bold,
the pipe and pot you will uphold,
You hold it rare to drinke and ſmoake,
all this is true which I have ſpoke:
But 'tis a Husbandmans delight,
to worke all day and ſleepe all night.

The Serving-man.

We have no labour toyle and care,
we Serving-men no drudges are,
Our care is for the cheefeſt pleaſure,
which ſeemes to us a daily treaſure:
My Ladies Waiting-maid moſt fine,
with us doth often ſup and dine,
Sometimes a courteſie we crave,
a kiſſe or ſo, and this wee have.

The Plough-man.

If you the Proverb truly mark,
Joane is as good as my Lady in'th dark,
A Country Laſſe in ruſſet gray,
with her I love to ſport and play:
O ſhe will dance and ſweetly ſing,
much like the Nightingale in Spring,
She's freſh and faire, and firme and ſound.
in her much pleaſure may be found.

The Serving-man.

Well Countrie-man my mind is brave,
I will not yeeld to what you crave:
No Plough-man ere ſhall make me yeeld,
I will not ſo much be compeld:
My youthfull dayes yeelds me much joyes,
my nights I paſſe with merry toyes:
My time is pleaſure and delight,
which I doe ſpend with Ladies bright.

The Plough-man.

O hold thy peace, thy fond delight
doth paſſe away like day or night.
Thy aged head appearing gray,
then doth thy pleaſure ſoone decay,
Then from thy ſervice muſt thou packe,
and all things quickly wilt thou lacke:
Then warning take ere it be long,
and learne to worke while thou art young.

The Serving man.

Why ſhould I labour, toyle, or care,
ſince I am fed with dainty fare?
My Gelding I have for to ride,
my cloake my good ſword by my ſide,
My bootes and ſpurres ſhining like gold,
like thoſe whoſe names are high inrold:
What pleaſure more can any crave,
then ſuch content as I now have?

The Plough-man.

'Tis true indeed, thy pleaſure's great,
and I have what I get by ſweat,
My labour gives my heart content,
and I doe live in merriment.
He that true labour takes in hand,
doth farre ſurpaſſe the Serving-man,
He paſſeth ſome with houſe and lands,
when that decayes, he cryes, Helpe hands.

The Serving-man.

Thy reaſons I have underſtood,
and what thou ſpeak'ſt is very good.
I would I were a Plough man now,
and labour could at Cart and Plough,
Then would I worke and till the land,
and never more be Serving man,
For what they have is truly got,
they are contented with their lot.

Thus to conclude and make an end,
let none with Husband-men contend:
You ſee here yeelds a lofty mind,
and to good counſell is inclin'd.
Thus will we all like lovers gree,
the painfull man ſhall prayſed be,
For by the labour of the hand,
we doe receive fruits from the land.

Printed at London for *F. Coules* dwelling in the Old Baily. FINIS. R. C.

A Lamentable ballad on the Earl of Effex's Death.
Tune is, Effex last Goodnight.



ALL you that cry O hone, O hone,
come now and ſing O hone with me,
For why our Jewel is from us gone,
the valiant Knight of Chivalry:
Of rich and poor below'd was he,
in time an honourable knight,
When by our Laws condemn'd to die,
He lately took his laſt Goodnight.
Count him not like to Champion,
thoſe traiterous men of Babington,
Nor like the Earl of Weſtmoorland,
by whom a number were undone:
He never yet hurt Mothers ſon,
his quarrel ſtill maintains the right,
Which the tears my face down run,
when I think on his laſt good night.
The Portugals can witneſs be,
his Dagger at Lisbon gate he flung,
And like a Knight of Chivalry,
his Chain upon the Gate he hung;
I would to God that he would come,
to fetch them back in order right,
Which thing was by his honour done,
yet lately took their laſt good night.
The French-men they can teſtifie,
the town of Gourney he took in,
And march't to Rome immediately,
not caring for his foes a pin:
With Bullets then he pierc'd his skin,
and made them fly from his ſight:
He there that time did credit win,
and now hath tane his laſt good night.
And lately Cales can witneſs be,
even by his Proclamation right,
And did command them all ſtraightly,
to have a care of Infants lives,
And that none ſhould hurt man or wife,
which was againſt their right;
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,
which lately took his laſt good night.

would God he ne'er had Ireland won,
nor ſet one foot on Flanders ground,
Then might we full injoy'd our own,
where now our Jewel will not be found,
which makes our foes ſtill abound;
trickling with ſalt tears in our ſight,
To hear his name in our ears to ſound,
Lord Devereux took his laſt good night.
Aſh-wednesday, that dismal day,
when he came forth his Chamber door,
Upon a Scaffold there he ſaw,
his Headſman ſtanding him before:
His Nobles all they did deplore,
ſhedding ſalt tears in his ſight,
He ſaid farewel to rich and poor,
at his good morrow and good night.
My Lords, ſaid he, you ſtand but by,
to ſee performance of the law,
It is I that have deſerv'd to die,
and yield my ſelf unto the blow;
I have deſerv'd to die I know,
but ne'er againſt my Countries right,
Nor to my Queen was ever foe,
upon my death as my good night.
Farewel, Elizabeth, my gracious Queen,
God bleſs thee with thy Counſel all;
Farewel my Knights of Chivalry,
farewel my Souldiers ſtout and tall,
Farewel the Commons great and ſmall,
into the hands of men I light,
My life ſhall make amends for all,
for Eſſex bids the world good night.
Farewel dear wife, and children three,
farewel my kind and tender ſon;
Comfort your ſelves, mourn not for me,
although your fall be now begunne,
My time is come, my glaſs is run,
comfort your ſelf in former light,
Seeing by my fall you are undone,
your Father bids the world good night.
Derick, thou know'ſt at Cales I ſav'd
thy life, leſt for a Rape there done,
As thou thy ſelf canſt teſtifie,
thine own hand three and twenty hung,
But now thou ſeeſt my ſelf is come,
by chance into thy hands I light,
Strike out thy blow, that I may know,
thou Eſſex lov'd at his good night.
When England counted me a Papiſt,
the works of papiſts I deſie,
I ne're worſhipt Saint nor Angel in heaven,
nor the Virgin Mary, I;
But to Chriſt, which for my ſins did die,
trickling with ſalt tears in his ſight,
Spreading my arms to God on high,
Lord Jeſus receive my ſoul this night.

Printed by and for A. M. and ſold by the bookſellers of London.

An excellent Ballad of a Prince of *England*s Courtship to the King of *France*'s Daughter, and how the Prince was disasterously slain; and how the aforesaid Princess was afterwards married to a Forrester. To the Tune of, *Crimson Velvet*, &c.





IN the Days of Old
when fair France did flourish,
Stories plainly told,
Lovers it annoy;
The King a Daughter had,
beauteous, fair, and lovely,
Which made her father glad,
She was his only Joy:
A Prince of England came,
Whose Deeds did merit fame,
he woo'd her long, and loe at last,
And what he did require,
She granted his desire,
their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her father proved,
Lord how he was moved,
and tormented in his mind,
He sought for to prevent them,
And to discontent them,
Fortune crossed Lovers kind.

When these Princes twain,
were thus bar'd of pleasure.
Through the Kings Disdain,
which their joys withstood,
The Lady lockt up close,
her jewels and her treasure,
Having no remorse
of State and Royal blood:
In homely poor array,
She went from Court away,
to meet her love and hearts delight:
Who in a Forrest great,
had taken up his seat,
to wait her coming in the night:
But loe what sudden Danger,
To this Princely Stranger
chanced as he sat alone;
By Out-laws he was robbed,
And with Poniard stabbed,
uttering many a dying Groan.

The Princes armed by him,
and by true Desire,
Wandring all that night,
without dread at all;
Still unknown she past,
in her strange attire,
Coming at the last,
within Eccho's call,
You fair wood, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my hearts delight,
Which doth incompass here,
My Joy and only Dear,
my trusty friend & comely Knight;
Sweet I come unto thee,
Sweet I come to woo thee,
that thou maist not angry be,
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
amends for all I'll make to thee.

Passing thus alone,
through the silent Forrest,
Many a grievous groan
sounded in her ear,
Where she heard a man
to lament the sorest
Chance that ever came,
sore'd by Deadly strife:
Farewel (my Dear) quoth he,
Whom I shall never see,
for why my life is at an end;
For thy sweet sake I dye,
Thro' Villians cruelty,
to show I am a faithful friend;
Here lie a bleeding,
While my thoughts are feeding
on the rarest beauty found:
O hard hap that may be,
Little knows my Lady
my heart blood lies on the ground.

With that he gave a Groan
that did break asunder,
All the tender strings
of his gentle heart:
She who knew his voice,
at his tale did wonder,
All her former joys
did to grief convert,
Straight she ran to see
who this Man should be,
That so like her love did speak,
and found when as she came,
Her lovely Lord lay slain,
swear'd in blood which life did break
Which when that she espyed,
Lord how sore she cried,
her sorrows could not counted be,
Her eyes like fountains running,
While she cry'd out, My Darling,
would God that I had dy'd for thee.

His pale lips; alas,
twenty times she kissed,
And his face did wash
with her brinish tears;
Every bleeding wound
her fair face bedewed,
Wiping off the blood
with her golden hair:
Speak my Lord (quoth she)
Speak fair Prince to me
one sweet word of comfort give;
Lift up thy fair eyes,
Listen to my cries,
think in what great grief I live;
All in vain she sued,
All in vain she wooed,
the Prince's life was fled & gone:
There stood she still mourning,
Till the Suns approaching,
& bright day was coming on.

In this great Distress,
quoth this Royal Lady,
Who can now express
what will become of me?
To my Fathers Court
never will I wander,
But some service seek,
where I may placed be.
Whilst she thus made her moan,
Weeping all alone,
in this deep & deadly fear,
A Forrester all in green,
Most comely to be seen,
ranging the wood did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow,
Maid (quoth he) good morrow,
what hard hap hath brought ye here
Harder hap did never
Chance to a Maiden ever,
here lies slain my Brother dear.

Where might I be plac'd,
gentle Forrester tell me;
Where might I procure
a service in my need?
Pains will I not spare,
but would do my duty,
Ease me of my care,
help my extream need.
The Forrester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire:
If fair maid (quoth he)
You will go with me,
you shall have your hearts desire.
He brought her to his mother,
And above all other
he set forth this maidens praise;
Long was his heart inflamed,
At length her love he gained,
so fortune did his glory raise.

Thus unknown he match't
with the Kings fair Daughter,
Children seven he had,
e'er he to him was known:
But when he understood
she was a Royal Princess,
By this means at last
he shews forth her fame:
He cloathed his children then,
Not like to other men,
in partly colours strange to see,
The right side cloth of gold,
The left side to behold
of woollen cloth still framed he:
Men thereat did wonder;
Golden Fame did thunder
this strange Weed in every place:
The King of France came thither,
Being pleasant weather
in these woods the hart to chase.

The Children there did stand
as their mother willed,
Where the Royal King
must of force come by.
Their mother richly clad
in fair Crimson Velvet,
Their father all in gray,
most comely to the eye,
When this famous king,
Noting every thing,
did ask how he durst be so bold,
To let his wife to wear,
And deck his Children there,
in costly Robes of pearl & gold.
The Forrester bold replyed,
And the cause descried;
& to the king he thus did say:
Well may they by their mother,
Wear rich cloaths with other,
being by birth a Princess gay.

The king upon these words
more heedfully beheld them,
Till a crimson blush
his conceit did trose:
The more I look (quoth he)
upon thy wife and children,
The more I call to mind
my daughter whom I lost.
I am that child (quoth she)
Falling on her knee,
pardon me my Soveraign Liege,
The king perceiving this,
His Daughter dear did kiss,
till joyful tears did stop his speech
Unto his train he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straight he dub'd her husband knight,
He made him Earl of Flanders,
One of his chief Commanders;
thus was their sorrow put to flight.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

Printed by and for *Alex. Milbourn*, and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-Bridge*.

A moſt ſweet Song of an Engliſh Merchant, borne at *Chicheſter*.

105.

To an excellent new Tune.



A Rich Merchant man,
That was both graue and wiſe,
Did kill a man at Emden Towne,
Through quarrels that did riſe.
Through quarrels that did riſe,
The German hee was dead,
And for this fact the Merchant man
was iudg'd to loſe his head.
A ſweet thing is loue,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

A Scaffold builded was,
Within the Market-place,
And all the people farre and neere,
Did thither flocke apace.
Did thither flocke apace,
This doleful ſight to ſee,
Who all in velvet blacke as Jet,
vnto the place came hee.
A ſweet thing is loue, &c.

Bare-headed was hee brought,
His hands were bound before,
A Cambricke Ruffe about his necke,
As white as milke hee wore:
His Stockings were of ſilke,
As fine as fine might be
Of perſon, and of countenance,
a proper man was hee.
A ſweet thing is loue, &c.

When hee was mounted vp,
Vpon the Scaffold high,
All women ſaid great pity 'twas,
So ſweet a man ſhould die.
The Merchants of the Towne,
From death to ſet him free,
Did proffer there two thouſand pound,
but yet it would not be.
A ſweet thing is loue,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

The Priſoner hereupon,
Began to ſpeake his mind,
Quoth hee, I haue deſerued death,
In conſcience I doe find:
Yet ſore againſt my will,
This man I kild, quoth hee,
As Chriſt doth know, which of my ſoule
muſt onely Sauiour be.
A ſweet thing is loue, &c.

With heart I doe repent
This moſt vnhappy deed;
And for his wife and children ſmall,
My very ſoule doth bleed:
This deed is done and paſt,
My hope of life is vaine,
And yet the loſſe of this my life,
to them is little gaine.
A ſweet thing is loue, &c.

Vnto the widow poore,
And her two Babes therefore,
I giue a hundred pound a piece,
Their comfort to reſtore:
Deſiring at their hands,
No one requeſt but this,
They will ſpeake well of Engliſhmen
though I haue done amiſſe.
A ſweet thing is loue, &c.

This was no ſooner ſpoke;
But that to ſtint his griefe,
Ten goodly Maids did proffer him,
For loue to beg his life:
This is our law, quoth they,
We may your death remoue,
If you in lieu of our good will,
will grant to vs your loue.
A ſweet thing is loue, &c.

Braue Engliſhman, quoth one,
'Tis I will beg thy life:
Nay, quoth the ſecond, it is I,
If I muſt be thy wife:
'Tis I, the third did ſay;
Nay, quoth the fourth, 'tis I:
So each one after other ſaid,
ſtill waiting his reply.
A ſweet thing is loue,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

The second Part, To the same tune.

FAire Maidens all, quoth hee,
I must confesse and say,
That each of you full worthy is,
To be a Lady gay:
And I unworthy farre,
The worst of you to have,
Though you have offered willingly
my loathed life to save.
A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

Then take a thousand thanks
Of me a dying man:
But speake no more of love nor life,
For why, my life is gone.
To Christ my love I give,
My body unto death:
For none of you my heart can love,
though I doe lose my breath.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

Faire Maids lament no more,
Your Country Law is such,
It takes but hold upon my life,
My goods it cannot touch:
Within one chest I have
In gold a thousand pound,
I give it equall to you all,
for love which I have found.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

And now deare friends farewell,
Sweet England take adieu,
And Chicester where I was borne,
Where first this breath I drew.
And now thou man of death,
Unto thy weapon stand:
Ah nay another Damsell cry'd,
sweet Headsman hold thy hand.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

Now heare a Maidens plaint,
Brave Englishman, quoth shee,
And grant her love for love againe,
That craves but love of thee:
I woe and sue for love,
That have beene woed ere this,
Then grant mee love, and therewithall
shee proffers him a kisse.
A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

And die within mine armes,
If thou wilt die, quoth shee;
Yea live or die sweet Englishman,
Ile live and die with thee.
But can it be, hee said,
That thou dost love mee so:
'Tis not by long acquaintance sir,
whereby true love doth grow.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

Then beg my life, quoth hee,
And I will be thine owne;
If I should seeke the world for love,
More love cannot be showne.
The people on that word,
Did give a joyfull cry,
And said, it had great pitie been,
so sweet a man should die
A sweet thing is love, &c.

I goe my Love, shee said,
I run, I flye for thee;
And gentle Headsman spare a while,
My Lovers life for mee:
Unto the Duke shee went,
Who did her griefe remove;
And with an hundred Maidens more,
shee went to fetch her Love.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

With musicke sounding sweet,
The formost of the traine,
This gallant Maiden like a Bride,
Did fetch him backe againe:
Yea hand in hand they went
Unto the Church that day,
And they were married presently
in sumptuous rich array.
A sweet thing is love, &c.

To England came hee then,
With this his lovely Bride,
A fairer woman never lay
By any Merchants side:
Where I must leave them both,
In pleasure and delight;
But of their name and dwelling place,
I must not here recite.
A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind;
There is no comfort in the world
to women that are kind.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules* in the *Old-Bayley*.

An excellent Song wherein you shall finde Great consolation for a troubled minde.

To the tune of Fortune my Foe.



Aspire not too hie in things aboue thy reach,
Be not too foolish in thine owne conceit,
As thou hast wit and worldly wealth at will,
So giue him thankes that shall encrease it still.

Be ware of pride the mother of mishap,
Whose sugred snares will seeke thee to entrap,
Be meeke in heart, and lowly minded still,
So shalt thou Gods Commandements fulfill.

Cast all thy care vpon the Lord, and he
In thy distresse will send to succour thee,
Cease not therefore to serue him euery day,
Who with his blood thy ransome once did pay.

Drive from thy heart ill thoughts that may offend,
Desire of God his holy spirit to send,
Which will direct thy life in such a sort,
As thou thereby shalt find ioy and comfort,

Except each day and houre when Christ shall come
With power to iudge the world both all & some:
Be ready then, and with the Bridegroome Christ,
Receiue reward in heauen among the highest.

Feare to offend his heauenly Maiestie,
Faith doth confirme true loue and loyaltie:
Without which faith, as holie Scriptures say,
No man to heauen can find the perfect way.

Great is the Lord and mercifull doubtlesse,
To those that with true zeale their faults confesse,
But vnto those in mischiefe daily runnes,
He lets alone to taste what after comes.

Hope in the Lord, on him repose thy trust,
Serue him with feare, whose iudgements are most iust
Desire of him thy life so to direct,
That to thy soule he may haue good respect.

Iniure no man, but loue thine enemie,
Though to thy hurt, yet take it patiently,
And thtake the Lord, although he suffer long,
When time shal serue, will soon reuenge thy wrong

Keepe thou no rancker hidden in thy heart,
Remember well the word Christ did impart,
That is, forgiue offences ouer-past,
As thou thy selfe wilt be forgiuen at last.

Lay not thy treasure vp in hoarding sort,
But therewithall the poore feed and comfort,
If thou cold water giue in Christ his name,
Thrice double told he will reward the same.

Misorder not thy selfe in any wise,
In meat and drinke let reason still suffice:
Moderate thy mind, and keepe thy selfe content,
So shalt thou please the Lord Omnipotent,

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.



NO man can ſay that he is voyd of ſin,
For if he doe he's much deceiu'd therein:
The Lord doth ſay, the iuſt ſeuen times a day
Committeth ſin, and runneth oft aſtray.

Obey his will, who to redeeme thy loſſe
Did ſhed his blood for vs vpon the Croſſe,
Such was the loue that Chriſt did ſhew to man,
Why ſhould we be vngratefull to him than?

Pittie the poore with ſuch as God hath ſent,
And be not proud with that which he hath lent,
Remember well what Chriſt hath ſaid to thee,
Doe this as though thou didſt it vnto me.

Quench fond deſires and pleaſures of the fleſh,
Flie gluttonie, the Mother of exceſſe,
For whoordome is the very ſinke of ſin,
In which the wicked daily wallow in.

Root from thy heart malicious thoughts be ſure,
Which are a meanes Gods iudgements to procure:
For be aſſur'd when enuie beareth ſway,
The feare of God departeth ſoone away.

Subdue thy ſelfe, let wiſedome be thy guide,
Suppreſſe ill thoughts, beware of hatefull pride,
Deſpiſe the world, a vaile of vanities,
Leſt headlong thou runſt on in miſeries.

Turne vnto me, our Sauiour Chriſt doth ſay,
And I will heare thy prayers euery day,
If any thing thou aske in Chriſt his name,
Be well aſſur'd thou ſhalt obtaine the ſame.

Vaine exerciſe aboliſh from thy ſight,
Deſire of God his faith and holy Spirit,
Who will direct thee in the perfect way,
That leads to life, as holy Scriptures ſay.

When Satan ſeekes to tempt thee any way,
Call vpon God thy onely ſtrength and ſtay,
And he aſſur'd from out his holy hill
He will preſerue thy life from danger ſtill.

Experience of his loue that lends thee life,
Muſt make thee ſeeke to liue deuoyd of ſtrife,
Let his loue be thy rule, who ſo lou'd thee,
That death he vnderwent to ſet thee free.

Young men and maids, old men and babes repent,
Leſt for your ſins you at the laſt be ſhent:
Be wiſe, take heed, doe not the time delay,
For Chriſt muſt be our Iudge at the laſt day.

Zeale like to fire our good workes let make bright,
That others thereof may behold the light:
Light vp your Lamps, and with the Virgins fiue
Haue oyle in ſtoore to keepe your Lamps aliue.

FINIS.

Printed at London by the Aſſignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

An excellent new Ditty:

OR,

Which proveth that women the best Warriers be, For they made the Devill from earth for to flee.

To the Tune of, *Deaths Dance.*



OLd Beelzebub merry
disposed to be,
To earth hee did hurry,
some pastime to see;
A Landlord he proued,
and Leases would let,
To all them that loued
a long life to get.

Come hither all mortalls,
(quoth the Deuill of Hell)
Come long tailes and curtailes,
now vnto my Cell,
To you I here proffer,
a bargaine to buy;
If you'l take my offer,
you neuer shall dye.

This bargaine them pleased,
they long'd it to gaine,
The sicke and diseased,
came thither amaine,
And though they were crasie,
they hither could flye,
The sluggard and lazy,
this bargaine would buy.

The Gallants and Centry,
his loue to imbrace,
From City and Country,
flockt hither apace,
Long life they desired,
with much iollity,
Their hearts they were fired,
this bargaine to buy.

The Dames of the City,
came hither with speed,
Your Merchant wiues pretty,
would seale to this deed,
To liue with a Louer,
and neuer to dye,
Here Curtesans houer,
this bargaine to buy.

No females there wanted,
But hither they came,
They came till they panted,
to purchase the same,
Wiues, Widdowes, and Maidens,
to the Deuill did hye,
Braue Lasses and Ladies,
this bargaine would buy.

The Lecher which viewed,
such pretty ones there,
His lone was renewed,
and hee'd haue a share,
And here he soiourned,
cause neuer hee'd dye,
His heart it was burned,
this bargaine to buy.

Now wicked sonnes roaring,
that had their meanes spent,
In Dicing and Whoring,
to this office went,
Apace they here gather,
because they'd not dye,
But to outliue their father,
this bargaine they'd buy.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





Nert comes the Shomaker,
to craue a long life,
Here to be partaker,
he brought his fine wife;
The Taylors attends here,
for money they cry,
And follow the ſpender,
this bargaine to buy.

The Vſurers follow,
that pawnes haue in hand,
With whoop and with hollow,
they call for the Land,
Which ſpend-thrifts pawne to them
while for eath they lye,
To liue to vndoe them,
this bargaine they'l buy.

Nert came theſe rich Farmers,
that coozin the poore,
And hoord vp in corners,
prouiſion and ſtore,
To liue till a deare yere,
and neuer to dye:
Theſe grædy coxmmizers,
this bargaine would buy.

Now Brokers came hither,
that in their hands had,
Pawnes heaped together,
both good ones and bad,
To liue till they view them
all forfeited lye,
To the Deuill they ſue then,
this bargaine to buy.

This purchaſe contented
the Deuill of Hell,
To ſee ſuch flockes enter
all into his Cell,
Yet ſtill he proclaimed,
they neuer ſhould dye,
Who ere it was aimed,
this bargaine to buy.

Nert came the poore women,
that cry fiſh and Oyſters,
They flocke here in common,
and many great cluſters,
They ran hither ſcolding,
and to the Deuill cry,
Sir wee'd be beholding,
this bargaine to buy.

But when theſe came hither,
they kept ſuch a noyſe,
Each brabled with other,
which firſt ſhould haue choiſe;
As that their noyſe frighted
the Deuill of Hell,
No more he delighted,
ſuch bargaines to ſell.

Quoth he, I muſt from them,
for ſhould I ſtay here,
In pieces among them,
my body they'l teare;
(Quoth he) I am willing
to deale among men,
But here will haue dealing,
'mongſt women agen.

Printed at London for *H. G.* FINIS.

An Excellent Sonnet:

OR,

The Swaines complaint, whoſe cruell doome,
It was to love hee knew not whom.

To the tune of, *Bodkins Galiard.*





YOu gentle Nimphs that on the Peddowes play,
and oft relate the Lowes of Shepheards young,
Come ſit you downe, if that you pleaſe to ſtay,
now may you heare an uncouth paſſion ſong:
A Lad there is, and I am that poore groome,
That's fal'n in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Oh doe not ſmile at ſorrow as a jeſt,
with others cares good natures moved be:
And I ſhould weepe if you had my unreſt,
then at my griefe how can you merry be?
Ah, where is tender pitty now become?
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

I that have oft the rareſt features view'd,
and beauty in her beſt perfection ſeene,
I that have laugh't at them that love purſu'd,
and ever free from ſuch perfections beene,
Loe now at laſt ſo cruell is my doome,
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

My heart is full nigh burſting with deſire,
yet cannot tell from whence theſe longings flow,
My breſt doth burne, but ſhe that light the fire,
I never ſaw, nor can I come to know:
So great a bliſſe my fortune keepes me from,
That though I dearely love, I know not whom.

Ere I had twice foure Springs renewed ſeene,
the force of beauty I began to proove,
And ere I nine yeares old had fully beene,
it taught me how to frame a ſound of love,
And little thought I this day ſhould have come,
Before that I to love had found out whom.

For on my chin the molly downe you ſee,
and in my vaines well heated blood doth gloe,
Of Summers I have ſeene twice three times three,
and faſt my youthfull time away doth goe:
That much I feare, I aged ſhall become,
And ſtill complaine, I love I know not whom.

Oh why had I a heart beſtow'd on me,
to cheriſh deare affections ſo inclin'd,
Since I am ſo unhappy borne to be,
no object for ſo true a love to find,
When I am dead it will be miſt of ſome,
Yet now I live, I love I know not whom.

I to a thouſand beauteous Nimphs am knowne,
a hundred Ladies favours doe I weare,
I with as many halfe in love am growne,
yet none of them I find can be my deare,
Me thinkes I have a Miſtreſſe yet to come,
Which makes me ſing, I love I know not whom.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





There lives no ſwaine doth ſtronger paſſion proue
for her, whom moſt he covets to poſſeſſe,
Then doth my heart that being full of love,
knowes not to whom it may the ſame proteſte,
For he that is deſpis'd hath ſorrow ſome,
But he hath more, that loves, & knowes not whom.

Knew I my Love, as many others doe,
to ſome one object might my thoughts be bent,
So they divided, wandring ſhould not goe,
untill the ſoules united force be ſpent,
As he that ſeekes, and never findes a home,
Such is my reſt, that love, and know not whom.

Thoſe whom the frownes of jealous friends divide,
may live to mæt and deſcant of their woe,
And he hath gain'd a Lady for his Bride,
that durſt not woe his Maide a while agoe:
But oh what ends unto my hopes can come,
That am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

More Collin grieves that he was late diſdain'd,
and Clores doth for Willies abſence pine,
Sad Thirſhes weepes for his ſicke Phebe pain'd,
but all their ſorrowes cannot equall mine,
A greater care on me, alas, is come,
I am in love, and cannot tell with whom.

Narciſſus-like did I affect my ſhade,
ſome ſhadow yet I had to dote upon,
Or did I love ſome Image of the dead,
whoſe ſubſtance had not breathed long agoe,
I might deſpaire, and ſo an end would come.
But oh I love, and cannot tell with whom.

Once in a dreame me thought my love I view'd,
but never waking could her face behold,
And doubtleſſe that reſemblance was but ſhew'd,
that more my tired heart torment it ſhould.
For ſince that time more griev'd I am become,
And more in love, I cannot tell with whom.

When on my bed at night to reſt I lye,
my watchfull eyes with teares bedew my cheekes,
And then, oh would it once were day I cry,
yet when it comes I am as farre to ſeeke,
For who can tell, though all the earth be rome,
Or when or where, to finde he knowes not whom.

Oh if ſhe be amongſt the beauteous traines,
of all the Nimphs that haunt the ſeverall Hills,
Or if you know her Ladies of the plaines,
or you that have your Bowers on the Hills,
Tell, if you can, who will my love become,
Or I ſhall die, and never know for whom.

Printed at London for *I. Wright* dwelling in Gilt-ſpurre ſtreet neere New-gate. FINIS.

An excellent new Medley,

Which you may admire at(without offence)
For euery line ſpeakes a contrary ſences

To the tune of, *Tarletons Medley.*





IN Summer time when ſolkes make Hay,
All is not true which people ſay,
The wiſe's the wiſeſt in the play,
tuſh take away your hand:
The Fidlers boy hath broke his Back,
Sirs is not this a pittious caſe,
Poſt gallants loath to ſmell the Mace
of Woodſtreet.

The Citty followes Courtly pride,
Ione ſweares ſhe cannot Iohn abide,
Dicke weares a Dagger by his ſide.
come tell vs what's to pay.
The Lawyers thriue by others fall,
The weakeſt alwaies goes to'th wall,
The Shoomaker commandeth all
at's pleaſure.

The Weauer prayes for Pulwines ſoule,
A pretty woman was Iane Shore.
Kicke the baſe Raſcalls out o'th doore:
peace, peace, you bawling Curres.
A Cuckolds hand weares out behinde,
Tis eaſie to beguile the blinde,
All people are not of one minde,
hold Carmen.

Our women cut their haire like men,
The Cocke's ore-maſtred by the Hennes
There's hardly one good friend in ten,
turne there on your right hand:
But few regard the cryes o'th poore,
Will ſpendeth all vpon a whore,
The Souldier longeth to goe ore,
braue knocking.

When the fifth Henry ſaild to France,
Let me alone for a Countrey dance,
Nell doth bewaile her luckleſſe chance,
fie on falſe hearted men:
Dicke Tarleton was a merry wagge,
Harke how that prating aſſe doth bragge,
Iohn Dory ſold his ambling Nagge,
for Kicke-ſhawes.

The Saylor counts the Ship his houſe,
Ile ſay no more but dun's the Mouſe,
He is no man that ſcornes a Louſe,
vaine pride vndoes the Land:
Hard hearted men make Corne ſo deare,
Few Frenchmen loue well Engliſh beere,
I hope ere long good newes to heare,
hey Lullicke.

Now hides are cheape, the Tanner thriues,
Hang thoſe baſe men that beate their wiues.
He needs muſt goe that the Deuill driues,
God bleſſe vs from a Gun:
The Beadles make the lame to runne,
Vaunt not before the battaile's wonne,
A Cloud ſometimes may hide the Sunne,
chance medley.

The Second Part. 366 To the ſame tune.



THy friend ſuch lewdneſſe ſon will check,
And tell thée thou art like to lacke,
Hé'l bid thée alwaies haue a care
Of that which thou doſt little feare,
And that is, pouerty will grow,
Which thy true friend would not haue ſo.

The falſe and fained Flatterer
Will ſeeke to trap thée in his ſnare,
His words moſt ſweet ſhall ſtill appeare
To get thy money, wine and béere:
These are certaine ſignes to know
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

If that thy friend be true indéed,
Hé'l not forſake thée in thy néed,
He'l take thy part in weale and woe,
Thy flattering friend will not do ſo:
These are certaine ſignes to know
A faithfull, &c.

Now ſome perchance may this obiect,
And ſay they are of the true Sect,
But ſuch Ile neuer truſt till I
Their inward thoughts doe proue and try,
Then I certaine am to know
A faithfull, &c.

If that you want, then néeds of force,
For your releefe you'l take ſome courſe,
Need ſtands behind and bids you goe,
The kindneſſe of mens hearts to know,
And where once you haue try'd it ſo,
You'l know your friend, &c.

Thy friend will wondrous ſorry be
To ſee thee fall to miſery,
And to his power hee'l giue releefe
To eaſe thy dolour, woe and griefe:
These are certaine ſignes to know
A faithfull, &c.

Your faire tongu'd fawning hypocrite
Will ſay that you were void of wit,
To ſpend your meanes ſo lauiſhly,
And lacke ſo long before you dye.
These are certaine ſignes to know
A faithfull, &c.

Then this aduice take then of me,
Before need comes goe thou and ſee,
Try whilſt thou haſt of thine owne,
And ſee where fauour may be ſhowne:
Then thou ſoone ſhalt finde and know
A faithfull, &c.

And looke where thou didſt fauour finde,
There be not wauering like the winde,
If that thy friend proue iuſt and true,
Then doe not change him for a new:
Thus to all men I doe ſhow
The difference twix a friend and foe.

For my part I may plainely ſay,
That friends are apt for to decay,
In wealth a man ſhall haue great ſtore,
But very few if once growne poore:
This I write for men to know
A faithfull, &c.

When I had meanes then I had friends,
But now I want, their friendſhip ends,
Now but few will take my part,
Nor helpe releaſe me of my ſmart:
This I haue writ for men to know
A faithfull, &c.

Thus to conclude and end my Song,
Let me aduiſe both old and young,
If thou doe wiſh for many friends,
Then haue a care and get ſome meanes:
Then you need not care to know
A faithfull friend from a flattering foe.

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper* in Smithfield. FINIS. C. R.

Faire fall all good Tokens.

OR,

A pleaſant new Song not common to be had, Which will teach you to know good tokens from bad.

To a pleaſant new tune.





TO you that haue bad tokens,
this matter I inuight,
Yet nothing ſhall be ſpoken,
that ſhall your minds affright:
Be ſilent therefore and ſtand ſtill,
marke what proceedeth from my Quill:
I ſpeake of tokens good and ill,
and ſuch as are not right.

But firſt Ile haue you underſtand,
before that I doe paſſe,
That there are many tokens
which are not made of braſſe,
It is a token of my loue,
that I to you this matter moue;
For many tokens bad doe prooue,
we ſee in every place.

Yet by all ſkanes and tokens,
as I may iudge or thinke,
The man that hath loſt both his eyes,
he cannot chuſe but winke;
But ſome will winke when they may ſee,
but that is nothing become:
Honor that their eyes to haue a ſee,
which are in loue with chinke.

He that hath gain'd much ſiluer,
and doth poſſeſſe much gold,
It's a token that he ſhall be rich,
if he his ſubſtance hold:
But he that hath but little ſtore,
and ſpendeth all and ſomething more,
It's a token that he ſhall dye poore,
to ſay't you may be bold.

He that is a very foole,
and wiſedome doth deſpiſe,
It's a token that he ſhall be old
if he liue till he be wiſe:
And he that hath great ſtore of wit,
and maketh no right vſe of it,
It's a token that he is vnfit
in honour to ariſe.

But this is a bad token,
marke well what I ſhall ſay:
When a young man hath a handſome wife
and lets her run aſtray,
It is a token ſhe will be naught,
and quickly vnto lewdneſſe brought,
If that ſhe be no better taught,
ſhe'll bring him to decay.

The second part, To the same tune.





HEe that hath a fiery nose,
which lookes like Claret red;
It's a token then he doth consume
in drinke more then in bread:
For if his nose be fiery hot,
it's a token that he loues the pot:
He hates small drinke and loues it not,
he hath not so beene fed.

Then faire fall all good tokens,
now it comes into mind:
Marke which way sits the Wether-cocke,
and that way blowes the wind:
Marke which way rowles a Wantons eye,
and something you may see thereby;
Or if you please then you may trie,
and so the truth may finde.

He that hath liu'd in wickednesse,
and doth in vice remaine,
It is a token he hath no care
to free his soule from paine:
When Conscience doth on Crutches crepe
'its a token Truth is lulld asleepe,
Which makes poore men in dangers deepe
to call and cry in vaine.

But this is a token of a truth,
which doth betoken ill:
An angry wife will worke much woe,
but shee will haue her will:
For if she chance to bend her browe,
or seeme to looke I know not how
It's a token she will scold I vow,
her tongue will not lye still.

But this is a true token,
then marke my word aright:
When Sol is setting in the West
the world will lose her light.
So when an old mans head growes gray,
he may thinke on his dying day:
For to the graue he must away
and bid the world good night.

He that hath a wandring eye,
and loues lewd women deare,
It's a token that hee'le proue a knaue:
But Ile tell you in your eare
For sure you neuer saw the like
a Souldier loues to tosse a pike:
The Capster drawes but dares not strike
which doth betoken feare.

Then faire fall all good tokens
and well fare a good heart:
For by all signes and tokens
tis time for to depart:
And now it's time to end my song
I hope I haue done no man wrong:
For he that cannot rule his tongue
shall feele a greater smart.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Henry Gosson*.

A Friends aduice:

In an excellent Ditty, concerning the variable changes in this World.

To a pleasant new tune:





WHat if a day or a month, or a yeare, (tings
crown thy desires with a thousād wisht cōten-
Cannot the chance of a night or an houre,
Crosse thy delights with as many sad torments;
Fortunes in their fairest birth,
Are but blossoms dying.
Wanton pleasures, doting mirth,
Are but shadowes flying:
All your toyes are but toyes,
Idle thoughts deceiuing:
None hath power of an houre,
In our liues bereauing.

What if a smile, or a becke, or a looke,
Feed thy fond thoughts with many a sweet cōceiuing
May not that smile, or that beck or that looke,
Tell thee as well they are but vain deceiuings;
Why should beauty be so proud,
In things of no surmounting;
All her wealth is but shroud,
Of a rich accounting:
Then in this repose no blisse,
Which is so vaine and idle:
Beauties flowers haue their houres
Time doth hold the bridle.

What if the world with allures of her wealth,
Raise thy degree to a place of high aduancing;
May not the World by a check of that wealth,
Put thee again to as low despised chancing;
Whilst the Sunne of wealth doth shine,
Thou shalt haue friends plenty:
But come want, then they repine,
Not one abides of twenty:
Wealth and Friends holds and ends,
As your fortunes rise and fall,
Up and downe, rise and frowne,
Certaine is no state at all,

What if a grief, or a straine, or a fit,
Pinch thee with pain, or the feeling pangs of sickues
Doth not that gripe, or that straine, or that fit,
Shew thee the form of thine own true perfect likues
Health is but a glimpse of ioy,
Subiect to all changes:
Birth is but a silly toy,
Which mishap estranges.
Tell me than, silly Man,
Why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be in ieopardy,
When thou mayest in quiet sit;

Then if all this haue declar'd thine amisse,
Take this from me for a gentle friendly warning,
If thou refuse, and good counsell abuse,
Thou maist hereafter dearely buy thy learning:
All is hazard that we haue.
There is nothing bideing,
Dayes of pleasure are like streams,
Through faire Medows gliding,
Wealth or woe, time doth goe,
There is no returning,
Secret Fates guide our states,
Both in mirth and mourning

The Second Part. To the ſame tune.





Mans but a blaſt, or a ſmoake, or a clowd,
But in a thought, or a moment is diſperſed:
Life's but a ſpan, or a tale, or a word,
That in a trice, or ſuddaine is rehearſed:
Hopes are chang'd, and thoughts are croſt,
Will nor skill preuaileth,
Though we laugh and liue at eaſe,
Change of thoughts aſſayleth,
Though a while Fortune ſmile,
And her comforts crowneth,
Yet at length faile her ſtrength:
And in fine the frowneth.

Thus are the ioyes of a peare in an howre,
And of a month, in a moment quite expired.
And in the night with the word of a noyſe,
Croſt by the day, of an eaſe your hearts deſired:
Faireſt bloſſoms ſoonest fade,
Withered foule and rotten,
And through griefe our greateſt ioyes
Quickly are forgotten:
Seeke not then (mortall men)
Earthly fleeting pleaſure
But with paine ſtriue to gaine
Heauenly laſting treaſure,

Earth to the World, as a Man the Earth,
Hath but a point, and a point ſoon defaced:
Fleſh to the Soule, as a Flower to the Sun,
That in a ſtorme or a tempeſt is diſgraced:
Fortune may the Body pleaſe,
Which is onely carnall,
But it will the Soule diſeaſe
That is ſtill immortall,
Earthly ioyes are but toyes,
To the Soules election,
Worldly grace doth defate
Mans diuine perfection.

Fleſhly delights to the earth that is fleſh,
May be the cauſe of a thouſand ſweet tormentings,
But the deſaults of a fleſhly deſire
Brings to the ſoule many thouſand ſad tormentings,
Be not proud preſumptious Man,
Doth thou art a point ſo baſe,
Of the leaſt, and loweſt Element,
Which hath leaſt and loweſt place:
Marke thy fate, and thy ſtate,
Which is onely earth and duſt,
And as graſſe, which alaſſe
Shortly ſurely periſh muſt.

Let not the hopes of an earthly deſire,
Bar thee the ioyes of an endleſſe contentation,
Nor let not thy eye on the world be ſo fixt
To hinder thy heart from unfained recantation;
Be not backward in that courſe,
That may bring the Soule delight,
Though another way may ſeem
Far more pleaſant to thy ſight:
Do not goe, if he ſayes no,
That knowes the ſecrets of thy minde,
Follow this, thou ſhalt not miſſe
And endleſſe happineſſe to finde.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcock. FINIS.

The FOUR WONDERS of this Land,

Which unto you we will declare:
The Lord's great Mercy it is great;
God give us Grace to ſtand in fear,
And watch and pray both Night and Day,
That God may give us all his Grace,
To repent our Sins then every one,
Our Time is going on apace.

Tune of *Dear Love regard my Grief*, &c. Licenſed according to Order.





SWeet England call for Grace,
with ſpeed leave off thy Sin,
And with a contrite Heart
to Prayers now begin.

For ſure the time is come,
that Chriſt our Saviour told;
Towards the latter Day,
we Wonders ſhall behold.

And now ſtrange Wonders rare,
the Lord from Heaven doth ſend
In Earth, and in the Air,
becauſe we ſhould amend.

Great Lights within the Skie
hath oft been ſeen, we hear,
To many Peoples view,
in Countries far and near.

But what it doth preſage,
no Man on Earth do's know:
None but the living God
ſuch Wonders ſtrange can ſhow.

But to the Subject now,
which I do mean to write;
The ſtrangeſt News I'll tell,
which Time has brought to light.

IN London now doth live
one Mr. Clark by Name,
A Taylor by his Trade,
of good Report and Fame.

His Wife being with Child,
unto her Grief and Woe,
She with a Neighbour's Wife
fell out; the Truth is ſo.

And after many Words,
to fighting then they go,
This Woman being with Child,
received a grievous Blow

Upon her Belly then,
(which makes my Heart to bleed)
That ſhe went home, and ſent
for Midwife's help, with ſpeed.

In haſt the Midwife came,
and other Women more,
Which by the help of God,
ſhe Seven Children bore.

Seven dainty Boys ſhe had,
all which were born in light,
All fram'd with perfect Shape,
with Joints and Limbs aright.

But they were all Still-born;
which grieb'd their Parents ſore:
But of the Works of God,
in this they do deplore.

The Woman now doth mend,
whereby God's Works are known:
And now this wondrous News,
both far and near is ſhown.

The ſecond Neᵂs I tell,
comes from braue Yorkſhire:
A Monſter there was borne,
the like you ne'er did hear.

Three Miles from Pomfret liued
a Woman of great Worth,
In Trauail fell, and thought
to light a monſtrous Birth:

Juſt the ſhape of a Colt,
to all the Peoples ſight;
Which bred Amazement great,
with Tears and with Fright,

To ſee this Woman's Griefe,
and Trouble of her Mind,
In bringing forth a Colt,
contrary unto kind.

Long Legs, round Feet, long Noſe,
and Headed like a Horſe,
Which fill'd theſe Womens Hearts
with Pity and Remorſe.

This Woman now doth mend,
whereby God's Workes are known:
And now this wondrous Newes,
both far and neare is ſhown.

AND the third Newes moſt rare,
the which I haue to tell,
London can witneſs true,
that there a Monſter fell.

In Chriſt-Church Pariſh liued
a Woman known full well,
Of honeſt Carriage, which
her Neighbours all can tell.

This Woman being with Child,
which Griefe and Sorrow bred,
Into the World ſhe bore
a Child without a Head.

The Face was in the Breaſt,
to all the Peoples view;
But it died ſuddenly:
this is approued true.

It is for certain true,
and is approued plain;
From Earth I ſay it came,
and to Earth it turn'd again.

Theſe Women now all three
are on the mending hand:
But Three ſuch monſtrous Births
was ne'er in fair England.

THe Fourth Newes moſt rare,
the which I haue to tell;
In famous Glouceſterſhire
a wondrous Shower fell.

Not far from Glouceſter Town,
a Place is call'd Brandwood,
Upon a Hedge of Cloaths,
for truth, it rained Blood.

A Maid being ſtarching there,
as Reaſon doth require,
She went to fetch in Wood
wherewith to make a Fire:

And having on ſuch Cuffs,
as Starchers oft do uſe,
Upon them fell ſome drops
of Blood, made her to muſe.

And holding up her Head,
which made her wonder more,
She ſaw the Hedge of Cloaths,
with Blood beſprinkl'd o'er.

Then ſhe threw'd down the Wood,
and with Amazement great
She went into the Houſe,
and this Newes did repeat.

The People then came forth,
and found the Newes was true;
They ſaw the Hedge of Cloaths
with Blood beſprinkl'd to their view.

Then they took in the Cloaths,
and waſh'd them that ſame Day;
But Water, Leez, nor Soap,
could take the Blood away.

We are ſo wicked grown,
the Heauens do for us bleed,
And Wonders ſtrange are ſhown:
all this is true indeed.

Sodom was warn'd afore,
ſo was Jeruſalem,
And many Places more,
whom God did plague for Sin.

But we are like the Jews,
our Hearts are now ſo hard,
That we will not beliebe,
nor yet God's Word regard.

Now think upon each Sin,
Pride, Whoredom, Drunkenneſs,
Swearing, Deceit, and Lyes,
and vile Covetouſneſs.

Then we ſhall ſee our God
will take us for his own,
If we beliebe theſe Signs
and Tokens God hath ſhown.

Concluding thus my Newes:
The God of Truth and Peace
Grant that the Goſpel may
continually encreaſe.

Printed for P. Brookſby, at the Golden Ball in Pye-corner.

THE FOX-CHACE: OR, The Huntſmens Harmony, BY THE Noble Duke of Buckingham's Hounds, &c.

To an excellent Tune much in Requeſt. *Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.*







All in a Morning fair
As I rode to take the Air,
I heard ſome hallow moſt clearly;
I drew my ſelf nigher,
To liſten who they were
That were going a Hunting ſo early.

I ſaw they were Gentlemen
Who belong'd to the Duke of Buckingham,
That were going to make there a Tryal;
To run the Hounds of the North,
A thing of ſuch Fame and Worth,
As has not the like, without all Denial.

Then in Wreckledale Scrogs
We threw off our Dogs,
In Place where her Lying was likely;
But the like ne'r was ſeen
Since a Huntſman I have been,
That Hounds found a Fox more quickly.

There was Dido and Spanker,
And Younker was there.
And Ruler, that ne'r looks behind him;
There was Roſe and Bonny Laſs,
Who were always in the Chace;
Theſe were part of the Hounds that did find him.

Mr. Tybbals cries, Away,
Heark away, heark away.
With that our Foot-huntſmen did hear him:
Tom Moſſman cries, Codſounds,
Uncouple all your Hounds,
Or elſe we ſhall never come near him.

Then Caper, and Counteſs,
And Comley were thrown off,
With Famous, Thumper and Cryer,
And ſeveral good Hounds beſide,
Whoſe Stoutneſs their was try'd,
And none in the Pack that did tire.



Our Hounds came in apace,
And we fell into a Chace;
And thus we purſu'd this poor Creature,
With Engliſh and French Horns
We encourag'd our Hounds this Morn,
And our Cry it was greater and greater.

It could not be expreſt
Which Hound ran the beſt,
For they ran on a breaſt all together;
They ran at ſuch a rate,
As you have not heard of late,
When they enjoy'd him o'er the Vallies together.

Then to the Moor he twin'd,
Being clear againſt the Wind,
Thinking he might ha' croſs'd it over;
But our Hounds ran ſo hard
They made this Fox afraid,
And forc'd him to return to his Cover.

Up the Hills he runs along,
And his Cover was full ſtrong,
I think he had no great Eaſe on't,
For they ran with ſuch a Cry,
That their Ecchoes made him fly;
I'll aſſure you our Sport it was pleaſant.

Then homeward he hies,
And in Wreckledale he lies,
Thinking the Wind it might ſave him;
But our Hounds ran him ſo near
That they pulled him with Fear,
And our Horſemen they did deceive him.

For Squire Whitcliffe rode amain,
And he whipt it o'er the Plain;
Mr. Watſon his Horſe did not favour,
They rode up the higheſt Hills,
And down the ſteepeſt Dales,
Expecting his Life for their Labour.

Mr. Tibbals rode his Mare;
Although this Chace was ſmart,
Default they were at ſeldom or never;
But ever by and by
To the Hounds he would cry,
Halloo, halloo, halloo; Hark away all together.

Tom Meſſman he rode ſhort,
Yet he help'd us in our Sport,
For he came in both Cunning and Swearing;
But when it was in his Pow'r,
He cry'd out, That's our Lilly, Whore: [him.
Hark to Caper-man; now Slaughter-man runs near

Then to Skipland Wood he goes,
Being purſued by his Foes;
Our Company ſoon after him did follow;
And Untarpage there we had,
Which made our Huntſmens Hearts full glad,
For we gave him many a Holloo.

So the Sport was almoſt done,
And the Chace was almoſt run,
He thought to ha' croſs'd the River;
But our Hounds being in,
They after him did ſwim,
And ſo they deſtroy'd him for ever.

Then Leppin took a Horn,
As good as e'er was blown,
Tom Meſſman bid him wind his Death then;
The Country People all
Came flocking to his Fall:
This was Honour enough for a French Man.

So Whoo-up we proclaim'd,
God bleſs the Noble Duke of Buckingham:
For our Hounds then had gain'd much Glory;
This was the firſt For,
That we kill'd above the Rocks,
And there is an end of the Story.

London: Printed by and for W. O. and ſold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner and London-bridge.

A Fayre Portion for a Fayre Mayd:

OR,

The thriftie Mayd of *Worſterſheere*,
Who liues at London for a Marke a yeare;
This Marke was her old Mothers gift,
Shee teacheth all Mayds how to ſhift.

To the tune of, *Gramercy penny.*





NOw all my Friends are dead and gone,
alas what ſhall betide me,
For I poore maid am left alone
without a houſe to hide me:
Yet ſtill Ile be of merry cheere,
and haue kind welcome euery where
Though I haue but a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

I ſcorne to thinke of pouerty,
or wanting food or cloathing,
Ile be maintayned gallantly,
and all my life-want nothing;
A frolicke minde Ile alwayes beare,
my pouerty ſhall not appeare,
Though I haue but a marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

Though I am but a ſilly Wench
of countrey education,
Yet I am woo'd by Dutch and French,
and almoſt euery nation:
Both Spaniards and Italians ſweare
that with their hearts they lone me deare,
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

The Welch the Iriſh and the Scot,
ſince I came to the Citie,
In ſcene to me are wondrous hot,
they tell me I am pretty:
Therefore to liue I will not feare,
for I am ſought with many a teare,
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

This London is a gallant place
to raiſe a Laſſes fortune;
For I that came of ſimple race,
braue Roarers doe importune:
I little thought in Worſterſheere
to find ſuch high preferment here,
For I haue but a Marke a yeare,
and that my mother gaue me.

One giues to me perfumed Gloues,
the beſt that he can buy me,
Liue where I will I haue the loues
of all that doe liue nigh me:
If any new toyes I will weare,
I haue them coſt they ne're ſo deare,
And this is for a marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

My fashions with the Moone I change,
as though I were a Lady;
All quaint conceits, both new and ſtrange,
Ile haue as ſoone as may be;
Your courtly Ladies I can ſcare,
In cloaths but few to me come neare,
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

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The second Part To the same Tune.





FRench gownes with sleeues like pudding-bags
I haue at my requesting:
Now I forget my country rags,
and scorne such plaine inuenting:
My old acquaintance I cashere,
and of my kin I hate to heare,
Though I haue but a marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

My Petty-coats of Scarlet haue,
or Veluet, silke and Sattine:
Some students oft my loue doe craue,
that speake both Greeke and Latine,
The Souldiers for me domineere,
and put the rest into great feare,
All this is for a marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

The Precisian sincerely woes,
and doth protest he loues me,
He tires me out with Iesu noes,
and to impatience moues me:
Although an oath he will not sweare,
to lye at no time he doth feare,
All this is for a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me

My Coach drawne with foure Flanders mares
each day attends my pleasure,
The Water-men will leaue their fares
to waite vpon my leasure:
Two Lackies labour euery where,
and at my word run farre and neere,
Though I haue but a marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

I'th pleasant'st place the Suburbs yeelds,
my lodging is prepared:
I can walke forth into the fields,
where beauties oft are aired;
When Gentlemen doe spy me there,
some complements I'me sure to heare,
Though I haue but a marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

And if my friends were liuing still,
I would them all abandon,
Though I confesse they lou'd me well,
yet I so like of London,
That farewell Dad and Mammy deare,
and all my friends in Worstershire:
I liue well with a Marke a yeare,
Which my old mother gaue me.

I would my sister Sue at home,
knew how I liue in fashion,
That she might vp to London come
to learne this occupation:
For I liue like a Lady here,
I weare good cloaths and eate good cheare
Yet I haue but a Marke a yeare,
And that my mother gaue me.

Now blessed be that happy day
that I came to the Citie;
And for the Carrier will I pray,
before I end my Ditty.
You Maidens that this Ditty heare,
though meanes be short, yet neuer feare,
For I liue with a Marke a yeare,
Which my old mother gaue me.

FINIS. M. P.

London Printed for F. G.

Fayre Warning,

OR,

Happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

To the tune of *Packingtons pound.*



The World is ouerrun with enormous abuſe,
Pure vertue and honeſty do now decreaſe.
One bites on the neck of another purſues,
'Tis growne to a cuſtome that hardly will ceaſe,
but bleſſed is he
who when he doth ſée
Such vices in others, reformed will be,
For happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

Then be well adviſd whoſoever thou art,
By other mens danger their wayes to forſake,
And when thou ſeeſt any for his folly ſmart,
Then ſée that good uſe of the ſame thou doſt make:
and when thou doſt ſée
how bad others bée,
Say thou to thy ſelfe, here's example for mée.
O happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

If thou ſée a man who is proud and ambitious,
Like ſoaring Phaeton ſtriue to aſpire,
Preſuming his Fates will be ever auſpicious,
He boldly will clime till he can go no higher:
if fortune ſhould frowne,
he may tumble downe,
Then héele be derided of every clowne,
Thus happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

If thou ſée a Gentleman ſtriue for the wall,
And hazard his life for a phantaſie vaine,
This is the occaſion of many a brawll,
But he thats a tyſeman from that will refraine:
tis better give place
to one thats more baſe,
Then hazard thy life in ſo deſperate a caſe:
O happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

The ſecond Part.

To the ſame Tune.





IF thou ſée a whoremonger paſſing at leaſure,
Halts fearfull his legs will drop off by the knées,
When every inckle may do him diſpleaſure,
He hath béen ſo ſtung with ỳ Turnbull-ſtréet Bées.
when thou ſeeſt his caſe,
beware of that place,
Which brings a man nothing but ſhame and diſgrace:
O happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

If thou ſée a man who hath béen an ill liuer,
By hanging himſelfe, to kill body and ſoule,
Mis fit his example ſhould make thée endeauour
That thy heart were harbour a prioect ſo foule,
O what a vile ſhame
he brings on his name,
His children will after be twit with the ſame:
O happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

If thou ſeeſt a Iudge malefactors condemne
For rapine or murder, or ſuch haynous acts,
Mis fit thou ſhouldſt take an example by them,
Who muſt by the Law ſuffer death for their facts:
their wayes thou mayſt flie,
becauſe thou doſt ſée
The reaſon, and therefore they hanged muſt be:
O happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

If thou ſeeſt a drunkard come reéling ith' ſtréet,
And cutting croſſe capers oft times through the durt,
Still ready to quarrell with all he doth méet,
Whereby he goes ſeldome to bed without hurt:
O then thou mayſt think
comes all this through drink;
Sare I from the Alehouſe in good time will ſhrink.
O Happy is he whom other &c.

If thou ſée a rogue to the Pillory brought
For periur y or elſe ſome conſening feat,
To looke on his puniſhment thou mayſt be taught
To liue more vprightly, and die no deceit.
if thou lone thine eare,
then do not come there
To looke vpon him may make thée to feare.
O Happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

If thou ſée a wealthy man grow very poore
By paſſing his credit for other mens debts,
Whereby he's conſtrayned to kéepe within doors
For feare leſt a Sergeant ins clotches him gets,
be therefore aware
of this cruell ſnare:
By ſuretiſhip many men beggerd are:
But happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

Thus every man who is willing to learn,
Of other mens follies may make a good die,
And by their euill puniſhment he may return
From vice vnto vertue, reforming abuſe,
the which if he can,
he is a bleſt man,
And thus Ile conclude with the ſame I began,
That happy is he whom other mens harmes
Can make to beware, and to ſhun Satans charmes.

FINIS.

M. P.

London, Printed for *Richard Harper*.

15.

Fond Loue why doſt thou dally:

OR,

The paſſionate Louers Ditty, In praiſe of his Loue thats faire and witty.

To the tune of *The mocke Widdow.*



FOnd Loue why doſt thou dally,
And mocke my paſſions with thy diſdaine
there is no bliſſe,
where coynelle is,
Seeke not thy pleaſure in my paine:
But let the chaſt tormentes of my deſire,
Kindle in thee propitious fire:
So ſhall the pleaſures of thy ſweet imbraces,
Conquer the griefe of my former diſgraces,
When thoſe ſtormes paſt, ſhall mercie appeare,
And then of cruelty goe quit and cleare.

If not, thou art accuſed,
For being a lure of my griefe and care,
for from thy ſight,
comes my delight,
Thy frowne onely procures deſpaire:
But in thy ſmiles there dwell eternall ioyes,
Which from my heart all clouds of woes deſtroies,
Then be not thou obdurate vnto me,
Seeing thou art my chiefe felicity:
Thou ſeeſt how paſſionate I am for thee,
O then grant Loue, forgetting cruelty.

Sweet loue thou art my goddeſſe.
To whom my heart I ſolly dedicate,
then mercie ſend,
to me thy friend,
My ſad griefe to abreuiate:
Then ſhall I praiſe thy goodly treſſes,
Shining like gold as all the Gods confeſſes,
And eke the ſplendor of thy comely face,
Which doth ſo well thy compleat body grace,
As thou appear'ſt like Cynthia in her ſpheare,
Or like Apollo in the dayes bright chaire.

Neuer was fram'd by nature,
A Mayd of rarer forme and beauty
then is my Loue,
to whom Ile proue,
Officious in my duty,
Her breath more ſweeter farre then Cinet can be,
Delicious honey, or rare Sugar-Candy,
Her roſie Cheekes moſt comely to the view,
Which cauſeth me her Loue for to purſue,
And for Lorina languiſh I in griefe,
For from her ſmiles my pleaſures come in briefe.

Come ſweet ſit thee downe by me,
And pay iuſt tribute for our true loue,
come lets court,
and merrily ſport,
Here is the pleaſant ſhady groue, (bring,
Where nothing is wanting that pleaſures may
Where natures harmonious Muſicioners ſing,
And Philomel amongſt them the ſweeteſt,
To lone recording thoſe notes that are meeteſt,
Where ſoft winds murmure the ioy of our bliſſe,
And gliding by thy lips, oft ſteale a kiſſe.

Heare the nimble Faunes caper,
And old Siluanus traine doth trip and dance,
thy forme to grace,
in this faire place,
Woods Nymphs doe their notes aduance,
Here all pleaſure and content doth dwell,
Ioy doth all ſorrow from this place expell,
O I could ſurfet with this goodly ſight,
Wherein my heart and ſenſes take delight,
Thou art the Soueraigne of my loue-ſicke mind,
In whom a Map of vertues are inshrin'd.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





O How I am aſtoniſh't,
To view the feature of my true loue,
thy ſweet face,
and comely grace,
Would in an Angel enuy moue,
Thy eyes giue luſter theſe ſhadowes ore-ſpread,
And thy ſweet language would waken the dead,
The muſicke of the ſpheares is but a dull noiſe
When we ſhall heare thee, in thy ſweeteſt voyce,
Curious wonders within thee doe ſhine,
Which doe perſwade me that thou art diuine.

Iuno the Queene of glory,
Cannot come neare thee for thy vertuous grace:
thou art more faire,
in beauty rare,
And doſt deſerue as well that place,
Wherein Ioues darling in her glory moues,
Thy hands farre whiter then faire Venus Doues,
And thou thy ſelfe compleat in each degree,
Vpon thy forehead dwels rare Maieſtie:
Thou art indeed a lampe of heauenly wonder,
And for thy vertues keepſt all creatures vnder.

All earthly ioyes and pleaſures
Are to be had in thy ſociety,
Lorina's name,
deſerues true fame,
She is indued with pietie,
Fairer ſhe is by odr then rocks of pearle:
Ioue till this time nere ſaw a brauer Girle.
The Phenix rare makes not a gayer ſhow,
Nor yet the Lillies on the banke of Poe,
She is indeed the mirror of our age,
And with Ioues Queene may walke in equipage.

Wherefore ſhould I dally then,
To court this glory, and to imbrace,
euen in thee,
all bliſſe I ſee,
Liuely depainted in thy face,
Come then lets dally, and to the wanton ayre,
Change loues delightments, ſo ſhall we declare
Our loues by our kiſſes, whilſt I nothing fearing
Breath my beſt wiſh, in my wiſht beauties hearing
Which when I haue done thy captiue ile be,
Yet thinke I haue a glorious liberty.

Come then, come my Lorina,
and yeild that treaſure, which who ſo knowes,
knowes a bliſſe,
by which he is
Eternally exempt from woes,
Should Ioue himſelfe enuy at our beſt delight,
Theſe ioyes weele enioy ſtill in enuies deſpight:
Nay ſhould his anger deſcend ſo vpon me,
As my Lorina to rauiſh thee from me,
Ide flye in my fury as high as his ſpheare,
And ſnatch thee from his armes or perish there.

Come then let me enioy thee,
Whilſt beauties glorie on thee doth dwell,
Colour fades,
and fooliſh Mayds,
That ſo dye lead Apes in hell,
O then be wiſer and grant to my deſire,
In thy ſnow white boſome quench my loues fire
Let not vnfaigned loue goe vnrewarded,
Nor true affections be ſleightly regarded,
So ſhall I ſtill liue, and all ſorrowes deſie,
Or elſe a Martyre to thy beauty dye.

Printed at London for Francis Coules. FINIS.

An excellent Ballad of St. GEORGE for *England*,

and the King of *Egypt*'s Daughter, whom he delivered from Death, and how he slew a Monstrous Dragon, *&c.*

To the Tune of, Flying Fame, *&c.*

Licensed and Entered aecording to Order.



OF Hectors Deeds did Homer sing,
& of the sack of stately Troy,
What grief fair Hellen did them bring,
which was Sir Paris only joy:
And with my pen I must recite
St. Georges Deeds, an English Knight:

Against the Sarazens full rude
fought he full long & many a Day,
Where many a Gyant he subdu'd,
in honour of the Christian way;
And after many adventures past,
To Egypt Land he came at last.

And as the Story plain doth tell,
within that Country there did rest,
A dreadful Dragon fierce and fell,
whereby they were full sore oppress.
Who by his poisoned breath each Day,
Did many of the City slay.

The Grief whereof did grow so great,
throughout the Limits of the Land,
That they their wisemen did intreat,
to shew their cunning out of hand;
Which way they might this Dragon 'stroy,
That did their Country so annoy.

The wisemen all before the King,
cram'd this Matter intentinent,
The Dragon none to death might bring,
by any means they could invent;
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword or spear could pierce or wound.

When this the people understood,
they cryed out most pitesully,
The Dragons breath infected their blood,
that they each day in heaps did Dye;
Amongst them such a Plague it bred,
the Living scarce could bury the Dead.

No means there was that they could find,
for to appease the Dragons rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
whereby he might his fury swage;
Each Day he should a Maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the Wisemen found,
which truly must observed be,
Wherefore throughout the City round,
a Virgin pure of good Degree,
Was by the Kings Commission still,
Took up to serve the Dragons will.

Thus did the Dragon every Day
a Maiden of the town devour,
Till all the Maids were worn away,
and none were left that present hour,
Saving the kings fair Daughter bright,
Her Fathers joy and hearts Delight.

Then came the Officers to the king,
this heavy Message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting,
She is (quoth he) my Kingdoms Heir,
O let us all be poisoned here,
E'er she should dye that is my dear.

Then rose the People presently,
and to the king in rage they went,
Who said His Daughter dear should dye,
the Dragons fury to prevent;
Our daughters all are dead, quoth they,
And have been made the Dragons prey.

And by their blood thou hast been blest,
and thou hast sav'd their life thereby,
And now in Justice it doth rest,
for us thy Daughter so should dye.
O save my Daughter, said the king,
And let me feel the Dragons sting.

Then fell fair Sabyne on her knee,
and to her Father then did say,
O Father strive not thus for me,
but let me be the Dragons prey ;
It may be for my sake alone,
This Plague upon the land was shown.

'Tis better I should die (she said)
than all your subjects perish quite,
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
for my offence to work this spight ;
And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your Land shall know the grief no more.

What hast thou done (my Daughter dear)
for to deserve this heavy scourge ?
It is my fault it shall appear,
which makes the Gods our state to grudge ;
Then ought I dye to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like mad men all the people cry'd,
thy death to us can do no good,
Our safety only doth abide
to make thy Daughter Dragons food.
No time I am, O then (quoth she)
Therefore do what you will with me.

My fair dear daughter, (quoth the Queen)
and is thou art a Virgin bright,
That hath for Vertue famous been,
to let me cloath thee all in white,
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
In Ornament for Virgins meet

When she was attired so,
according to her Mothers mind,
Unto the stake then did she go,
to which they did this virgin bind ;
Being bound to stake and thrall,
she bid farewel unto them all :

Farewel, dear Father, then (quoth she)
and my sweet Mother meek and mild,
Take you no thought or care for me,
for you may have another Child :
Here for my Countries good I dye,
Which I receive most willingly.

The King and Queen with all their train,
with weeping eyes then went their way,
And left their Daughter there remain,
to be the hungry Dragons prey :
But as she there did weeping lie,
Behold St. George came riding by :

Who seeing there a Lady bright,
fast tied to the stake that day,
Drew like unto a Valiant Knight,
straight unto her did take his way :
Tell me sweet Maiden, then quoth he,
What person thus abused thee ?

And lo by Christ his blood I vow,
which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
and break my Launce upon his crest :
And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issu'd out of the wood.

The Lady that did first espy
the dreadful Dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
and bad him away to go,
Here comes that ugly Fiend, quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
the fiery Dragon soon espy'd,
And like a knight of Courage stout,
against him he did fiercely ride :
And with such blows he did him greet,
That he fell under his horses feet.

For with a Launce that was so strong,
as he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust it long,
the which could pierce no other place :
And there within this Ladys view,
This dreadful Dragon then he slew.

The savour of his poysoned breath,
could do this Christian knight no harm ;
Thus he did save this Lady from Death,
and home he led her by the arm ;
Which when Ptolomy did see,
There was great Joy and Melody.

When as this famous knight St. George,
had slain the Dragon in the field,
And brought the Lady to the Court,
whose sight with joy their hearts then fill'd
He in the Ægyptian Court then staid,
Till he most falsly was betray'd.

The Lady Sabrine lov'd him well,
he counted her his only Joy,
But when their loves was open known
it prov'd St. Georges great annoy ;
The Morrocco King was then in Court,
Who to the Orchard did resort.

Daily to take the pleasant air,
for pleasure sake he used to walk
Under the wall, whereas he heard
St. George with fair Sarabyne talk ;
Their loves he revealed to the King,
Which to St. George great woe did bring.

These Kings together did devise
to make this Christian knight away,
With Letters him Ambassador,
they straightway sent to Persia,
And wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
with evil, and most subtilly,
By such vile means they did Devise
to work his Death most cruelly ;
While he in Persia abode,
He straight Destroy'd each idol-god.

Which being done he straight was flung
into a Dungeon dark and deep ;
But when he thought upon his wrong,
he bitterly began to weep ;
Yet like a knight of Courage stout,
Forth of the Dungeon he got out.

And in the night three Horse-keepers
this valiant Knight by power slew,
Although he fasted many a day,
and then away from thence he flew,
On the best steed that Sophy had,
Which when he knew he was full sad.

Then into Christendom he came,
and met a Giant by the way,
With him in Combat he did fight,
most valiantly a Summers day ;
Who yet for all his batts of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

From Christendom this valiant knight,
then with warlike Souldiers past,
Vowing upon that Heathen Land,
to work revenge, which at the last
E'er thrice three years was gone & spent,
He did unto his great content.

Save only Egypt land he spar'd,
for Sabrine bright her only sake,
And e'en his rage he did suppress,
he meant a royal kind to make :
Ptolomy did know his strength in field,
And unto him did kindly yield.

Then he the Morrocco king did kill,
and took fair Sabrine to his wife,
And afterwards contentedly
with her St. George did lead his life :
Who by the vertue of a Chain,
Did still a Virgin pure remain.

To England then St George did bring,
this Gallant Lady Sabyne bright,
An Eunuch also came with him,
in whom the Lady did delight :
None but these three from Egypt came,
Now let me Print St. Georges Fame :

When they were in the Forrest great,
the Lady did desire to rest :
And then St. George to kill a Deer
to feed thereon did think it best,
Left Sabyne and the Eunuch there,
While he did go and kill a Deer.

The mean time in his absence came
two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the Eunuch presently
in pieces small the truth to tell ;
Down by the Lady then they laid,
Whereby it seem'd she was a maid.

But when St. George from hunting came,
and did behold this heavy chance,
Yet for this lovely virgin pure
his courage stout he did advance :
And came within the Lions sight,
Who run at him with all their might.

But he being no whit dismaid,
but like a stout and valiant knight,
Did kill the hungry Lions both,
within the Lady Sabrines sight ;
But all this while sad and demure,
She stood there like a virgin pure.

But when St. George did truly know,
his Lady was a virgin true,
Those doleful thoughts that e'er was dumb
began most firmly to renew :
He set her on a Palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where he arrived in short time
unto his Father's Dwelling-place,
Where with his Dearest Love he lived,
when Fortune did their Nuptials grace,
They many years of Joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

Printed by and for Alex. M'
the Stationers Arms in G
Court in the Little Old

A moſt Godly and Comfortable *Ballad* of the Glorious Reſurrection of our *Lord Jeſus Chriſt*, how he Triumphed over *Death*, *Hell*, and *Sin*, whereby we are certainly perſwaded of our Riſing again from the Dead.

The *Tune* is, *Rogero*.



What ſoftleſs, froward, ſinful man
That doth not in his heart believe
the Riſing of the Dead?
Or, why do wicked mortal men
their lives ſo vainly frame,
That being Dead, they do ſuppoſe
they ſhall not riſe again.

For why, if that the Dead indeed,
which now conſuming lyes,
Shall not by God be raiſ'd again,
then Chriſt did never riſe;
And if ſo be our Saviour ſwart
he did not riſe from death,
Our Preaching is of no effect,
and vain's our hope on Earth.

If Chriſt roſe not again I ſay,
then are we yet in ſin,
And they that fall aſleep in him,
no part of joy ſhall win:

Of all the Creatures living, then,
which God on Earth did frame,
Moſt wretched are the ſtates of men
which ſpend their days in vain.

But Chriſt is riſen up from Death,
as it was right and meet,
And thereby trod down Death & Hell,
and Sin, under his feet:
And that the ſame to ſimple men,
the plainer might appear,
The glorious riſing of the Lord,
his word declareth clear.

When he within the grave was laid,
the Jews did Watch-men ſet,
Leſt by his friends his corps thence
ſhould ſecretly be fet:
A mighty Stone likewiſe they did
on his Sepulchre role,
And all for fear his body ſhould
away from thence be ſtole,

45.
6. 26.
180.

But in the Dead time of the night,
a mighty Earth-quake came,
The which did shake both Sea & Land,
and all within the same:
And then the Angel of the Lord
came down from Heaven so high,
And roll'd away the mighty Stone
which on the ground did lie.

His face did shine like flaming fire,
his Cloaths were white as snow,
Which put the watch-men in great fear
who ran away for woe:
And told unto the High-Priest plain
what I do now rehearse,
Who hired them for money straight,
that they would hold their peace.

And say, quoth he, His Servants came,
whom he sometimes did keep,
And secretly stole him away
while ye were fast asleep:
And if that Herod hear thereof,
we will perswade him so,
That you shall find no hurt at all,
where ever you do go.

But faithful Mary Magdalen,
and James her Brother too,
They brought great store of Ointment
as Jesus were wont to do:
Who rose up early in the morn
before that it was day,
The body of the Lord annoint,
in grave whereas he lay.

And when unto the Grave they came,
they were in wondrous fear,
They saw a young man in the same,
but Christ they saw not there:
Then said the Angel unto them,
why are you so afraid:
The Lord whom you do seek I know
is Risen up, he said.

Then went these women both away,
who told these tidings than
To John and Peter, who in haste
to the Sepulchre ran;
Who found it as the woman said,
and then away did go,
But Mary staid weeping still,
whose tears declar'd her woe.

Who looking down into the grave,
two Angels there did see;
Qu. they, Why weeps this woman so,
even for my Lord, qd. she:
And turning then her self about
as she stood weeping so,
The Lord was standing at her back,
but him she did not know.

Why doth this woman weep, he said,
whom seekst thou in this place?
She thought it had the Gard'ner been,
and thus she shews her case;
If thou hast born him hence she said,
then tell me where he is,
And for to fetch him back again
be sure I will not miss.

What Mary! then our Saviour said,
dost thou lament for me;
O Master liv'st thou again,
my soul doth joy in thee;
O Mary touch me not, he said,
ere I have been above
Even with my God, the only God,
and Father whom we love.

And oftentimes did Christ appear
to his Disciples all,
Yet Thomas would not it believe,
his faith it was so small,
Except that he might thrust his hand
into the wound so wide,
And put his finger where the Spear
did pierce his tender side.

Then Christ, which knew all secrets
to them again came he,
Who said to Thomas, Here I am,
as plainly thou mayst see: (pierce
See here the hands which nails did
and holes are in my side;
And be not faithless O thou man,
for whom these pains I bide.

Thus sundry times he shew'd himself,
when he did rise again,
And then ascended into Heaven,
in glory for to reign:
Where he prepares a place for those
whom he shall raise likewise,
To live with him in Heavenly bliss
above the lofty Skies.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

The Great Assize; Or, Christ's certain and sudden appearance to judgment. Being serious considerations on these Four Things, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.

By Mr. Stevens, Minister.

To the Tune of, Aim not too high, &c. Licensed according to Order.





HEre is presented, clearly to the eye,
A little World, new made most gloriously,
To day here stands proud man like flowers spite;
But look to morrow, and he's weather'd quite.

How happily might fallen man have liv'd,
For ever, had he not his Maker griev'd:
His num'rous Off-spring never would espy,
Tho' that black Curtain of Mortality.

Alas how fast the dates of man pass by,
Swifter than Weaver's Shuttle they do fly;
As soon as Death does end his days so soon,
Man must appear before the great Tribune.

Death will no succour to a King afford,
No: diff'rence make twixt Beggar and a Lord;
Nor Beauty, Riches, favour shall obtain,
He'll take no Bribes to linger out their pain.

Methusalem you see by Death was told,
That dye he must, tho' he was ne'er so old,
Like Fruit, when almost ripe, Storms can it shake;
So Youth, when almost Man, Death may him take.

The Rich Man trusting to his Riches.

And yet, how proud Man is this side the Grave!
As if he never should an Exit have;
(Gnawing pox Worm) and up and down the world
His hustle carping thoughts with care is hurld.
He's wealthy grown, and proud of bags of treasure,
Trusting in Riches; taking all the pleasure
His heart can wish for; nay, he does controul
The checks of Conscience to his precious Soul:
Says to himself, Soul, take thine ease, and spend
Thy time in mirth, ne'er think it will have end:
Thus! thus! the Sinner does abuse his God,
And chooses Vice, instead o'th' vertuous Rod.

He Swears, & Damns, & imprecates God's wrath,
To strike him dead; but ah! to die he's loath:
He Damns his very Soul, were it not just
That God should do so too, and say, Be curst?

Roaring and Ranting is his Hellish Note,
Quaffing so long until his Senses float,
Drunk, like a Beast, he staggers up and down,
Sleeps like a Hog, and is a Devil grown.

But Oh! if God, thus angred, ready be
To say, thou Fool, I do require of thee,
Thy soul, this night, come, give a just account
To what thy Stewardship does now amount.

How dumb & senseless would he stand, to see
Hell ready to devour him presently,
Calls to the Rocks, and Cribes to get a place,
Therein to hide him from God's angry face.

But yet, suppose God suffers him to live,
Adds mercy unto mercy, and does give
Him yet a longer time of life, and trys,
If he'll Repent before death shuts his eyes.

He sees that time runs round like to a wheel,
And wrinckled years upon his brow does steal,
Besides gray hairs on's crazy head doth grow,
Scatter'd it lies like to a quilt of Snow.

45. 6. 2.



A foggy dimness doth his sight assail,
Striking into his head, his eyes they fail,
His tongue does faulter, and his hands they shake,
And with the Palsie every limb does quake.

His glass most run, he's even out of breath,
Ready to yield his life to conquering death,
Who will no longer favour his old age,
But is resolved in his death ingage.

It pops behind the Curtain in his face,
Then draws the Scheme, then dreadful is his case,
His tongue does quiver, and his veins does start,
Like sticks asunder; nay his very heart

Ceases its motion, with his vitals, soon,
And now alas! he's colder than a stone:
His Kinsfolks dear his dying eyes do shut,
So from his Bed he's in a Coffin put.

Thus ends his Earthly splendour, and his pleasure,
Wife, Children, Kinsfolk, and his bags of treasure,
Are left behind, enjoy the same estate
A little while, but follow must his fate.

Nay, they're not sure to keep it half a day,
For Death does oft sweep Families away,
The Infants instantly bereav'd of Mother,
Husband from Wife, the Sister from her Brother.

Behold this figure, see the glass does run,
Therefore Repent before thy time is gone,
Both Young and Old have this before your eyes,
You're born to happiness or miseries.

O therefore wretched man this very day,
Strive by Repenting tears to wash away
Thy sins, and then no doubt the Lord will be
In love and mercy reconcil'd to thee.

The manner of Christ's coming at the Day of Judgment.

Serene, like as the days of Noah were,
So shall the coming of God's Son appear,
Eating and Drinking, men will merry make,
And carnal Souls Security will take.

And like the thief who cometh in the night,
So will the Son of Man in glory bright,
Come down with numerous Angels, and the sound,
Of trumpets shrill, whose voice unnerves the ground

The dead arise, Lord, what a horrour here
Is to the wicked, who must strait appear,
And come to Judgment, O how this begins,
To bring to mind their many wretched Sins.

O what sad shrieks they make, and clam'rous cries,
To see Hell gaping just before their eyes,
The Heav'ns to melt away with fervent heat,
The Earth a burning underneath their feet.

The Blessed State of the Godly.

But happy, ever happy are the Sheep
Of Christ, who joy forevermore will keep,
When he shall say to Saints, come come thee hither,
You of my chosen Flock, blest of the Father.

The Kingdom now enjoy for you prepar'd
Before the heav'ns were made or world was rear'd,
Oh what soul ravishing sweet news is this,
Angels attend them presently to bliss.

The miserable State of the wicked.

But hark! what grief the Damned does attend,
Who have no Advocate to stand their Friend,
Sentence must passed be, go, go to dwell
In Fiery Burnings in the Lake of Hell.

Depart with Devils which did you entice
To hate your Saviour, and cleave to Vice,
Go to that Everlasting Pit, and lye
Howling with Fiery Fiends perpetually.

O what a wretched sight 'twill be to see
The Devils dragging them to misery,
Husbands to see their Wives convey'd to Bliss,
Whilst they 'mongst Damned, quite Salvation miss.

Son from the Father, Father from the Son,
Must parted be in the great Day of Doom,
Praising of God, and own it to be just,
Their own Relations are with Devils curst.

The Godly they to Heaven take their flight,
Whilst wicked take their course to Hell out-right,
Lord let us watch continually; and pray
That we may be prepar'd for that Great Day.

Give us Repentance, that whilst here we live,
We may the offers of thy Son receive,
Then keep our souls, good God, with thy rich Grace,
That we may stand before our Saviour's Face.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-corner, near West-Smithfield.

Glad tydings from Heauen:

OR

Christs glorious Inuitation to all Sinners, wherein is described the misery of his Manhood, and the bitternesse of his Passion endured for Man:

With sundry reasons inferred, to moue Worldlings to repentance.

To the tune of the *Dolefull Shepherd*, or *Sandy Soyle*.



AWake from sinne, vaine man awake,
Vnto repentance thee betake:
Thy Saviour calls, O come to me,
And I will ease and comfort thee.

My Father as the Scripture saith,
Delights not in a Sinners death:
And therefore hath sent me his Sonne,
That Sinners all to me might come.

Then come to me, 'tis onely I,
Can helpe thee in thy misery:
'Tis I can wash thy foule offence,
And cloath thy soule with innocence.

And that thou maist assured be,
What paines I haue suff'red for thee;
Attend give eare, and listen well
Vnto the things that I shall tell.

First being God, I did become,
A man, nay worse, a scorne to some,
Was lou'd of some, despis'd of most,
Still on the sea of sorrowes tost.

No sooner to this world I came,
But Herod would my life haue tane,
And whersoeuer I did flye,
I was not free from misery.

Cold, hunger, thirst, sad griefe, and paine,
And all that frailty doth sustaine,
My humane nature brought to me.
All this I felt, O man, for thee.

Sad sighes, deepe groanes & sweating blood,
I did endure to doe thee good:
So terrible my torment was,
That once I would haue had it passe.

And to conclude the Tragedy,
Of all my wofull misery:
The Iewes at their high Priests commands
Did come and take me out of hand.

Next was I brought to Caiphas Hall,
There to appeare before them all:
And at length decreed it was,
That I must suffer on the Crosse.

But first they did there all agree,
With whips to scourge and punish me,
Which being done, then presently,
I was conuey'd to Caluary.

Where to augment my misery,
They nailed me vpon a Tree:
And cause I should not want disgrace,
Betweene two theeues I had my place.

And being crowned with thornes sharpe,
Each one would flouting at me carpe.
And he was counted there the best,
That could deride and mocke me most.

This done to make an end of all,
They gaue mee vinegar and gall:
And lastly they did pierce my side,
Whence blood and water did proceed.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.



These torments Lord, I did endure,
That thou might'ſt be for euer ſure,
Of life, and come with Faith to me,
That I from ſinne might ſet thee free.

Then come with Faith doe not deſpaire,
Although thy ſinnes as crimſon are,
Yet hath my Blood them waſhed ſo,
That they ſhall be as white as ſnow.

If thou a murtherer haſt beene,
Or giuen to adulterous ſinne:
Marke Dauid who was both and yet
Repenting he did mercy get.

If ſottiſh drunken thou haſt beene,
Or ſtained with inceſtuous ſinne:
See Lot who fell into that luſt,
Yet by Gods loue was counted iuſt.

If thou by curſed Periury,
Haſt caſt thy ſoule in leopardy:
With Peters teares waſh off thy ſinne,
And thou with him ſhalt mercy winne.

If thou (of knowledge deſtitute)
My Church didſt euer perſecute:
Doe not deſpaire, but looke on Paul,
And then for mercy to me call.

The Prodigall that thriftleſſe ſonne,
Who headlong into vice did runne,
Was not caſt off in miſery,
When once Peccaui, he did cry.

Mary a long time went aſtray,
Yet did her teares waſh ſinne away:
She thought it not too late at laſt,
Downe at my feet her ſelfe to caſt.

The Theefe that all his life had ſpent,
In ſinne not meaning to repent,
Did at the length obtaine mercy,
Cauſe he with penitence did dye.

Tis not the greatneſſe of the crime,
Should make thee thinke it out of time,
For to repent and on me call:
My paſſion can ſuffice for all.

For all that ſorrow for their ſinne,
And neuer more delight therein:
For thoſe that truly will repent,
For ſuch my Father hath me ſent.

Then whatſo'ere thou be that art,
With ſinne polluted, cleanſe thy heart:
Come with a contrite ſoule to me,
And I thine Aduocate will be.

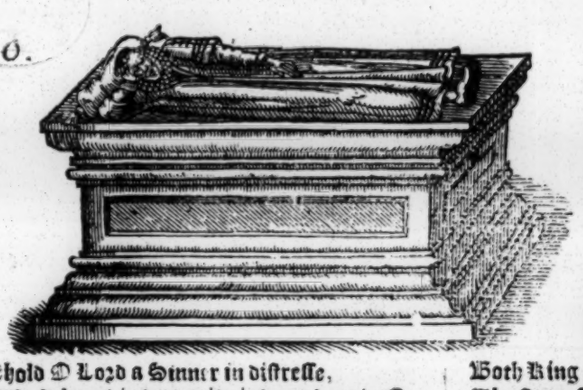
Come, come, my Fathers wrath preuent,
Leaue off your folly and repent:
O come to me I call againe,
Let not my Paſſion be in vaine.

Now thoſe that fondly doe preſume,
Till vtmoſt gaſpe, in ſinne to runne;
Let them aſſure themſelues of this,
That of my mercy they may miſſe.

FINIS.

London Printed for C. W.

A Godly Song, entituled, A farewell to the VVorld, made by a Godly Christian, named *Thomas Byll*, being the Pariſh Clerke of *Weſt-Felton*, as he lay vpon his Death-bed, ſhewing the vanitie of the World, and his deſire to be diſſolued. To the Tune of, Fortune my Foe.





BEhold O Lord a Sinner in diſtreſſe,
Whoſe heart is vext with inward heauineſſe;
Remit my ſinnes my God, and mercie ſhowe,
For here I liue in griefe, perplext with woe,

All fleſh is fraple, and brittle like to glaſſe,
Mans life like fading Flowers away doth paſſe,
My time is come that I from hence muſt goe,
Then for ſweet Jeſus ſake Lord mercy ſhowe.

The day and houre is come that I muſt dye,
I truſt my Soule ſhall ſtrait aſcend the skye,
Where Saints and Angells euer doe reioyce,
Giuing him praiſes due with heart and voice.

Oh ſinfull Man deferre not thou the time,
Vp Iacobs Ladder Father let me clime,
Where as thy Angells vp and down deſcend,
Betwixt my Soule and Bodie at my end.

I muſt not die neuer to riſe againe,
But I muſt die for to be freed from paine;
My Sauiour by his death hath bought my life,
To raigne with him when finiſht is this ſtrife.

My earthly ſpirits faple, my time is ran,
My face is wan, thy Meſſenger is come,
A welcome Gueſt that welcome is to mee,
To beare me hence vnto felicitie.

My Sun is ſette, I haue not long to ſtay,
But ere the morning I ſhall ſee a day
That ſhall outſhine the ſplendor of the Sun,
When to the holy Trinity I come.

Me thinks I (caſting vp my dying eyes)
Behole the Lord in glory on the skies,
With all his heauenly Angells in that place,
Smiling with ioy to ſee his cheerefull face.

Both King and Keſar euery one muſt die,
The ſtoutest heart the ſting of death muſt trie,
The Rich, the Poore, the Aged, and the Babe,
When Sickle comes each flower then doth fade.

Then World farewell, I ſee all is but vaine,
From duſt I came, to duſt I muſt againe,
No humane pomps our life from death can ſtay,
When time is come we muſt forthwith away.

For worldlie pleaſure is but vanitie,
None can redeeme this life from death I ſee,
Nor Creſus wealth, nor Alexanders fame,
Nor Sampſons ſtrength that could deaths fury tame

Our Father Adam he for ſin did fall,
Which brought deſtruction preſent on vs all:
But heauenly Father thou thy Sonne didſt ſend,
Vs to redeeme his deereſt blood did ſpend.

Farewell deere Wife and my ſeuen Children ſmall
For I muſt goe when as the Lord doth call:
The Glaſſe is run, my time is paſt away,
The trumpe doth ſound, I can no longer ſtay.

Nothing but one I in this world doe crane,
That is, to bring my Corpes dead to the Grane;
And Angells ſhall my Soule in ſafetie keepe,
Whilſt that my Bodie in the grane doth ſleepe.

The Bells moſt ſweetly ringing doe I heare,
And now eterne death with ſpeed approacheth neere;
But the Bell tolling doe I heare at laſt,
Sweet Lord receiue my Soule when death is paſt.

FINIS.

Thomas Byll.

The Soules Petition at Heauen Gate; 329.

Or, the Second Part of the Clerke of *West-Felton*, being *Thomas Byll*.

To the ſame Tune.



181.

O God which framedſt both the earth and skye,
With ſpꝛd giue eare vnto my wofull crye,
Receiue my Soule with thee foꝛ to remaine,
In Angells bliſſe, where thou O Lozd doſt reigne.

Though I againſt thy Lawes rebelled haue,
Foꝛ my rebellion Lozd I mercie craue,
Remit my ſinnes though I haue don amiſſe,
Foꝛ Jeſus ſake take me into true bliſſe.

Where ioyes are euermoꝛe without an end,
And heauenly Miniſters the time doth ſpend,
In ſinging Himnes and praiſes to the Lozd,
Lifting vp heart and voice with one accozd.

Oh, what a comfoꝛt is it foꝛ to ſée
The ſacred Face of ſuch a Maieſtie.
As thou O God, amongſt thy Angells bꝛight,
The which no moꝛtall can behold with ſight.

Caſt me not Lozd out from befoꝛe that face,
But with thy Saints grant me a dwelling place,
And from thy Thꝛoane, O Lozd doe not expell
My Soule, but grant that it with thée may dwell.

Let me with Dauid beg to kéepe a dooꝛe,
In that hie Court, where ioyes are euermoꝛe,
In Abrahams boſome Father let me ſit,
Caſt not my Soule into the fiery pit.

Conſume me not in thy pꝛouoked ire,
But mercie grant O Lozd I thee deſire,
And though I thee offended haue by ſinne,
Caſt not the wꝛe, but let me enter in.

I muſt confeſſe I thée offended haue,
And am not woꝛthy pardon foꝛ to craue,
But now with thée all mercy is alone,
To whom my Soule foꝛ mercy now is flowne.

Take pitty then O Lozd foꝛ Jeſus ſake,
Into thy Tabernacle my Soule take:
Remember how thy Sonne foꝛ me hath dyde,
And foꝛ my ſake deathes paſſions did abide.

He is the Key the gate foꝛ to vnlock,
He makes me entrance when my ſoule doth knock,
Vnto repentant Soules he pꝛomiſe gaue,
That they with him a place in Heauen ſhould haue.

Then open vnto me O Lozd thy Gate,
Where thou as King doſt reigne in high eſtate,
Confound me not with them that wicked aꝛe,
But in thy mercies let me haue a ſhaꝛe.

Deale not in iuſtice with my Soule O Lozd,
Foꝛ then a heauie ſentence thou'lt awaꝛd;
If ſinfull Soules ſhould haue their due deſeꝛt,
In Hells hot flame they ſhould foꝛ euer ſmaꝛt.

Gꝛant that my Soule may enteꝛ in true bliſſe,
Condeme me not though I haue don amiſſe,
But let my Soule with heauenly Angells ſing,
Moſt ioyfully to thée my Lozd and King.

Foꝛ there aꝛe ioyes which euer ſhall endure,
The waters ſweet of Life flow there moſt pure,
There ſhall no woꝛldly caꝛes our minds moleſt,
But there ſhall we remaine in truest reſt.

Which bleſt inheritance O Lozd I pꝛay,
Giue to each Chꝛiſtian in thy ꝛighteous way:
Gꝛant that we all may gaine felicitie,
In Heauen to dwell abone the ſtaꝛꝛie ſkie.

FINIS.

London pꝛinted foꝛ Henry Goſſen.

Good Ale for my money.

The Good-fellowes reſolution of ſtrong Ale,
That cures his noſe from looking pale.

To the tune of, The Countrey Laſſe.





BE merry my friends, and liſt a while
vnto a merry ieſt,
It may from you produce a ſmile,
when you heare it expreſt.
Of a young man lately married,
which was a boone good fellow,
This ſong in's head he alwaies carried,
when drinke had made him mellow,
I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,
its long of the oyle of Barly:
Ile tarry all night for my delight,
and go home in the morning early.

No Tapſter ſtout, or Vintner fine,
quoth he ſhall euer get
One groat out of this purſe of mine
to pay his maſters debt:
Why ſhould I deal with ſharking Rookes,
that ſeeke poore gulls to cozen,
To giue twelue pence for a quart of wine,
of ale I will buy a dozen.
Twill make me ſing, I cannot &c.

The old renowned Ipocrist
and Raſpis doth excell,
But neuer any wine could yet
my honour pleaſe to ſwell.
The Rhenish wine or Buckadine,
ſweet Malmſie is too fulſome,
No giue me a cup of Barlie broth,
for that is very wholeſome,
Twill make me ſing, I cannot &c.

Hot waters ar to me as death,
and ſoone the head ouerturneth,
And Nectar hath ſo ſtrong a breath
Canary when it burneth,
It cures no paine but breaks the braine,
and raps out oathes and curſes,
And makes men part with their wits,
but light it makes their purſes,
I cannot go home, &c

Some ſay Metheglin beares the name,
with Perry and ſweet Cider
Will bring the body out of frame,
and teach the belly wider:
Which to preuent I am content
with ale thats good and nappie.
And when therof I haue enough,
I thinke my ſelfe moſt happy.
I cannot go home, &c.

All ſorts of men when they do meet
both trade and occupation,
With curteſie each other greet,
and kinde humiliation:
A good coale fire is their deſire,
wherby to ſit and parly,
Theyle drinke their ale and tell a tale,
and go home in the morning early.
I cannot go home, &c.

Your domineering ſwaggering blades,
and Caualiers that flaſhes,
That throw the Jugs againſt the walls,
and break in peeces glaſſes,
When Bacchus round cannot be found
they will in merriment
Drinke ale and beere and caſt of care,
and ſing with one conſent.
I cannot goe home, &c,

The ſecond part.



To the ſame tune,



HEre honeſt Iohn, to thee Ile drinke,
and ſo to Will and Thomas,
None of this company I thinke,
will ſits night part from vs:
While we are here we'll ioyne for beere
like lively lads together,
We haue a houſe ouer our heads,
a fig for raine and weather.
I cannot go home, nor I will not go home,
its long of the oyle of barly,
I ſtay all night for my delight,
and go home in the morning early.

Heres Smug the ſmith, & Ned the Cook,
and Frank the fine felt-maker,
Heres Steuen with his ſilver hooke,
and Wat the luſtie baker:
Heres Harry & Dick, with Greg & Nicke,
heres Timothy the Taylor,
Heres honeſt Kit, nere ſpoke of yet,
and George the iouiall Sayler.
That cannot &c.

Wee'll ſit and houſe and merily chat,
and freely we will ioyne
For care neere paid a pound of debt,
nor ſhall pay none of mine:
Here is but eighteen pence to pay,
ſince euery man is willing,
Bring drinke withall the ſpeed you may,
wee'll make it up two ſhillings.
We cannot &c.

Let Father frowne, and Mother chide,
and Uncle ſeeke to find vs,
Here is good lap here will we bide
weel leaue no drinke behinde vs,
A prouerbe old I haue heard told,
by my deere dad and grandſire,
He was hangd that left his drinke behinde
therefore this is our anſwer,
We cannot &c.

Iames the Ioyner he hath paid,
and Anthony the Glouer,
Our hoſteſſe hath a pretty maid,
I cannot chuſe but loue her:
Her pot ſhee'll fill, with right good will,
heres ale as browne as a berry,
Twill make an old woman dance for ioy,
and an old mans heart full merry
I cannot &c.

Twill make a Souldier domineere,
and bravely draw his rapier,
Sure verdue doth remaine in beere
twill make a Cripple caper:
Women with men, will now and then
ſit round and drinke a little,
Tom Tinkers wife on Friday night
for drinke did pawne her kettle,
She could not come home, nor would not (come home
her belly began to rumble,
She had no power to go nor ſtand,
but about the ſtreet did tumble.

Thus to conclude my verſes rude,
would ſome good fellowes here
Would ioyne together pence a peece
to buy the linger beere:
I truſt none of this company
will be herewith offended,
Therefore call for your Iugs a peece
and drink to him that pend it.

Finis. Lawrence Price.
Printed at London

A good Wife, or none.

To a pleasant new Tune.



THe blazing Torch is soone burnt out,
the Diamonds light abides:
The one in glory shines about,
the other it's vertue hides:
That sparke (if any) shall be mine,
that else gives light to none;
For if to every one shée shine,
I had rather lie alone.

The Glow-worm in the dark gives light,
unto the view of many;
The Moone she shewes her selfe by night,
and yéelds her selfe to any:
But if my Love should séeme to be,
of every one so knowne:
She never more should shine on me,
I had rather lie alone.

Ile not consume nor pine away,
as other lovers doe;
For such as wandring walke astray,
and never will prove true:
Ile set as light by any shée,
as shée by me hath done:
And fixe my love on constancie;
or else will lye alone.

A willow Garland for my head,
I never meane to weare;
I néed no pillow for my bed,
I yet am void of care:
A single life, is without strife,
and fréed from sigh and grone;
For such contentments of my life,
Ile choose to lie alone.

Once did I love the fairest Love,
that ever eye did sée:
But she did most inconstant prove,
and set no love by me:
And ever since my mind is such,
to lend my love to none;
Because I have béen crost so much,
Ile ever lie alone.

The beautie of the fairest Flowre,
so pleasing to the eye,
Doth fade and wither in an houre,
and no man sets thereby:
So deales my fairest faire with me,
her joyes in Love are gone;
Wherefore the wanton world shall sée,
Ile choose to lye alone.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame tune.





WEll may we picture Cupid blinde,
which roving ſhot his dart,
And made my lover moſt vnkinde,
to ſteale away my heart:
Which cannot be reſtord againe,
it is ſo love ſicke growne;
For ſhe hath kil'd it with diſdaine,
therefore Ile lie alone.

Within that face I once did ſee
two diamond eyes, whoſe bright
And glitt'ring beames ſo dazled me,
that I was raviſht quite,
And ſtruck ſo blind, I could not ſee
the way that I had gone:
But from fond love I'm now ſet free,
and chooſe to lye alone.

This ſingle life breeds golden eaſe,
no jealous thoughts offend;
Unwedded wights goe where they pleaſe,
and feare no changing friend;
While married mates with muſing mind,
doe ſob, and ſigh, and grone,
Becauſe their Turtles prove vnkind:
therefore, Ile lye alone.

What if the Willow Garland be
appointed for my lot;
Yet this content ſhall comfort me,
falſe love is ſoone forgot:
A ſecond Love may make amends,
now that the firſt is gone;
For Creſid kind had choyce of friends,
elſe ſtill had lien alone.

For if I could but cull my Choyce,
out of Diana's traine,
Who will not heare the tempters voice;
then might I love againe:
And chooſe ſome yet more conſtant light,
then that which lately ſhone,
My equall fancie to requite:
or ſtill Ile lye aloue.

For time and opportunitie,
will win the coyeſt Dame,
And overcome the chaſteſt ſhe,
that beares the braveſt name:
Yea, Man was made for Womans good,
not like the idle drone:
But for to heat and ſtirre the blood;
and not to lye alone.

FINIS. Imprinted at London for *Francis Coules.*

Good Counsell for young VVooers:

Shewing the Way, the Meanes, and the Skill,
To wooe any Woman, be she what she will:
Then all young men that are minded to wooe,
Come heare this new Ballad, and buy't ere you goe.

To a dainty new tune, or else it may be
Sung to the tune of *Prettie Bessee.*





Heare all you young Pupils that yet haue no skill,
In wooing to get a fine Lasses good will,
you will be ruled, and take my aduice,
e teach you to wooe and speed in a trice,
ou must not be daunted what euer she say,
e may speed to morrow that's cast off to day.
If you will wooe a Wench with a blacke brow,
Accept of my Counsell, and Ile tell you how,
You must kisse her, & coll her vntill she doth yield:
A faint hearted Souldier will neuer win field.

ou must set her beauty at the highest rate,
nd neuer leaue wooing her early and late.
ell her that her brow like a black Loadstone drawes,
hy Iron heart to her, as Iet will doe strawes,
hen she doth conceiue and perceiue thy respect,
re long thy industry shall find an effect.
Then you that wil wooe a wench with a black brow,
Accept of my counsell, &c.

or take this from me, a blacke wench is still proud,
nd loues well to heare her praise set forth alowd,
lthough she accuse thee of flattery of t,
And tell thee she cannot abide to be scoft,)
et neuer leaue praysing her, for if thou dost, &c.
hy speeches, thy paines, and thy loue is all lost.
Then if you will wooe a Wench with black brow,
Acc[illegible] of my Counsell, &c.

Comply with her humour in euery thing right,
For that's the chiefe course that can giue her delight,
If thou se her merry, then laugh sing and talk,
Or tell some loue tales, this a maiden likes best,
And when she is sad then put finger i'th eye.
For wooers (like women) must oft feigne a cry.
Then if you will wooe a wench with a blacke brow,
Accept of my Counsell, &c.

If great be her Portion, and thou be but poore,
Thy duty and paines must be so much the more,
Thou must vow good husbandry during thy life,
What wilt thou not promise to get such a wife,
Gownes, Kirtles, and toyes of the fashion all new,
What though al thy words proue not afterward true.
Then if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,
Accept of my Counsell, &c.

If thou from her sight haue beene too long away,
Then redeeme thy negligence with longer stay,
And if she be angry be sure goe not thence,
Vntill thou force her with thy fault to dispence,
And tell her thou wilt not onely stay all day,
But (if she please) thou wilt her all night obey.
Then if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,
Accept of my counsell, and Ile tell you how,
You must kisse her and coll her vntill she doe yield:
For a faint-hearted Souldier will neuer win field.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





HAue her to weddings, playes, and merry meetings,
Where ſhe may notice take of Louers greetings,
Such obiects often-times a motiue may be
To make her loue thee if ſhe were a Lady,
For when a Maid ſee's what's done by another,
It more will perſwade then aduice from her Mother.
Then if you will wooe a Wench with a black brow,
Accept of my counſell, and Ile tell you how,
You muſt kiſſe her and coll her, vntill ſhe doe yield:
For a faint-hearted Souldier will neuer win field.

If vnto a Faire thou doe goe farre or nigh,
Although thou haue other great matters to buy,
Yet when thou com'ſt home againe be not thou ſparing,
To ſay thou went'ſt onely to buy her a fayring,
By this ſhe will thinke thou wilt be a kind wretch,
That would'ſt goe ſo farre off a fayring to fetch.
Then you that will wooe a Wench, &c.

If ſhe be in preſence when others are by,
Where words muſt be wanting there wooe with thy eye,
Although it ſeeme ſtrange yet experience doth proue,
That the eye doth conuey the firſt motion of Loue,
And thou maiſt perceiue by her eye whether ſhe,
Doe well correſpond in affection with thee.
Then if thou wile wooe a Wench, &c.

When by theſe meanes (or by any of them)
Thou haſt got this fauour of thy precious Gem,
Be carefull to hold and keepe what thou haſt got,
The Prouerbe ſayes ſtrike the Iron while it is hot,
For if thou protract and let ſlip thy occaſion,
Shee's not ſo ſoone wonne with a ſecond perſwaſion.
Then if thou wilt, &c.

Thou well may'ſt perceiue by the words that are paſt,
That I doe aduiſe thee to marry in haſte.
A thing may be daſht when it comes to the puſh,
And one bird in hand is worth two in the buſh,
One day, nay one houre, (if thou like thy wife)
May make thee or marre thee all the dayes of thy life
Then if you will wooe a Wench, &c.

Although in my counſell I let others paſſe,
And only haue mention made of a blacke Laſſe,
Yet be thy ſweet heart, either blacke, browne or red
Theſe Leſſons kind Wooer are fit for thy ſtudy,
Be ſhe fayre or foule, be ſhe Widow or Maid,
In wooing, a man muſt doe as I haue ſaid.
All you that will wooe a VVench, &c.

And now with this counſell my ditty Ile end,
And if any Carper my skill diſcommend,
Hee'le ſhew little wiſedome my counſell to blame,
For the wiſeſt Wooer may follow the ſame,
And if they will not for my part let them chuſe,
But once more I will them theſe Lines to peruſe.
Then if you will wooe a VVench with a black brc
Accept of my counſell, and Ile tell you how,
You muſt kiſſe her and coll her, vntill ſhe doe yield,
A faint-hearted Souldier will neuer win field.

FINIS M.P.

Printed at London for F. G.

An Hundred Godly Lessons, &c.

That a *Mother* on her Death-Bed gave to her Children, whereby they may know how to Guide themselves wards God and Man, to the benefit of the Common-wealth, joy of their Parents, and good to themselves.

To the Tune of, *Dying Christians Exhortation.*



MY Children dear mark well my words,
and keep thy Parents will,
Consider daily in your minds
the words which I shall tell:
The Gain is great which shall ensue,
good Counsel doth direct,
Their ways and actions for the best,
that do it not neglect.

First, worship GOD above all things,
vain swearing see you shun:
Hear much, but see you little say,
thereby much good is won;
Speak thou no ill of any man,
tend well thine own affairs,
Bridle thy wrath and anger so,
that thereof comes no cares.

Be mild and gentle in thy speech,
both unto Man and Child,
Refuse not good and lawful gains,
with words be not beguil'd:
Forget not any good turn done,
but help thy Neighbours need,
Commit no ill in any case,
the hungry see thou feed.

Call no man in the Teeth with that
which thou for him hast done;
Remember flesh is fond and frail,
and hatred see thou shun.
Leave wicked things, then no mishap
shall thee to trouble bring,
Crave no preferment of the Lord,
nor honour of the King.

Boast not thy self before God's sight,
who knows thy heart always:
Offend not thou the multitude,
faint not when thou dost pray,
Scorn not a Man in misery,
esteem not tatling Tales,
Consider, Reason is exil'd
when as a Drunkard rails.

Use not thy lips to loathsome lies,
by craft increase no wealth,
And strive not with a mighty man,
with temperance nourish health.
Look that thou order well thy words,
leave not thy Friend for Gold,
Trust not too much before thou try,
in bent'ring be not bold.

In God Repose thy strength and stay,
with Tongue extol his praise,
Honour thy Parents, and the Lord
he will prolong thy days.
He that his Father honour doth,
God will forgive his sin,
He that his Mother loves, is like
one that doth favour win.

A Child obedient to the Lord,
his Mother comfort shall,
The father's Blessing stays the house,
his curse doth make it fall.
A wise Child makes the father glad,
fools do their Mother grieve,
And shame shall come to such as do
their Parents not relieve.

He that his Mother doth despise,
shall come to naught and waste:
The Ravens shall pick out their eyes
that do their Parents curse:
From needy men turn not thy face,
let not thy right hand know,
What thou dost with thy left hand,
or on the Poor bestow.

They that upon the Poor bestow,
unto the Lord doth lend,
And God unto such men again
a thousand fold will send:
As water doth the fire quench,
whose fury great doth grow,
Even so shall mercy quench their sin
the which do mercy shew.

Hear thou God's word with earnestness,
with wisdom answer make,
Be thou not mov'd with every toy
such course do sinners take;
Thy talk will shew thy fame or shame,
fools oft themselves annoy,
Trust not thy own will overmuch
for that may thee destroy.

They that the living God do fear,
a faithful friend shall find:
A true friend is a jewel rare,
and comfort to the mind.
Hear Sermons, that good sentences
thou mayst conceive aright,
In God's Commandments exercise
thy self both day and night.



Think on the pain thy Mother had,
in bringing thee to life;
Fear God who knows thy secret thoughts,
and look thou make no strife.
Visit the sick with carefulness,
the Prisoners grief consider,
Shew pity to the Fatherless,
and God will thee deliver.

Help still to right the Widows wrong;
remember still thine end,
So thou shalt never do amiss,
nor wilfully offend:
Trust not a Reconciled Friend,
more than an open Foe,
Who toucheth Pitch shall be defil'd,
take heed thou do not so.

Take not a wife that wanton is,
and full of shameful words,
The flattering of an Harlot is
at length more sharp than Swords.
Cast not thy love on such a one,
whose looks can thee allure.
In every face where Beauty is,
the heart's not always pure.

A woman fair and undiscreet,
is like a Ring of gold,
The which in a Swines snout is set,
unseemly to behold:
The malice of lewd women shun,
for they will thee destroy,
Hate her that doth on every man
set her delight and joy.

From others let thy praise proceed,
boast not thy self in ought,
For do not hear a flattering tongue,
thereby much ill is wrought:
The Child that doth his Parents rob,
and counteth it no sin,
A vile destroyer he is deem'd,
and shall no favour win.

Correction bringeth wisdom sound,
fools hate good Counsel still,
That Child doth shame his Mother much,
that's let to have his will:
The good man's paths shines as the light,
that beautifies the day,
The wicked know not where they walk,
for darkness is their way.

Purge from thee a froward mouth,
A slanderous tongue is ill,
And do not thou an Envious mind
in any wise fulfill.
A Harlot brings a Man to beg,
in her is found no truth,
In gladness therefore live and dye,
with the wife of thy youth.

Much Babling breedeth great offence,
he that speaks least is wise,
God's blessing only makes men Rich,
from thence all joys arise,
Better is little fearing God,
than bags of gold got ill,
And better is one bit of bread,
than a fat Ox with ill will.

Who hates no warning hates his soul,
true Age worship aright,
A patient Man far better is
than one indued with might,
Mans credit tames by doing good,
an humble mind indeed
Is better than a Lyar proud,
from whence vain brags proceed.

By this dear Children you may learn
how to direct your ways,
To God, to Prince, to Common-wealth,
whereon your welfare stays.
Print well in your Remembrance,
the Lessons I have shown,
Then shall you live in happy state
when I am dead and gone.

Printed for A. Milbourn, in Green-Arbor-Court, in the Little Old-Bailey.

Have among you good Women

OR,

114. A High-way diſcourſe betweene old *William Starket*,
And *Robin Hobs*, going to Maydſtone market:
Good Women before hand let me you adviſe,
To keepe your owne counſell, and ſo be held wiſe.
If any one take in ill part what's here ſaid,
Sheel ſhew by her kicking that ſhee's a gauld jade.

To the tune of, O ſuch a Rogue.





GOd morrow old father Starket,
whither goe you with ſuch ſpéed,
Ime going to Maidſtone Market,
to buy ſuch things as I néed:
I care not if I goe a long with you,
if you goe no faſter then I,
I am very glad that I ſpide you,
for I loue good company.
What thinke you of Alce that ſels butter,
her neighbors head clothes ſhe off pluckt,
And ſhe ſcolded from dinner to ſupper,
oh ſuch a ſcold would be cuckt.

There's many ſuch birds in our towne,
whoſe fury no reaſon can aſwage,
Ide giue very gladly a crowne,
to heare them all ſing in a Cage:
Poore men in ſubiection are held,
ſo are modeſt women likewiſe,
Unleſſe their owne minde be fulfil'd,
they'll be ready to ſcratch out ones eies.
What thinke you of Ione the Spinner,
her husbands pocket ſhe pickt,
And ſhe grudges her ſeruants their dinner
oh ſuch a Queane would be kickt.

Nay kicking's too good for her,
her husband of her ſtands in awe,
Out of doores he dares not ſtirre,
for feare that he féele club law:
If he to the Ale-houſe ſteale,
ſhée'll goeas faſt or faſter,
And there ſhe will ring him a peale,
that is worſe then Lord or Maſter:
What thinke you of Ruth the Scamſtris,
her tongue can no way be reclam'd,
She rules o'er poore Tom like an Empreſſe,
oh ſuch a proud wench would be tam'd.

Tis pitty that men are ſuch fooles,
to make themſelues ſlaues to their wiues,
For ſtill where the cat the head rules,
'tis wonder if any thing thriues:
That man that will be his wifes drudge,
of ſuch a conceat I am,
That if I might be his Judge,
he ſhould eat none o'th roaſted Ram:
What thinke you of Ione that cries pins,
come eight rowes a penny cries ſhée,
She has broken her husbands ſhins,
and ſweares ſhée'll be drunke before hée.

Why, wherefore all this doth he ſuffer,
why if he ſhould giue her a check,
She tels her friends how he doth vſe her,
and threatens to breake her neck:
So he for feare ſhée'll cry out,
dares neither to ſtrike nor chide her,
For ſhée'll giue the word all about,
that his Queans wil not let him abide her:
What thinke you of drunken Sue,
for drinke ſhe will ſell all her ſmocks,
I'th ſtréetes ſhe will raile and ſpew,
'tis fit ſhe were tam'd in the ſtocks.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





NAy ſometimes beſides her own getting,
ſhe'll pawne his ſhirt and his breeches,
Which all ſhall be ſpent at a ſitting,
and thus ſhe increaſeth his riches:
What thinks her poore husband of that,
why, if he doe her reprehend,
His face She will ſcratch like a Cat,
and ſweares what ſhe gets ſhe will ſpend:
What thinke you of Peg the Pie-woman,
her Noſe hath been cut and ſlasht,
She's turn'd now a dayes very common,
oh ſuch a Queane would be lasht.

Laſt Saturday none at dinner,
ſome ſpoke about her I ſuppoſe,
How ſhe was found nought with a Joyner,
whoſe wife came and cut her Noſe:
Indeed no body can blame her,
ſhe has given her a mark to be knowne,
And if all that will not ſhame her,
the Hangman has markt her for his own:
What thinke you of ſnuffelling Kate,
by her many women have ſmarted,
She ſels Maidenheads at a rate,
oh ſuch a old Trot would be carted.

Such cunning old ſluts as ſhe,
indeed are the ruine of many,
Such laſt holding Line-twigs they be,
that if they get hold of any,
There's no ſpeech at all of diſmiſſing,
whiles money their turne can ſerue,
Thus whiles he his Minion is kiſſing,
his poore wife and children may ſtarue:
What thinke you of Madge that cries wheat,
ſhe makes her poor husband ſhed teares,
She vſeth to cozen and cheat,
but the Pillory gapes for her eares.

I heard lately how ſhe did deale,
with a Butcher a notable blade,
Whom ſhe guld of a quarter of Veale,
and thus ſhe ſet vp her trade:
Since that ſhe hath done many a ſleight,
as bad or rather worſe,
If you in her company light,
I wiſh you take heed of your purſe:
What thinke you of quarrelling Nan,
that will to no goodneſſe be turn'd,
She threatens to kill her good man,
oh ſuch a Queane would be burn'd.

I me ſorry to heare that newes,
when man and wife are at ſtrife:
Alas neighbour, how can you chuſe,
when a man goe in danger on's life.
Loe thus we haue talkt away time,
and nowe perforce muſt we part,
The Market is now in the prime,
then farewell with all my heart:
Commend me to Doll at the Crowne,
that meſſage muſt not be miſt,
She's the kindeſt Hoſtis in the towne,
oh ſuch a Laſſe would be kiſt.

But ſtay neighbour, harke you one word,
which I had forgotten before,
What heare you of little Kate Bird,
ſome ſay ſhe is turn'd arrant whore:
Indeed neighbour I thought no leſſe,
ſince that with her I was acquainted,
A man can no otherwiſe gueſſe,
her face is moſt baſely painted:
She lodges with mouldy Fac't Nell,
and I doubt they will never be parted,
Till the one get the laſh in Brideswell,
and the other from Newgate be carted.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*.

FINIS. *M.P.*

Houſhold Talke, 2, 3, 0 R;

Good Councell for a Married Man.

Deliuered in a Prittie Dialogue, By *Roger* a Batchelor, to *Simon*, A (Ielous) Married-man.

To the Tune of *Buckle and Thong.a.*



131.

Simon.

NEighbour Roger woe is me,
I am ſorely diſcontented,
No redreſſe at all I ſee,
more and more I am tormented,
Night and Day,
I pine away.
Whilſt my deareſt friends doe ſcoffe me,
to my face they (boldly) ſay,
My Coſen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Neighbour Simon be not ſad,
let not Paſſion ouer-ſway thee,
If thy Wife will be ſo bad,
that in ſuch falſe coine thee'le pay thee,
Why therefore,
Shouldſt thou deplore,
Or weare ſtockings that are yellow,
tuſh be blith (man) griene no more,
A Cuckold is a good mans fellow.

Simon.

Ah, how can I chuſe but be,
griev'd and vexed out of meaſure,
When with mine owne eyes I ſee,
him a Riuall in my pleaſure,
With ſore ſobs,
My boſome throbs
When I heare my Neighbours ſcoffe me,
of all ioy my heart it robs,
My Coſen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Iealouſie's a mad diſeaſe,
and vpon the braine it worketh,
Like tormenting Lice or Fleas,
it in ſecret corners lurketh,
But that he,
Who ere he be,
Shewes himſelfe in wit but ſhallow,
to be vext with Iealouſie,
A Cuckold is a good mans fellow.

Simon.

Tis a ſaying long agoe,
vſ'd by thoſe that know it truely,
Euery man can tame a Shroe,
but he who hath a wife vnruly,
And he that weares,
The Shooe declares,
Beſt where it wrings him: doe not ſcoffe me,
this report ſtill fills mine eares,
My Coſen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Tuſh, then it ſeemes tis bare report,
not apparant by Probation,
Neighbour I am ſorry for't,
that on ſuch a weake foundation,
You ſhould frame,
Such a Fame,
Of your wife, 'tis nought I tell you,
yet ſuppoſe ſhe were to blame,
A Cuckold is a good mans fellow.

Simon.

Alas deare neighbour you miſtake,
'tis not on meere ſuppoſition,
That I this relation make,
I haue grounds for my ſuſpition,
Be and thee,
So agree,
That vnto my face they ſcoffe me,
any man may eaſily ſee,
My Coſen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Preſuppoſe that all be true,
(as I hardly can beleeue it,)
Yet it is but baine for you,
in the worſt ſenſe to conceiue it,
I dare ſay,
(As I may)
It's but flammes ſome Goſſips tell you,
yet if ſhe haue gone aſtray,
A Cuckold is a good mans fellow.

The ſecond Part, 43 To the ſame Tune.



Simon.

TRuely neighbour Roger now,
I perceiue that you are leaning,
To defend (if you knew how)
the knaue and queane, I find your meaning,
I ſuppoſe,
Y'are one of thoſe,
That behind my backe will ſcoffe me,
now I finde the game how't goes,
My Coſen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Jealous Coxcombe leaue thy prate,
doe not thus bewray thy folly,
If Cornuting be thy fate,
be not mad with Melancholy,
I doe ſcorne,
To ſubborne,
Ye, or She in vice to wallow,
yet I'de haue thee hide thy horne,
A Cuckold is a good mans fellow.

Simon.

Neighbour Roger when you come,
into th'row of neighbours married,
I beleeue you'le not be dumbe,
if things be no better carried,
Then they be,
Now with me,
Farre and neere the people ſcoffe me,
like you I wiſh that I were free,
My Coſen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Neighbour Sim I doe not know,
what my Fate may be in choſing;
But if I'ere come i'th'row,
I'me reſolu'd not to be muſing,
Whether ſhe,
Be true to me,
I will not ſhew my ſelfe ſo ſhallow,
for if I be like to thee,
A Cuckold is a good mans fellow.

Simon.

Honeſt Roger by my troth,
thou haſt giuen me ſatisfaction,
From henceforth vpon my oath,
(vnleſſe I take them in the action)
I will not
My ſelfe beſot,
With Jealouſie that made ſome ſcoffe me,
yet 'twill hardly be forgot,
My Coſen makes a Cuckold of me.

Roger.

Prethee Sim forget it quite,
thinke thy wife is conſtant to thee,
This is one thing, marke it right,
many good turnes it will doe thee,
If thou ſeeke,
Her vile to breake,
Rather Crine to ſtop a Billow
of the Sea; truſt neuer ſpeake,
A Cuckold is a good mans fellow.

Simon.

Now I am reſolu'd to'th full,
neuer more I will be Jealous,
Nor will I miſtruſt my Scull,
Ile be merry with good fellowes,
Home Ile hie,
By and by,
Kiſſe my Wife (with due ſubmiſſion)
thankes ſweete Roger heartily,
For thy holſome admonition.

M. P.

FINIS.

London, Printed for the Aſſignes of *Thomas Simcocks*, and are to bee ſold by *Francis Grove*, dwelling vpon *Snow-Hill*.

A Health to all Good-Fellowes:

OR,

The good Companions Arithmaticke.

To the tune of, *To drive the cold Winter away.*



Be merry my hearts, and call for your quarts,
and let no liquor be lacking,
We have gold in store, we purpose to roare,
untill we set care a packing.
Then Hostis make haste, and let no time waste,
let every man have his due,
To save shoes and trouble, bring in the pots double
for he that made one, made two.

Ile drinke up my drinke, and speak what I thinke,
strong drinke will make us speake truely,
We cannot be termed, all drunkards confirmed,
so long as we are not unruly,
We'le drinke and be civill, intending no evill,
if none be offended at me,
As I did before, so Ile adde one more,
and he that made two, made three.

The greedy Curmudgin, sits all the day snudging,
at home with browne bread and small beare,
To Coffer up wealth, he starveth himselfe,
scarce eats a good meale in a yeare,
But Ile not do so, how ere the world go,
so long as I have money in store,
I scorne for to raile, go fill us more Ale,
for he that made three, made foure.

Why sit you thus sadly, because I call madly,
I meane not to leave in the lurch,
My reckoning Ile pay, ere I go away,
else hang me as high as a Church,
Perhaps you will say, this is not the way,
they must pine that in this world will thrive,
No matter for that, we'le laugh and be fat,
for he that made foure, made five.

To those my good friends, my love so extends,
I cannot truely expresse it:
When with you I meet, your words are so sweet,
I am unwilling to misse it,
I hate all base slaves, that their money saves,
and all those that use base tricks,
For with jovial blades, I'm as merry as the maids
and he that made five, made six.

Then drinke about round, till sorrow be drownd,
and let us sing hey downe a derry,
I cannot endure to sit thus demure,
for hether I came to be merry:
Then plucke up a good heart, before we depart,
with my Hostesse we will make even,
For I am set a madding, and still will be adding,
for he that made six, made seven.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





SAd mellancholly will bring us to folly,
and this is deaths principall magent,
But this course I will take, it never shall make,
me looke otherwise then an agent,
And in more content, my time shall be spent,
and Ile pay every man his right,
Then Hostesse go fill, and stand not so still,
for he that made seven, made eight.

At home I confesse, with my wife honest Besse,
I practise, good husbandry well.
I followed my calling, to keepe me from falling,
my neighbours about me that dwell.
Will praise me at large, for maintaining my charge
but when I to drinking incline,
I scorne for to shrinke, go fetch us more drinke,
for he that made eight, made nine.

Then while we are here wee'le drinke Ale & Beer,
and freely our money wee'le spend,
Let no man take care, for paying his share,
if need be Ile pay for my friend,
Then Hostesse make haste, and let no time waste,
you're welcome all kind Gentlemen:
Never feare to carouse, while there is beere in the house,
for he that made nine, made ten.

Then Hostesse be quicker, and bring us more liquor
and let no attendance be missing,
I cannot content me, to see the pot empty,
a full cup is well worth the kissing,
Then Hostesse go fetch us some, for till you do come
we are of all joyes bereaven,
You know what I meane, make haste come again,
for he that made ten, made eleven.

With merry sollaces, quite voyd of all malice,
with honest good fellowes that's here,
No cursing nor swearing, no staring nor tearing,
amongst us do see me to appeare,
When we have spent all, to labour we fall,
for a living wee'le dig or wee'le delve.
Determin'd to be, both bounteous and free,
he that made eleven, made twelve.

Now I thinke it is fit, and most requisit,
to drinke a health to our wives,
The which being done, wee'le pay and be gone,
strong drinke all our wits now deprives:
Then Hostesse lets know, the summe that we owe,
twelve-pence there is for certaine,
Then fill t'other pot, and here's money for't
for he that made twelve, made thirteene.

London Printed for *Henry Gosson*. FINIS.

93.

Halfe a dozen of good Wives.

All for a penny.

Kind Cozens or Country-men what ere you be,
If you want a good penny-worth, come buy it of me,
Sixe Wives for a penny, a young one or old,
A cleanely good huswife, a Slut or a Scold.

To the tune of, *The cleane contrary way.*



IF any standers by
that leads a single life,
Desirous be of marriage,
and faine would have a Wife,
Unto the signe of Fortune,
let him forthwith repaire,
And either she or I will helpe
such customers to ware;
For in my time I have
made proofe of halfe a dozen,
And if thou hast a mind unto't,
come take one honest Cozen,
oh come take her honest Cozen,

The first of all my Wives
did prove so crosse a Dame.
What ere I said she still would doe
contrary to the same,
She is so obstinate,
that she must have her will.
And let me doe the best I can,
she will be master still:
Oh this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.

Besides all these good parts,
sh'as humours five or sixe,
Though I please her nere so well at home,
she'l play the meretrixe,
For if my backe be turn'd,
abroad she straight must gad,
And to be briefe she is so crosse,
as I am ene horne-mad:
O this was my first Wife,
the best, &c.

The second wife I had,
was not so light as she,
But yet she had I speake to her praise,
as rare a quality.
A thrifty Dame she was,
which prov'd her greatest fault,
She let the maggots crawle ith' meat,
to save the charge of Salt:
Oh this was my good Wife,
the best of the halfe dozen, &c.

And when she went to Market,
good penny worths she bought,
The cheap'st she laid her hands upon,
she alwayes with her brought,
But if that I dislik'd
what she had done that day,
She'd keepe the best untill it stunke,
and throw the rest away:
O this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.

The third was some what cleanely,
but yet a drunken Sot,
She'd pawne all things for Ale and Beare,
what ever she had got,
She scarce would leave a smocke,
or shooe unto her foot,
But at the Alehouse all these went,
and some what else to boot:
O this was my good Wife,
the best of the halfe dozen,
And if thou'rt weary of a single life,
Then take her honest Cozen,
O then take her honest Cozen.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.



BVt yet ſhe had ſtill in ſpinning,
with her the world runs on wheeles:
On any ground where ere ſhe comes,
ſhe cannot ſtand, but rides:
And yet but once a weeke
with drinke ſhe's overtaine,
Which laſteth ſtill from Sunday night,
till Sunday come againe.
Oh this was my good wife,
the beſt of the halfe dozen,
And if th'art wearie of a ſingle life;
then take her honeſt coſen,
oh then take her honeſt coſen.

The fourth good Wife of mine
was wondrous carefull bent,
She had a care of the maine-chance,
to ſee how all things went:
She never would be quiet,
if from her ſight I were,
For feare leſt I ſhould ſpend it all,
and ſhe not have a ſhare.
Oh this was my good wife,
the beſt, &c.

And if unto a Taverne
without her I had gone,
She would be there as ſone as I,
Oh 'twas a loving one.
And for my ill husbandry
ſhe'd keepe a pittious coyle,
And call me Rogue and Cuckold too:
but what was ſhe the while?
I thinke one of my Aums,
the beſt, &c.

The fifth 'was a good old woman,
and 'had great care of me:
How could ſhe chuſe for by her age
ſhe might my Grandame be,
And though I ſay it my ſelfe,
ſhe ſtood me in great ſtead,
I durſt truſt her in any place,
and never ſcare my head:
O this was one of my wives,
the beſt, &c.

Yet if I chanc'd to kiſſe,
or on a young wench looke;
You would not thinke poore harmles ſoule,
how pitiouſly ſhe tookt:
For often times ſhe'd blame me,
that I abroad ſhould rome,
And love another, when I had,
ſo good a piece at home:
O this was my good wife,
the beſt, &c.

But oh the laſt of all,
ſhe had an excellent tongue,
Which is the rareſt property,
that does to a woman belong:
And if I had but vext her,
ſhe us'd her tongue ſo well,
As when ſhe to the purpoſe ſpake,
it ſounded like a Bell:
O this was my good Wife,
the beſt, &c.

She was ſo good a wife,
I muſt praiſe her againe;
For ſhe excelled all the Scolds,
that dwell in Turne-agen Lane:
I ſpeake as I have felt her,
for ſhee bang'd me once ſo ſore,
As I have vow'd ere ſince that time,
never to marry more.
But here doe leave my wives,
in number halfe a dozen,
And for a penny will ſell all,
then take them honeſt cozen,
oh then take them honeſt cozen.

And now good women all,
whoſoever heares this Song,
I doe no private perſon taxe,
to doe them any wrong.
But if you take exceptions,
the thorne you know will pricke,
And if you touch a gall'd Horſe backe,
the Proverbe ſayes hee'l kicke.
For I make mention of
no leſſe than halfe a dozen:
Then whoſoere is angry now,
will prove my honeſt cozen,
oh will prove my honeſt cozen.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. C. dwelling
in the Old-Bayly.

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that leads a single life,
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let him forthwith repaire,
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For in my time I have
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And if thou hast a mind unto't,
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contrary to the same,
She is so obstinate,
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And let me doe the best I can,
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Oh this was my good Wife,
the best, &c.

Besides all these good parts,
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Though I please her nere so well at home,
she'l play the meretrixe,
For if my backe be turn'd,
abroad the straight must gad,
And to be briefe she is so crosse,
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Then take her honest Cozen,
O then take her honest Cozen.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.



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On any ground where ere ſhe comes,
ſhe cannot ſtand, but reeles:
And yet but once a weeke
with drinke ſhee's obertaine,
Which laſteth ſtill from Sunday night,
till Sunday come againe.
Oh this was my good wife,
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And if th'art wearie of a ſingle life;
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I thinke one of my Aunts,
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How could ſhe chuſe for by her age
ſhe might my Grandam bee.

And though I ſay it my ſelfe,
ſhe ſtood me in great ſtead,
I durſt truſt her in any place,
and never ſcare my head:
O this was one of my wives,
the beſt, &c.

Yet if I chanc'd to kiſſe,
or on a young wench looke;
You would not thinke poore harmles ſoule,
how pitiouſly ſhe tookt:
For often times ſhe'd blame me,
that I abroad ſhould rome,
And love another, when I had,
ſo good a piece at home:
O this was my good wife,
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But oh the laſt of all,
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Which is the rareſt property,
that does to a woman belong:
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As I have vow'd ere ſince that time,
never to marry more.
But here doe leave my wives,
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And for a penny will ſell all,
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And now good women all,
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I doe no private perſon taxe,
to doe them any wrong.
But if you take exceptions,
the thorne you know will pricke,
And if you touch a gall'd Horſe backe,
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oh will prove my honeſt cozen.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. C. dwelling
in the Old-Bayly.

Here is an Item for you.

Or, The Countrimans bill of charges, for his comming vp to London

Declared by a Whistle. To the tune of *King Henry, &c.*



Diogenes that laugh'd to see
a Mare once eate a Thistle,
Would surely smile and laugh the while,
to heare me sing my whistle,
For now, tis meant wee must invent,
a silent way of singing,
And so for feare lest some should heare,
must whistle stead of singing,
With a hay downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe, derry,
since that wee may
nor sing, nor say,
Weele whistle and be merry,

A Country-man to London came
to view the famous Citie,
And here his charge did grow so large,
it made me write this Ditty,
For in a Bill he set downe still,
his charge from the beginning,
Which I did find, and now doe mind,
to whistle stead of singing,
With a hay downe, &c.

Imprimis, comming vnto towne,
and at my Inne alighting
I almost spent a noble crowne
in potting and in piping,
Item, that the Tapster there
my Jugges halfe full did bring in,
I dare not say he was a Iew,
but Ile whistle stead of singing.
With a hay downe, &c.

Item, that I went abroad,
and had my purse soone picked,
While I did stare on London ware,
by a Pick-purse I was fitted.
Item, that I met a wench,
that put me downe in drinking,
I dare not say what she made me pay,
but Ile whistle stead of singing,
With a hay downe, &c.

Item, that I met withall
a very louing Cosen,
Who needs would bee of my Countrey
and gaue me halfe a dozen,
And at the last a pare of Cards
they cunningly did bring in,
I will not say what they made me pay
but Ile whistle stead of singing,
With a hay downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe, derry,
since that we may,
nor sing nor say.
Weele whistle and be merry,

Item, that I daily went
vnto my Lawyers Chamber,
And hee did say I should win the day,
without all feare or danger,
But then at last, for charge and cost,
he such a Bill did bring in,
I will not say, what he made me pay,
but Ile whistle stead of singing,
With a hey downe, &c.

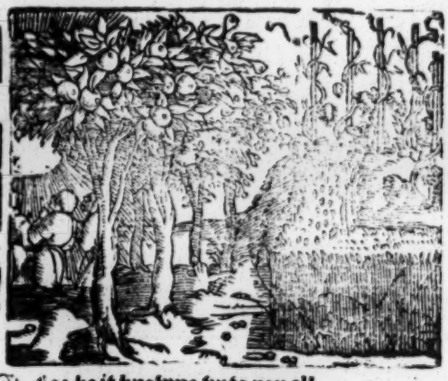
Item, that I payed there, for
a bagpipe in a bottle,
Which did begin to hisse and sing
when we did stirre the stople.
Item, that one night I did lye
in the Counter for my drinking,
I will not say, what I paid next day
but Ile whistle in stead of singing.
With a hey downe, &c.

Item, that at last I came
to take my horse againe,
But my poore horse lookt neuer worse,
his belly did complaine,
For he alas for want of hay,
stood ore the manger grinning,
Yet they made me pay for night and day
but Ile whistle stead of singing,
With a hey downe, &c.

The Country-mans going downe into the Country,

Declared by a whiſtle. To the ſame tune.





THus having got from London once,
be rid full heavy hearted,
For like an honeſt man he had
from all his mony parted.
His Cloake-bag full of papers was,
in ſtead of money gingling,
I dare not boſt what thoſe papers coſt,
but Ile whiſtle ſtead of ſinging.
With a hey downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe, derry
ſince that we may
nor ſing, nor ſay,
Weele whiſtle and be merry.

Imprimis, comming home he found,
his good wife Ioane a brewing,
And did not deferre but unto her
his papers fell to ſhewing.
But when ſhe ſaw, nothing but law,
ſhe fell to ſcold and flinging,
But all that day he kept away,
and whiſtled ſtead of ſinging.
With a hay downe, &c.

Item, then he went to plough
which whiles that he was driving
Alas ſayes he what fooles are we,
in law to fall a ſtriving,
For now I meane to keepe my teems,
which ſhall good profit bring in.
I muſt drive on my money's gone,
and whiſtle ſtead of ſinging.
With a hey downe, &c.

Item, that his neighbour came
to aske what newes at London,
Alas ſayes he, more wiſer be,
for feare that you be undone.
Spend not at Terme what you doe erne,
whilſt that your wives are ſpinning,
Which makes me now to drive the plough,
and whiſtle ſtead of ſinging.
With hey downe, &c.

For be it knowne unto you all,
that I my money ſpended
Such fooles as I will beggers dye
before their lives are ended.
Therefore beware and have more care
when that your mony's gingling,
Leaſt when t'is ſpent you doe repent
and whiſtle ſtead of ſinging.
With a hay downe, &c.

For I ſo many Items had,
yet could not I beware,
For this and that and I know not what,
this Item brings my care,
Yet let this be to all of you,
an Item which I bring in,
Leſt money ſpent makes you repent,
and whiſtle ſtead of ſinging,
With a hay downe, &c.

Yet one more Item I will add
ſince that my ſong is ended
My Item's this, that I would wiſh,
no man to be offended,
With all my Items but to ſave,
his money when t'is gingling,
Leaſt when ti's ſpent, he doe repent,
and whiſtle ſtead of ſinging.
With a hay downe, with a ho downe,
With a hay downe, downe, downe, derry,
ſince that we may
nor ſing, nor ſay,
Weele whiſtle and be merry.

EINIS.

Printed at London by M.F.

The Honeſt Wooer,

His minde expreſſing in plaine and few termes,
By which to his Miſtreſſe his love he confirmes.

To the tune of, *Lulling beyond her.*





FAireſt Miſtreſſe, ceaſe your moane,
Spoile not your eyes with weeping,
For certainely if one be gone,
you may have another ſweeting:
I will not complement with oathes,
nor ſpeake you faire to move you,
But ſave your eyes to mend your cloths
for it is I that love you.

I will not boaſt of ſubſtance great,
where with I can endow you,
Nor what apparell nor what meat,
I'm able to allow you;
You know 'tis time that all things tries
let then my affection move you,
And weepe no more but ſave your eyes,
for it is I that love you.

If I ſhould ſay y'have golden haires,
I ſhould both lye and flatter,
Why ſhould I ſay thine eyes are ſtars,
when there is no ſuch matter:
Every like is not the ſame
yet none I prize above you,
To ſigh ſo ſore you are much to blame,
for it is I that love you

With courtly words I cannot court,
like one whoſe tongue is filed,
By ſubtill ſpeakers in that ſort,
poore women are oft begniled:
I ſpeake no more but what I meane,
then doe as it doth behove you,
And doe not waſte your teares in vaine,
for it is I that love you.

You may, I know, have choice of men,
that many wayes excell me,
But yet in love I paſſe all them,
my conſcience this doth tell me,
Then let no riches buy my prize,
nor flattering words remove you,
To ſigh and ſob you are very unwiſe,
for it is I that love you.

I am thy conſtant Pyramus,
be thou my conſtant Thysbe,
That ſuch a match is made by us,
let this a ſealing kiſſe be,
I never will revoke my vow,
nor deeme any Laſſe above you,
Then deareſt leave your ſorrow note,
for it is I that love you.

Now if you doe my love deny,
and utterly refuſe me,
I will not ſay for love Ile dye,
in that you ſhall excuſe me:
Some ſay ſo, yet meane nothing leſſe,
but pitty I hope will move you,
Not to put me to that diſtreſſe,
for it is I that love you.

The ſecond part;

Being an anſwer of the Maiden kinde, Correſpondent to the plaine Young-mans minde.

To the ſame tune.





As the loſt infant doth reioyce,
when he hath found his Mother,
So am I glad to heare the voyce
of you my conſtant Lover:
Beleeve me Harry if you will,
ſince I ſo true doe proove you,
Come when you will and welcome ſtill
for it is I that love you.

I loved a falſe diſſopall youth,
which caus'd my thus lamenting,
For in his words there were no truth,
but ſubtill circumventing;
You uſe plaine dealing which is beſt,
ſo ſtill it doth behoove you,
And therefore let your heart at reſt,
for it is I that love you.

And now henceforth I will give ore,
to weepe for him that teares me,
And his affection Ile abhorre,
for no true love he beares me,
With you I will reioyce my deare,
let no falſe tales remove you,
Beleeve not every newes you heare,
for it is I that love you.

As Hypſocrats of Pontus Queene,
did follow her Mithridates,
Thorow uncouth woods & forreſts greene
ſo nothing ſhall ſeparate us:
Ile circulate the world with you,
nought ſhall from me remove you,
Thinke not that I ſpeake more than's true
for it is I that love you.

Nor Lucrece nor Penelope,
ſhall be more chaſt than I will,
Ere Ile forſake my honeſty,
ten thouſand deaths I dye will,
You need not to repent your choice,
but let me true ſtill proove you,
And ſo we ſhall together reioyce,
for it is I that love you.

Judge not amiſſe, becauſe to ſome
I yeild to your requeſting,
Love is a thing that ought to be done,
without any fraud or jeſting:
You loue plaine dealing as you ſay,
then why ſhould I diſproove you,
Againſt my mind I cant ſay nay,
for it is I that love you.

And thus with mind reciprocall,
this couple were well matched;
The Parſon told the Parish all,
and then 'twas quite diſpatched;
I hope the loue that 'twixt them paſt,
unto delight would move you,
Each of them us'd this Phraſe toth' laſt,
for it is I that love you.

Printed at London for *F. Coules*, dwelling in the Old-Baily. FINIS.

The induſtrious Smith wherin is ſhowne,
How plain dealing is overthrown,
That let a man do the beſt that he may,
An idle huſwife will work his decay,
Yet art is no burthen, though ill we may ſpeed,
Our labour will help us in time of our need;

To the tune of yong man remember delights are but vain.



THere was a poꝛ Smith liu'd in a poꝛ town,
That had a loving wife bonny and bꝛown,
And though he were very diſcreet and wiſe,
Yet would he do nothing without her adviſe,
His ſtock it grew low, full well he did know,
He told his wife what he intended to do,
Quoth he, ſweet wife, if I can pꝛeuail,
I will ſhoꝛſes, and thou ſhalt ſell Ale.

I ſee by my labour but little I thꝛiue,
And that againſt the ſtream I do ſtriue,
By ſelling of Ale ſome money is got,
If euery man honeſtly pay foꝛ his pot:
By this may we keep the Wolf from the doꝛ,
And liue in good faſhion though now we liue poꝛ,
If we haue good cuſtome we ſhal haue quick ſale,
So may we liue bꝛauely by ſelling of Ale.

Kind huſband, quoth ſhe, let be as you ſaid,
It is the beſt motion that euer you made,
A Stan of good Ale, let me haue in,
A dozen of good white bꝛead in my Bin,
Tobacco likewiſe we muſt not foꝛget,
Men will call foꝛ it, when malt's aboue wheat.
When once it is knowne, then oꝛe hill and dale,
Men will come flocking to taſte of our Ale.

Then ſent foꝛ a wench, her name it was Beſſe,
And her they hired to welcome their gueſſe,
They tok in good Ale and many things mo,
The Smith had got him two ſtrings to his bow,
Good fellows come in, and began foꝛ to roꝛe,
The Smith he was neuer ſo troubled befoꝛe,
But quoth the good wife, ſweet hart do not rayl,
Theſe things muſt be if we ſell Ale.

The Smith went to his woꝛk euery day,
But ſtill one oꝛ other would call him away.
Foꝛ now he had got him the name of an Hoſt,
It coſt him many a pot and a toſte.
Beſides much pꝛecious time he now loſt,
And thus the poꝛ Smith was euery day croſt,
But, quoth the good wife, ſweet hart do not rayl,
Theſe things muſt be if we ſell Ale.

Men run on the ſcoꝛe and little they paid
Which made the poꝛ Smith be greatly diſmaid
And bonny Beſſe though ſhe were not ſlack,
To welcom her gueſſe, yet things went to wꝛack
Foꝛ ſhe would exchange a pot foꝛ a kiſſe,
Which any fellow ſhould ſeldom times miſſe.
But quoth the good wife, ſweet hart do not rayl,
Theſe things muſt be if we ſell Ale.

The Smith went abꝛoad, at length hee came
And found his maid, and man in a room, home
Both dꝛinking together foot to foot,
To ſpeak unto them he thought twas no boot,
Foꝛ they were both dꝛunk and could not reply,
To make an excuſe as big as a lye.
But quoth the good wife, ſweet hart do not rayl,
Theſe things muſt be if we ſell Ale.

He came home again and there he did ſee
His Wife kindly ſitting on a mans knee,
And though he ſaid little, yet he thought the moꝛe
And who could blame ſhe poꝛe Wittall therfoꝛe,
He hugd her & kiſt her though Vulcan ſtod by,
Which made him to grumble, and look all awꝛy.
But quoth the good wife, ſweet hart do not rayl,
Theſe things muſt be if we ſell Ale.

The second part of the Smiths.





A Sort of Saplers were drinking one night,
And when they were drunk began for to fight
The Smith came to part them, as some do report,
And for his good will was beat in such sort,
That he could not lift his arms to his head,
Nor yet very hardly creep up to his bed.
But quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

The Smith by chance a good fellow had met,
That for strong Ale was much in his debt,
He askt him for mony, quoth he, by your leave,
I owe you no mony nor none you shall have,
I owe to your wife and her I will pay,
The Smith he was vext and departed away.
Alas, who could blame him if now he do rayl,
These things should not be though they sold Ale.

Old debts must be paid, O why should they not,
The fellow went home to pay the old shot,
The Smith followed after and they fell at strife,
For he found this fellow in bed with his Wife,
He fretted and fumed, he curst and he swore,
Quoth he, he is come to pay the old score.
And still she cryde, good sweet hart do not rayl,
For these things must be if we sell Ale.

A flock of good fellows all Smiths by their trade,
Within a while after a holiday made,
Unto the Smiths house they came then with speed,
And there they were wondrous merry indeed,
With my pot and thy pot to ravle the score hier,
Mine Host was so drunk he fell in the fire.
But quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Mine Host being drunk and loose in his joynts,
He took an occasion to untrusse his points,
The vault it was nere, but bored but slight,
The Smith he was heavy and could not tred light,
The bords broke asunder, and down he fell in,
It was a worse matter then breaking his shin,
But quoth the good Wife, sweet heart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

Happy is he who when he doth stumble,
Knowes the ground well before he do tumble,
But so did not he, for he had forgotten,
The bords which he trod on were so rotten,
He moved the house to mirth and to laughter,
His clothes they stunk at least a month after,
But, quoth the good Wife, sweet hart do not rayl,
These things must be if we sell Ale.

But men ran so much with him on the score,
That Vulcan at last grew wondrous poor,
He owed the Brewer and Baker so much,
They thretned to arrest him, his case it was such,
He went to his Anvill, to my pot and thine,
He torn'd out his Maid, he pulld down his Signe.
But O (quoth the good Wife) why should we fall,
These things should not be if we sell Ale.

The Smith s his boy went to work for some chink,
To pay for the liquor which others did drink,
Of all trades in London, few break as I heare,
That sell Tobacco, strong Ale and good Bear,
They might have done better, but they were loth,
To fill up their measure with nothing but froth.
Let no Ale-house keeper at my Song rayl,
These things must be if they sell Ale.

FINIS. Humfrey Crowch.

LONDON, Printed for Richard Harper in Smithfield.

A new Song, called

Jacke Doues Reſolution, by which he doth ſhow, That he cares not a ruſh how ere the world goe.

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To the tune of, To driue the cold winter away.



TO all my good Friends, theſe preſents I ſend,
yet neyther to beg nor to crane,
For though ſome haue more, and I am but poore,
I'me content with that little I haue;
And Ile nere for my want, turne Sycophant,
(though many there be that doe ſo)
But Ile honeſt bee, loue them that loues mee,
and care not how ere the world goe.

To ſigh and to waile, what will it preuaile,
or any whit better my fare,
When a little good mirth, mong'ſt friends, is more worth,
and better then a great deale of care;
Then Ile cheere vp my ſelfe, for content is great wealth
let ſighing and ſorrowing goe,
Ile laugh and be merry, with a cup of old Sherry,
and care not how ere the world goe.

And though fortune frowne, Ile not caſt my ſelfe downe
but mildly beare what doth fall;
Care will make me but worſe, and nere mend my purſe,
but the day may come will mend all,
Then tis but a folly, for that to be ſorry.
which muſt be whether I will or no;
But impatience in reſt, then Ile hope for the beſt
and care not how ere the world goe.

Though many a Chuffe, hath more then enough,
why ſhould I repine at their bliſſe?
If I am content with what God hath ſent,
I thinke I doe not amiſſe:
Let others haue wealth, ſo I haue my health,
and money to pay what I owe,
Ile laugh and be merry, ſing downe a downe derry,
and care not how ere the world goe.

For why ſhould a man care, or drowne in deſpaire,
though his fortunes be nere ſo vnkind?
Why ſhould I be ſad, for what I nere had,
or fooliſhly trouble my mind?
No I doe hate, to pine at my fate,
there is none but fooles will doe ſo,
Ile laugh and be fatte, for care kils a Catte,
and I care not how ere the world goe.

Ile make much of one, for when I am gone,
then whats all the world vnto mee?
Ile not be a ſlaue, to that which I haue,
but mong'ſt my friends let it flee,
And leaſt there riſe debate, about my eſtate,
when my heads laid full low,
Or ſome knaues circumuent it, to whom I nere meant it
Ile ſpend it, how ere the world goe.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





SOme men doe ſuppoſe, to goe in braue Cloathes,
doth purchaſe a great deals of reſpect;
Though I am but poore, I run not on ſcore,
I thinke my ſelfe honeſtly deckt:
Let others goe braue, tis my owne that I haue,
and I thinke they can not ſay ſo.
And I like that I weare, though it coſt not ſo deare,
and I care not how ere the world goe.

I'de rather goe meane, then be like to them,
which liuing in pompe and ſtate,
Maintaine all their brauerie, with priuate knauerie,
getting gold at any rate:
Such conſcience profeſſe, but vſe nothing leſſe,
deceiuing the world with a ſhow,
But the time it may com will pay ſuch knaues home.
but I care not how ere the world goe.

Your delicate Cates, your Hippocrites eates,
and Wine of the beſt doe drinke
Much money they ſpend, but to little end,
and ne're on their end they thinke:
Low Shrubbes be ſecure, when Cedars endure
all ſtormes and tempeſts that blow,
Let others riſe high, but ſo will not I,
for I care not how ere the world goe.

For ambitions beſt ſceane, is but a fine dreame,
which for a time tickles the minde,
And the hap of an houre, with ſuch enuy may lowre,
as may turne all ones hope into winde,
Then worſe then before, they may ſigh and deplore
to ſee themſelues caſt off ſo low,
When I all the while, doe ſit and ſmile,
and care not how ere the world goe.

The flattering Curres, which fawne vpon furres,
and hang on the Noble-mans becke,
That crouch at their beſle, whilſt their bounty they feel
profeſſing all loue and reſpect,
Yet when they doe fall, they runne away all,
but I hate to diſſemble ſo
What I doe for my part, ſhall come from my heart,
and I care not how ere the world goe.

Ile wrong none not I, but if some through enuy,
doe wrong me without a cauſe,
Or if me they diſdaine, Ile ſlight them againe,
and reckon not of it two ſtraws:
Diſſembling I ſcorne, for I am free borne,
my happineſſe lies not below,
Though my words they want art, I ſpeake from my (heart
and I care not how ere the world goe.

FINIS. G. B.

Printed at London for *Iohn Wright* and are
to be ſold at his ſhop in Giltſpur-ſtreet
at the ſigne of the Bible

The Woful Lamentation of Mrs. JANE SHORE, *a Gold-smith's Wife of* London, *sometime* King Edward *the Fourth's Concubine, who for her Wanton Life came to a Miserable End. Set forth for the Example of all wicked Lives.*

To the Tune of, Live with me.



IF Rosamond that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrows to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a King:
Then wanton Wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.
In maidens years my beauty bright
Was loved dear of Lord and Knight,
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd;
My Parents they for thirst of gain,
A husband for me did obtain;
And I their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will
To Matthew Shore, I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life.
And then my life so lewdly spent,
Which makes my souk for to lament:
In Lumbard-street I once did dwell,
As London yet can witness well,
Where many Gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of Gold:
I spread my plumes as wantons do,
Some sweet and secret friend to woo,
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.
At last my name in Court did ring,
Into the ears of Englands King,
Who came and lik'd and love required,
But I made coy what he desired:
Yet mistress Blague a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteemed dear
Did say it was a gallant thing,
To be beloved of a King.
By her perswasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wrong my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before;
In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice,
And therefore did my state resign
To be King Edwards Concubine;
From City then to Court I went,
To reap the pleasures of content,
And had the Joys that love could bring
And knew the secrets of a King:
When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For mistress Blague I in short space
Obtain'd a living of his Grace.
No friend I had but in short time
I made unto promotion climb:
But yet for all this costly pride,
My husband could not me abide:
His bed though wronged by a King,
His heart with grief did deadly sting.
From England then he goes away,
To end his life upon the Sea,
He could not live to see his name
Impared by my wanton shame,
Although a Prince of Peerless might,
Did reap the pleasure of his right.
Long time I lived in the court
With Lords and Ladies of great sort,
For when I smil'd all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd my prince grew sad.
But yet an honest mind I bore
To helpless people that were poor,
I still redrest the Orphans cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to die.
I still had ruth on widows tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years,
And never lookt for other gain,
But love and thanks for all my pain.
At last my Royal King did dye,
And then my days of woe grew nigh,
When Crook-back Rich got the crown,
K Edwards friends were soon put down.
I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in.
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.
Then for my rude and wanton life,
That made a Strumpet of a wife,
I pennance did in Lumbard-street,
In shameful manner in a sheet.
Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in Court my credit knew,
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace: (sore,
Not thus content they took from me
My goods my livings and my fee;
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.
Then unto mistress Blague I went,
To whom my Jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant:
But she deny'd to me the same,
When in my need for them I came.
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove;
So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.
But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me,
For which by law it was decreed,
That he was hanged for that deed:
His death did grieve me so much more
Then had I dyed my self therefore:
Then those to whom I had done good
Durst not relieve me any food;
Whereby in vain I beg'd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.
My Gowns belet with pearl and gold,
Are turn'd to simple garments old.
My chains and gems and golden Rings
To filthy rags and loathsome things,
Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small
Did make a pastime at my fall;
I could not get one bit of bread.
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field:
Thus weary of my life at length,
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a Ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent,
The which now since my dying day,
Is Shoreditch call'd as writers say:
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being Concubine to a king:
You wanton wives that fall to lust,
Be you assured that God is just,
That whoresom shall not escape his hand,
Nor Pride unpunisht in this land;
If God to me such shame should bring,
That yielded only to a king:
How shall they scape that daily run
To practice sin with every man?
You Husbands match not but for love,
Least some disliking after prove!
Women be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives.
Then maids and wives in time amend
For love and beauty will have end.

The second part of Jane Shore, *wherein her sorrowful Husband bewaileth his own Estate, and Wifes Wantonness, the wrong of Marriage, the Fall of Pride; being a warning for Women.*

If she that was fair Londons pride
For beauty fam'd both far and wide
With sweetness long in sadness told,
Her deep distresses manifold.
Then in the same let me also,
Now bear a part of such like woe:
Kind Matthew Shore men called me,
A goldsmith once of good degree,
And might have lived long therein,
Had not my wife been wed to sin,
Oh gentle Jane thy wanton race
Hath brought me to this foul disgrace.
Thou hadst all things at wish and will,
Thy wanton fancy to fulfill,
No London Dame nor Merchants wife
Did lead so sweet and pleasant life,
Then gentle Jane the truth Report,
Why left'st thou me to live in Court?
Thou hadst both gold and silver store,
No wife in London then had more
And once a week to walk in field
To see what pleasure it would yield.
But woe to me that liberty,
Hath brought me to this misery:
I married thee whilst thou wert young
Before thou knewst what did belong
To husbands love or marriage rite,
Which now my soul repents too late:
Thus wanton pride made thee unjust,
And so deceived was my trust.
But when the king pollest my room,
And crept my Rose gallant bloom,
Fair Londons blossom and my joy
My heart was drown'd in deep annoy:
To think how unto publick shame
Thy wicked life brought my good name.
And then I thought each man & wife,
In jesting sort accus'd my life,
And every one to the other said.
That Shores fair wife the wanton plaid.
Thereby in mind I grew to change,
My dwelling in some country strange.
My lands and goods I sold away,
And so from England went to Sea;
Oppress with grief and woful mind,
But left my cause of grief behind.
My loving wife whom I once thought
Would never me to lewdness brought
But women now I well espy,
Are subject to unconstancy;
And few there be so true of love,
But by long suit will wanton prove.
For flesh is frail and women weak
When kings for love long suit do make
But yet from England my depart
Was with a sad and heavy heart,
Whereat when as my leave I took,
I sent back many a heavy look,
Desiring God if it might be,
To send one sigh sweet Jane to thee.
For if thou hadst but constant been,
These days of woe I ne're had seen,
But yet I mourn and grief full sore,
To think what plagues are left in store,
For such as careless tread away,
The modest paths of constancy:
Oh gentle Jane if thou dost know,
The uncouth paths I daily go,
And woful tears for thee I shed,
For wronging thus my marriage-bed.
Then sure I am thou wouldst confess,
My love was sure though in distress;
Both Flanders, France and Spain I past,
And come to Turky at the last:
And there within that mighty Court,
I lived long in honest sort;
Desiring God that sits in heaven,
That lovers sins might be forgiven:
And there advance'd thy loving name,
Of living wights the fairest dame?
The praise of Englands beauty stain,
All which thy husband did maintain,
And set thy Picture there in gold,
For Kings and Princes to behold,
But when I thought upon thy sin,
Thy wanton thoughts delighted in,
I grieved that such a comely face,
Should hold true honour in disgrace,
And counted it a luckless day,
When as thou first didst go astray,
Desiring then some news to hear,
Of her my soul did love so dear,
My secrets then I did impart
To one well skill'd in Magick art,
Who in a Glass did truely show,
Such things as I desired to know,
I there did see thy Courtly state,
Thy Pomp, thy Pride, thy Glory great,
And likewise there I did behold,
My Jane in Edwards arms infold:
Thy secret love I there espy'd,
Thy rise, thy fall, and how thou did,
Thy naked body in the sheet,
I this do pennnate in a sheet:
Barefoot before the Beadles wand,
With burning taper in thy hand,
And babes not having use of tongue,
Stood pointing as thou went'st along,
Thus ended was the shame of thine,
Though God gave yet no end to mine.
When I supposed my name forgot,
And time had washt away my blot,
And in another Princes reign,
I came to England back again:
But staying there my friends decay'd,
My Prince's laws I disobey'd.
And by true Justice judg'd to dye,
For clipping Gold in secresie.
By Gold was my best living made,
And so by Gold my life decay'd:
Thus have you heard the woful strife
That came by my unconstant wife,
Her Fall, my Death, wherein is shew'd
The story of a Strumpet lewd,
In hope thereby some women may,
Take heed how they the wanton play.

The Description
OF
Jane Shore.

THis womans beauty hath been highly prai-sed by a famous Writer that liv'd in her time, *nam'd* Thomas Moor, who describ'd her in this manner.

Before her death she was poor and aged, her stature was mean, her hair of a dark-yellow, her face round & full, her eyes gray, her body fat, white and smooth, her countenance chearful, like to her conditions.

There is a *picture* of hers to be seen in London, it is such as she was when she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a Rich Mantle cast under her arm, over which her naked arm did lye.

What her Fathers name is, or where she was Born, is not certainly known, but her husband Matthew Shore, a Young Man of right *good* Parentage, wealth, and behaviour, abandon'd her bed after the King had made her his Concubine.

Printed by & for A. Milbourn, in Green-Arbour-Court, in the Little Old-Baily.

Impoſsibilities.

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OR,

A matter of no thing, yet ſome thing youle finde
I know in the reading, will pleaſure your minde,
Then heare it I pray, and when you have done,
You'le ſay that the thread is handſomely ſpunne.

225.

To the tune of, *I ſigh, I ſob, &c.*





IMprimis, When men doe beginne,
To follow vertue, leaue off ſinne:
When women thinke it no diſdaine,
To doe in daede the very ſame,
Then you may ſay, and juſtly too,
The old world now is turned a-new.

When Newgate is a place for Nuns,
And through Cheapſide a riuer runs,
When Charing-Croſſe has ſuch a face,
To iuſtle Pauls out of her place:
Then you may ſay and not till then,
The world is full of honeſt men.

When wood doth hew into the ſea,
And coaches doe the horſes draw:
When darkneſſe doth out-ſhine the light,
And Snailes ſurpaſſe the arrowes flight:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When Lucipher an Angell turnes,
And when in hell no fire burnes:
When ſtars as thicke as haile doe fall,
And new Bride well no hoſpitall:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When men are prooned to ſuch good will,
That they to no one doe no ill:
When ſhips doe ſaile on rocks of ſtone,
And when the Whale has nere a bone:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When what is worſt doth turne to beſt,
When Crabs with Swallowes build their neſt:
And when Muſicians ſcornes to vſe,
Such crotchets as they ſhould refuſe,
Then you may ſay, &c.

When morning dew doth fall at night,
And men lift crutches with a ſlight:
When little children yet vnborne,
Doe ſay that many weares the horne:
Then you may ſay, and not till then,
The world is full of honeſt men.

When Weſtminſter doth eaſtward ſtand,
And touches neither ſea nor land:
And when therein you cannot ſee,
A Lawyer that will take his fee,
Then you may ſay, and juſtly too,
The old world now is turned a-new.

When Uſurers will gratis lend,
And euery one their liues doe mend:
When the Poore has walkt him cleane,
And Turnbull ſtreet has nere a queane:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When Hens tread Cocks, & Cocks tread Cocke,
And ganders kitten like cats and mice:
When as the earth doth beare no Poles,
And little Foxes haue no holes:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When oyle and water doe agree,
And deadly foes attoned will bee:
When Smithfield is a field of graſſe,
And when the Dre doth ride the Aſſe.
Then you may ſay, &c.

When Sorcerers doe leaue their charme,
When ſpiders doe the fly no harme:
And when the Black-bird leaues to ſing,
And likewiſe Serpents for to ſting:
Then you may ſay, &c.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

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When men their chiefeſt care doe make,
To feed the poore for pitties ſake:
And when tradeſmen doe apply,
To doe as they would be done by:
Then you may ſay, and not till then,
The world is full of honeſt men.

When Lechers they doe leaue their luſt,
And doe thoſe things are good and iuſt:
When Harlots doe Sulanna's prooue,
And none but husbands dearely loue,
Then you may ſay, &c.

When the blaſphemer leaues to ſweare,
And vnto godneſſe doth repaire:
When old men doe incounter youth,
And lyers ſpeake the very truth,
Then you may ſay, &c.

When louers they doe conſtant prooue,
And neuer daine for to remoue:
When little Vallies top tall hills,
And bad men leaue their wonted ills:
Then may you ſay, &c.

When rich men doe eſteeme the poore,
And feaſt 'em till they cry no more:
And when the ſtreets you may paſſe free,
And yet not feare a begger ſee:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When ſeruants doe their Maſters ſway,
And blinde men lead the ready way:
When dumb men talke with eloquence,
And lame men run with eminence:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When Gunpowder doth leaue his force,
And euery Pharoah leeſes remorſe:
And when no ſeſſions needs to be,
Becauſe all men loues honeſtie:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When all the priſons here about,
Haue iuſtled all their priſoners out:
Becauſe indeede they haue no cauſe,
To keepe 'em in by common lawes:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When birds in waters deepe doe lie,
And fiſhes in the aire doe flie:
When water burnes, and fire doth freeze,
And oyſters grow as fruits on trees:
Then you may ſay, and juſtly too,
The old world now is turned a-new.

When as the ſpruce and courtiour too,
Shall bid to complements adew:
When little Bees ſhall cattles beare,
And flie ſo with 'em through the ayre:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When as Zacheus ſhall reſtore,
His ill got goods vnto the poore:
And when the Camell ſhall eſpy,
A way to paſſe the needles eye:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When ſnow falls blacke, and crowes be white,
And all things that are wrong turne right:
When ſilly lambs doe cauſes plead,
And weare long gownes of melted lead:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When Turkes doe leaue their Mahomet,
And all day long in churches ſet:
When Pagans doe beleeue in God,
And likewiſe feare his direfull rod:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When men with pearle do fatten hogs,
And coward deare doe menace dogs:
When men on ſands their ſeeds doe ſow,
And peare trees they doe downward grow:
Then you may ſay, &c.

When Phœbus ſpreads his beames by night,
And Cynthia doth by day giue light:
When God in mercy is reſolued,
That this ſame world ſhall be diſſolued:
Then you may ſay, and juſtly too,
The old world now is turned a-new.

FINIS. E. F.

London Printed for *Edward Wright*, dwelling at Chriſts-Church gate.

The Ioviall Broome man :

OR,

A Kent ſtreet Souldiers exact relation,
Of all his Travels in Every Nation,
His famous acts are all ſhewne here,
As in this ſtory doth appeare.

To the tune of ſlow men of London.





Roome for a Lad that's come from ſeas,
Hey iolly Broome-man,
That gladly now would take his eaſe,
And therefore make me roome man.

To France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spaine,
Hey iolly Broome man,
I croſt the ſeas, and backe againe,
And therefore make me roome man.

Yet in theſe Countries lived I,
Hey iolly Broome man,
And ſee many a valiant ſouldier dye,
And therefore give me roome man.

An hundred gallants there I kil'd,
Hey iolly Broome man.
And beſide a world of blood I ſpild,
And therefore make me roome man.

In Germany I tooke a towne,
Hey iolly Broome man,
I threw the walls there vp ſide downe,
And therefore make me roome man.

And when that I the ſame had done,
Hey iolly Broome man,
I made the people all to run,
And therefore make, &c.

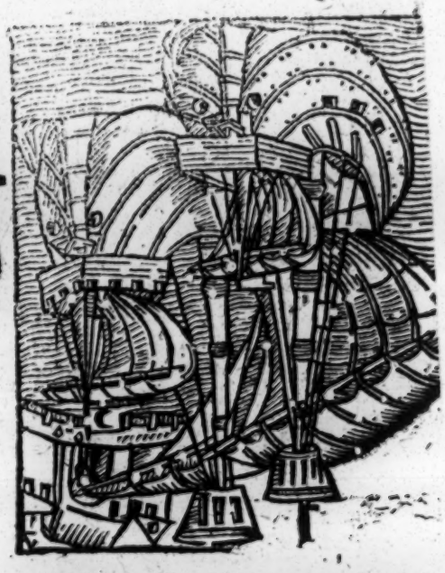
And when the people all were gone,
Hey, &c.
I held the towne my ſelfe alone,
And therefore, &c,

When valiant Aiax fought with Hector,
Hey, &c.
I made them friends with a bowle of Nectar,
And therefore, &c.

The Second Part.

To the same tune.





WHen Saturne warr'd against the Sun,
Hey, &c.
When through my helpe the field he won,
And therefore, &c.

With Hercules I toss the Club,
Hey, &c.
I rol'd Diogenes in a Tub,
And therefore, &c,

When Tamberlaine overcame the Turke,
Hey, &c.
I blew up thousands in a worke,
And therefore, &c.

When Cæsars pompe I overthrew,
Hey, &c.
Then many a Roman Lord I slew.
And therefore, &c.

When the Ammonites besieg'd Rome walls,
Hey, &c.
I drove them backe with fiery balls,
And therefore, &c.

And when the Grækes besieged Troy,
Hey, &c.
I rescued off dame Hellens toy,
And therefore, &c.

And when that I had won this fame,
Hey, &c.
I was honor'd of all men for the same,
And therefore, &c.

At Tilbury Campe with Captaine Drake,
Hey, &c.
I made the Spanish Fleet to quake,
And therefore, &c.

At Hollands leaguer there I fought,
Hey, &c.
But there the service prov'd to hot,
And therefore, &c,

Then from the league: returned I,
Hey, &c,
Naked, Hungry cold, and dry,
And therefore, &c.

But here I have now compast the Globe,
Hey, &c.
I am backe return'd as poore as Job,
And therefore, &c.

And now I am safe returned backe,
Hey, &c.
Heres to you in a cup of Canary Sacke,
And therefore, &c.

And now I am safe returned here,
Hey, &c.
Here's to you in a cup of English Beere,
And therefore, &c.

And if my travels you desire to see,
Hey, &c.
You may buy't for a peny heere of me,
And hereafter make me roome man.

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper* in Smithfield. FINIS. R. C

Iohn and Ioan:

OR,

A mad couple well met.

To the tune of the Paratour.





YOu nine Caſtalian Sitters
that keep Parnaſſus hill,
Come down to me,
and let me bee
inſpired with your skill,
That well I may demonſtrate,
a piece of houſhold ſtuffe,
you that are wed
mark what is ſedd,
Beware of taking ſnuffe.

A mad phantaſtick couple,
a young man and a Laſſe,
with their content
and friends conſent
reſolu'd their times to paſſe
As man and wife together,
and ſo they marry'd were,
of this mad match
I made this Catch,
which you that pleaſe may hear.

They both had imperfections,
which might haue cauſed ſtrife
the man would ſweare,
and domineere,
ſo alſo would his wife.
If Iohn went to one Alehouſe,
Ioan ran vnto the next,
betwixt them both
they made an oath,
That neither would be vext.

What euer did the good man
his wife would doe the like,
if he was pleaſ'd
ſhe was appeaſ'd,
if he would kick, ſhee'd ſtrike.
If queane or ſlut he cal'd her,
ſhee call'd him rogue and knaue,
if he would fight,
ſhee'd ſcratch and bite,
He could no victory haue.

If Iohn his dog had beaten,
then Ioan would beat her cat,
If Iohn in ſcorne
his band would burn,
Ioan would haue burnt her hat.
If Iohn would breake a Pipkin,
then Ioan would break a pot,
thus he and ſhe
did both agree
To waſte all that they got.

If Iohn would eate no victuals,
then Ioan would be as croſſe,
they would not eat
but ſau'd their meat,
In that there was no loſſe.
If Iohn were bent to faſting,
then Ioan was of his mind,
in right or wrong
both ſung one ſong,
As Fortune them aſſigned.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





IN Taverne or in Alehouſe,
if John and Joan did meet,
who ere was by
in company,
might taſt their humors ſweet:
What ever John had cal'd for,
Joan would not be out-dar'd,
thoſe that lack'd drink
through want of chink
For them the better far'd.

Thus would they both ſit drinking,
as long as coine did laſt,
nay more then this,
ere they would miſſe
good liquor for their taſte,
Joan would have damm'd his doub-
his cloak or any thing, (blet,
and Joan would pawne
her coife of Lawne,
Her bodkin or her ring.

If John were drunk, and reeled,
then Joan would fall i'th fire,
if John fell downe
i'th midſt o'th towne,
bee waid in dirt and mire,
Joan like a kind co-partner,
ſcorn'd to ſtand on her feet,
but down ſhe'd fall
before them all,
And role about the ſtreet.

If John had cal'd his Hoſt knaue,
Joan cal'd her Hoſtis whore,
for ſuch like crimes
they oftentimes
were both thruſt out of doore.

If John abus'd the Conſtable,
Joan would have beat the Watch
thus man and wife,
in peace or ſtrife,
Each other ſought to match.

But mark now how it chanced,
after a yeare or more,
this couple mad
all waſted had,
and were grown very poore,
John could no more get liquor,
nor Joan could purchaſe drink,
then both the man
and wife began
Upon their ſtates to thinke.

Thus beat with their own weapons,
John thus to Joan did ſay,
Sweet heart I ſee
we two agree
the cleane contrary way,
Henceforth let's doe in goodneſſe.
as we have done in ill,
Ile doe my beſt,
doe thou the reſt:
A match quoth Joan, I will.

So leaving thoſe mad humors
which them before poſſeſt,
both man and wife
doe lead a life
in plenty, peace, and reſt:
Now John and Joan both jointly,
doe ſet hands to the Plough.
Let all doe ſo
in weale or woe,
And they'l do well enough. M.P.

Printed at London for *Tho: Lambert.* *Finis.*

Joy and ſorrow mixt together:

Or, a pleaſant new Ditty, wherein you may find
Conceits that are pretty to pleaſure your mind.

To the tune of, *Such a Rouge would be hang'd.*



HAng ſorrow, let's caſt away care,
for now I do meane to be merry;
We'l drink ſome good Ale and ſtrong Beere,
with Sugar, and Clarret, and Sherry.
Now Ile have a Wife of mine own,
I ſhall have no need for to borrow:
I would have it for to be known,
that I ſhall be married to morrow.
Here's a health to my Bride that ſhall be,
come pledge it you boon merry blades:
The day I much long for to ſee,
we will be as merry as the Maides.

I long have ſought out for a Wife,
before that I any could ſee:
But now for to end all the ſtrife,
I have found one that pleaſeth me.
She is a brave gallant indeed,
beſides ſhe is loving and kind:
Good luck had I ſo well to ſpeed,
ſhe is according to my mind.
Here's a health to my Bride that ſhall be,
come pledge it you boon merry blades:
To morrow's the day you ſhall ſee,
we will be as merry, &c.

Dame Nature hath ſhewed her Art
in framing my Love ſo compleat,
She's handſomely made in each part,
her like is not in my conceit:
Her haire it doth glitter like gold,
her eyes like to Stars do appeare:
She's beautious for to behold,
yet ſhe is my joy and my deare.
Here's a health to my Bride that ſhall be,
come pledge it, &c.

There's many a one will admire,
how I ſhould obtain ſuch a Laſſe:
But now ſhe's mine, gold ſhall not buy her,
for ever I will her imbrace:
Beſides ſhe's a friend that will give
ten pound to me when I am married,
This will maintain us while we live,
and if things be orderly carried.
Here's a health, &c.

This man is a friend to my Laſſe,
I doubt not but ſo he'l remain:
He tels me what ere come to paſſe,
my labour ſhall not be in vain,
If he his own promiſe do keep,
'tis likely with me to go well:
This makes me both waking and ſleep
to think of my bonny ſweet Nell.
Here's a health, &c.

Now is the ſad night overpaſt,
and day chearefully doth appeare,
To Church with my Nell Ile make haſt,
to void all ſuſpicion and feare:
All you that will now go along,
I pray you not to uſe delay;
Delay oftentimes cauſeth wrong,
I'm joyfull of this happy day.
Now here's a health to my Bride,
come pledge it you boon merry blades,
And to all married couples beſide,
wee'll now be as merry as the Maides.

Now wedding and all being done
and finiſhed as he did deſire,
The Company homewards were gone,
the Bride a bed, and he lay by her:
Some ſpeeches there paſt them between,
which made him his bargaine repent,
The next morning as it doth ſeem,
the Bridegroom began to relent,
He'l now drink no more to his Bride,
nor yet to no boon merry blades;
Now he layes his joyes all aſide,
he is not ſo merry as the Maides.

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The ſecond part now makes the young man complain,
He wiſheth with heart, he were unwedded again.
To the ſame tune.



YOu young men I'm marryed too ſoon,
my Wife ſhe is not what ſhe ſeem'd,
Alas I am now quite undone,
now ſorrow comes which I never deem'd:
In Wiveing I have made too much haſt,
I would the laſt knot were untide,
If my wedding day were not paſt,
I would not be tide to my Bride.
I'm wedded to ſorrow and pain,
now farewell all my merry blades;
Would I were unmarried again,
I would be as merry as the Maides.

My Wife's not what I thought ſhe was,
the more is my grief and my care;
She proves to me but a crackt glaſſe,
alas I am catcht in a ſnare:
She was promis'd me to be ſound,
but now I find 'tis nothing ſo,
Would I were rid of her ten pound,
ſo that I were rid of her too.
I'm wedded to ſorrow, &c.

The man that did give me the money,
I doubt that he had the beſt ſhare,
It ſeems he did love my ſweet honey,
and ſtill doth ſo I greatly feare:
But now here is the worſt of all,
my Wife ſhe proves to be with Barn,
The Child it will me Father call,
although me it nothing concern.
I'm wedded, &c.

My Wife was with Child long before
that I married her, I do find,
'Tis folly to ſay any more,
and yet it doth trouble my mind:
If I ask her in loving ſort,
to whom ſhe her Maiden-head did give,
With words ſhe doth cut me off ſhort,
ſaying, I ſhall never know while I live.
I'm wedded, &c.

What Man living can brook this wrong,
to Father another Mans Child?
Yet I were as good hold my tongue,
now I find that I am beguild:
With patience I muſt be content,
'tis many mens Fortune like mine,
Now I have no way to prevent,
this I might have foreſeen in time.
I'm wedded to ſorrow, &c.

Before I was wed I nere thought
of any ſuch matter at all,
I thought a great price I had caught,
but now my reward is but ſmall:
'Tis true indeed I have ten pound,
and a dainty curious fine Wife;
But had I known what I have found,
I would have lived a ſingle life.
I'm wedded, &c.

Let young men take warning by me,
for Maidens are dangerous ware,
I have got a Wife and ſome money,
and yet I have bought her too deare:
For cunningly I am beguild,
unto all my Neighbors 'tis known,
Now I muſt Father a Child,
although it be none of mine own.
I'm wedded to ſorrow and pain,
now farewell all my merry blades,
Would I were unmarried againe,
I would be as merry as the Maids.

Finis. *Richard Chmſall.*

London, Printed for *John Wright* the younger dwelling in the Old Bayley.

The Kind beleeving Hostesse.

I owe my Hostesse money,
Shee takes me for her debter,
On the buttery doore
Stands my Score,
The further on the better.

To the tune of, When Willy once had strayed.





I Haue an Hostesse pretty.
exceeding faire and witty,
Where she doth dwell
I shall you tell
If you will list to my ditty.
I owe my Hostesse money,
shee takes mee for her Debtor:
on the buttery doore
stands my Score,
the further on the better.

Neere London is her dwelling,
To trust me shee is willing,
Her pots are small,
And little withall,
But I will looke to her filling.
I owe my Hostesse money,&c.

To me she beares affection,
And calls mee her owne complection,
Her husband John
Poore silly old man,
She keepes vnder subjection.
I owe my Hostesse money,&c.

To speake poore man he dares not,
My Hostesse for him cares not,
Shee'le drinke and quaffe,
And merrily laugh,
And she his anger feares not.
I owe my Hostesse money,&c.

All night she will sit smoaking,
For roaring gallants looking:
And those which stay,
Are sure to pay,
I doe not like such rooking,
I owe my Hostesse money,&c.

Tobacco and hot waters,
And female rooking Cheaters,
Are brauely drest,
But I protest,
I hate such sharking Creatures.
I owe my Hostesse money,&c.

Shee keepes both Besse and Dolly,
Braue wenches stout and Jolly,
But Ile haue a care
Of them to beware,
I know they are giuen to folly.
I owe my Hostesse money,&c.

Thei'le trade with Dutch and Danish
The French and lustfull Spanish,
But when the whores
Come in a doores,
Away I bid them vanish.
I owe my Hostesse money,&c.

I'me sure they shall not cheate me.
I care not though they hate me,
Like Crocodiles,
Their teares and smiles
Shall not a foole create me.
I owe my Hostesse money
She takes me for her debter,
On the buttery doore
Stands my Score,
The further on the better.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.



The trueth for to ſpeake rightly,
They get their money lightly,
By luſtfull ſinne,
Comes Jyngling in.
Unto them day and nightly.
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

Ther's ſwaggering Nathaniel
With roaring Iacke and Daniel,
For their delight.
That loues to keepe,
A Hawke,a Horſe,a Spaniel,
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

Ther's ſwearing Sim and Sanders,
Are new come ore from Flanders,
That ſweares and roares
And beates the Whores,
yet neuer were commanders.
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

You may haue for your money,
A Rabit or young Coney,
Moſt dainty words,
Her loue affords,
Sheele call you her owne ſweet hunny,
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

If you on the ſport be eager,
And that you will not ſwagger,
Kind Gentlemen
You needs not then,
Goe vnto Hollands Leaguer.
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

For Wenches ſhe can get ye
And of all ſorts can fit yee,
Moſt brauely clad,
As may be had,
If leaſure but permit yee,
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

A Girle attir'd in Sattin,
Can ſpeake both French and Latine,
If you haue gold
You may be bold,
And haue a fine roome to that in.
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

A Country Laſſe thats pretty,
Or one fetcht from the City,
Or for your ſport,
One tall or ſhort,
A handſome Wench thats witty,
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

If ſo beleeuing am yee,
As for the reſt D damme yee,
But will be kind
Vnto your mind
The Whores will finely ſham yee,
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

By others harmes be warned,
With wiſedomes eye diſcerne it.
And haue a care
You come not there,
From them the French to learne it.
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,&c.

With hony words I will ſcrew her,
And many a fine tricke ſhew her,
Ile keepe me away,
When thee is to pay,
Her Baker and her Brewer.
I owe my Hoſteſſe money,
Shee takes me for her debter:
and lookes for the day
when her I ſhould pay,
the more it is ſtill the better.

FINIS.

London Printed for B.B.

The King & Northern-man,

Shewing how a poor *Northumberland-Man* (Tennant to the King) being wronged by a Lawyer (his Neighbour) went to the King himself to make known his grievance.

To the Tune of, Slut.





TO drive away the weary day,
a book I chanced to take in hand,
And therein I read assuredly,
a story as you shall understand:
Perusing many a History over,
amongst the Leaves I chanc'd to view:
The Books name and Title is this,
The second Lesson, too good to be true.
There read I of a Northumberland-man,
that was born & brought up in the Kings land,
He paid twenty shillings Rent a year,
to the King, as I do understand:
By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,
that with his Farm was not content,
But ofter the poor man still hang'd his nose,
because he did gather the Kings Rent.
He told him he his Lease had forfeit,
and that he must there no longer abide:
The K. by such Lownes hath mickle wrong done
and for you the world is broad and wide.
The poor man pray'd him for to cease,
and content himself if he would be willing,
And pick no bantage in my Lease,
and I shall give thee forty shilling:
I'ts neither forty Shilling, nor forty pound,
ile warrant thee, so can agree thee and me,
Unless thou yield me thy farm so round,
and stand unto my courtesie.
The Poor man said he might not do so.
his wife and his Barns will make ill wark,
If thou with my Farm wilt let me go,
thou seem'st a gude fellow ile give thee 5 mark.
The Lawyer would not be so content,
but further i'th matter he means to smell:
The neighbors bad the poor man provide his rent,
and make a submission to the King himself.
He gat a humble staff on his back,
a jerkin I wot that was of grey:
With a good blew Bonnet he thought it no lack
to the King he is ganging as fast as he may:
He had not gone a mile out o'th town,
but one of his Neighbors he did espy:
How far is't to'th King, for thither i'm boun,
as fast as ever I can hye.
I am sorry for you neighbour he said,
for your simplicity I make moan,
Ice warrant you, you may ask for the King,
when nine or ten days journey you have gone.
Had I wist the King had wond so far,
ile never a sought him a mile out o'th town,
He's either had sought me, or we'd here a come
at home I had rather ha spent a Crown. (near,
But when he came to the City of London,
of every man he for the King did call:
They told him, that him he need not to fear,
for the King he lies now at the White-Hall.
And with spying of Parlies in the City,
because he had never been there before,
He lee so long a bed the next day,
the Court was remov'd to Winsor that morn.
You ha lay too long, then said his Host,
you ha lay too long by a great while:
The King is now to Winsor gone,
he's further gone by twenty mile.
I think I was curst, then said the poor man,
if I had been wise I might ha consider,
Belike the King of me has gotten some weet,
he had ne'r gone away, had not I come hither
He fled not for you, then said his Host,
but hye you to Winsor as fast as you may:
Before it will requite your cost,
for look what is past the King will pay:
But when he came to Winsor Castle,
with his humble staff on his back,
Although the Gates wide open stood,
he laid on them till he made 'um crack.

...ay, play friend, art mad qd. the Porter,
...makes thee keep this stir to day?
I am a Tennant of the Kings,
...have a Pellage to him to say:
The King hath men enough, said the Porter,
...Pellage well that they can say:
...ser's ne'r a Knave the King doth keep,
...tken my secret mind to day.
I were told e're I came from home,
...e I got hither it would be dear bought,
...me in, ile give thee a single Penny,
...Nor thou wilt ha small, e're thou do it for
Gramercy, said the Porter then, (nought.
...thy reward is so great I cannot say nay:
...ponders a Noble Man within the Court,
...ile first hear what he doth say.
When the Porter came to the Noble man,
he said he would shew him pretty sport,
There's like a Clown come to the gate,
...as came not these seven years to the Court.
He calls all Knaves the King doth keep,
...raps at the Gates, and makes great din;
...s passing liberal of reward,
...will give a good single Penny to be let in.
Let him in, then said the Noble man,
...and in Fellow, the Porter gan say;
If thou come within thy self, he said,
...thy staff behind the Gate must stay.
...the Cuckolds Cur must lig behind,
...what a Deel what a Cur hast got with thee?
The King will take him up for his own fell,
...ile warrant when as he doth him see.
...Shew thy Limbs, then said the poor man,
...then must thou count me a fool or worse,
...wot not what Bankrupt lies by the King,
...for want of Money he may pick my purse.
Let him in with his Staff and Dog said the Lord
...he gave a nod with's head, & a beck with's knee
...You be Sir King, then said the poor man,
...as I can very well think ye be:
...as I was told e're I came from home,
...your goodliest man that e're I saw before,
...with so many jingles jangles about one neck,
...as is about yours, I never saw none,
...am not the King, said the Noble man,
...low, though I have a pyond Coat: (him.
...be not the King, help me to the speech of
...seem a gude fellow, ile give you a Groat.
...ry said the Noble man,
...reward is so great, I cannot say nay;
...know the Kings pleasure, if I can,
...come again before you stay.
...like a Stapler, then said the poor man,
...the Kings better than any in our country
...a grange to the farthest Nuke i'th house,
...ither Law nor Town to trouble me.
...the Noble man came to the King,
...he could shew his Grace good sport,
...a Clown come to the gate,
...came not this seven years to the Court.
...all knaves your Highness keeps,
...more than that, he terms them worse,
...not come in without his Staff and Dog
...fear some Bankrupt will pick his purse.
...him in, then said our King,
...see some:
...every thing,
...as soon as your affairs of Words is done.

The Noble man led him through many a room,
and through many a Gallery gay,
What a deel doth the King with so many houses
that he gets them not fill'd with Corn & Hay?
At last they spied the King in a Garden,
yet from his game he did not start,
The day was so hot, he cast off his Doublet,
he had nothing from the waist but his shirt.
Lo yonder's the King, said the Noble-man,
behold follow, to where he goes:
Believ't he's some unthrift, says the poor man,
that has lost his money, and pawn'd his clothes.
But when he came before the King,
the Noble-man did his courtesie:
The poor man followed after him, (knee.
And gave a nod with's head, and a beck with's
And if you be Sir King then said the poor man,
as I can hardly think ye be:
Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,
is liker to be the king than ye.
I am the king his Grace now said,
fellow let me thy case understand:
If you be Sir king i'me a Tenant of yours,
that was born & up brought in your own land.
There dwells a Lawyer hard by me.
and a fault in my Lease he saith he hath found,
And all was for selling five poor Ashes,
to build an house upon your own ground.
Hast thou a Lease here, said our king?
or canst thou shew to me the Deed?
He gave it into the kings own hand,
and said, Sir, here 'tis if that you can read.
Let's see thy Lease, then said the king:
then from his Black Box he pull'd it out,
He gave it into the kings own hand,
with four or five knots t'yd fast in a clout.
We'll never unlose these knots, said the king,
he gave it to one that behind him did stay.
It is a proud Horse then said the poor man,
will not carry's own Provinder along the high (way
Pay me forty shillings as ile pay you,
I will not think much to unloose a knot;
I would I were so occupied every day,
i'd unloose a score on 'um for a groat.
When the king had gotten these Letters read,
and found the truth wak very so,
I warrent thee, thou hast not forfeit thy Lease,
if thou hadst held five Ashes mo.
I, every one can warrant me,
but all your warrants are not worth a flee,
For he that troubles me and will not let me go,
neither cares for warrant of you nor me.
Thou'st have an Injunction, said our king
from troubling of thee he will cease
He'l either shew thee good cause why
or else he'l let thee live in peace.
What's that Injunction, said the poor man?
good Sir to me I pray you say,
Why, it is a Letter i'le cause to be written,
but art thou so simple as thou showst to day?
Why if't be a Letter i'me never the better,
keep it to thy self and trouble not me,
I could ha had a letter written cheaper at home,
and ne're a come out of my own country.
Thoust have an Atachment, said our King,
charge all that thou seest take thy part,
Till he pay thee an hundred pound,
sure thou never let him start:

If any seem against thee to stand,
before thou come hither straightway,
I marry, is that all ile get for my labour,
then I may come trotting every day,
Thou art hard of belief, then said our King
to please him with Letters he was will
I see you have taken great pains in writing
with all my heart ile give a Shilling
I'le have none of thy shilling said our King
man with thy money God give thee win
He threw it into the Kings bosome,
the money lay cold next to his skin.
Beshrew thy heart, then said our King,
thou art an Earl something too bold:
Dost thou not see I am hot with Bowling,
and the money next to my skin lies cold.
I never will that before said the poor man,
before like time as I came hither.
If the Lawers in our Country thought
they would not heap up so much together
The King called up his Treasurer,
and bad him fetch him twenty Pound;
If ever thy Errand lee here away,
i'le bear thy Charges up and down.
When the poor man saw the Gold down t
for to receive it he was willing:
If I had thought the King had had so
beshrew my heart i'de ha kept my shilling
The poor man got home the next Sunday
the Lawyer soon did him espy;
O Sir, you have been a stranger long,
I think from me you have kept you by.
It was for you indeed, said the poor man,
the matter to the King, as I have tell:
I did as my neighbour put into my head,
and made a submission to him my self.
What a deel didst thou with the K.qo. the
could not neighbors and friends agree th
The deel a neighbor or friend that I had,
that would ha been such a days man as
He has gin me a Letter, but I know not
but if the kings words be true to me (th
When you have read and perused it over,
I hope you'l leave and let me be.
He has gin me another, but I know not
but I charge you all to hold him fast,
Till he pay me an hundred pound,
I will go tye him fast tull a Post.
Marry God forbid, the Lawyer said,
then the Tachment was red before ther
Thou must needs something credit me,
till I go home and fetch some mear.
Credit, nay that's it the king forbad,
he bade it I got thee I should thee stay,
The Lawyer paid him an hundred pound
in ready money e're he went away.
Would every Lawyer were serued thus,
from troubling poor men they would ce
They'd either shew him good cause why,
or else they'd let him live in peace.
And thus I end my merry song,
which shews the plain mens simplene
And the kings great mercy in Righting
and the Lawyers fraud and wickedne

Printed by and for Aler. Milbourn,
Stationers-Arms in Green-Arbor-Co
the Little Old-Baily.

A Pleaſant new Ballad betweene King *Edward* the fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, as hee rode vpon a time with his Nobles on Hunting, towards Drayton Baſſet.



IN Summer time when leaues grew greene,
and birds ſitting on euery tree:
King Edward would a hunting ride,
ſome paſtime for to ſee.

Our King he would a hunting ride,
by eight a clocke of the day,
And well was he ware of a bold Tanner,
come riding on the way.

A good ruſſet coat the Tanner had on,
faſt buttoned vnder his chin:
And vnder him a good Cow-hide,
and a Mare of foure shilling.

Now ſtand you here good my Lords all,
vnder this truſty tree:
And I will wend to yonder fellow,
to know from whence came hee.

God ſpéed, God ſpéed, then ſaid our King,
thou art welcome good fellow (quoth hee)
Which is the way to Drayton Baſſet?
I pray you ſhew it to me.

The way to Drayton Baſſet,
from this way as thou doſt ſtand,
The next paire of Gallowes thou commeſt to,
thou muſt turne vpon the left hand.

That is not the way then ſaid our King,
the readieſt way I pray thee ſhew mée.
Whether thou be thiefe or true man quoth the Tanner,
I am weary of thy company.

Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
I hold thee out of thy wit:
For this day haue I ridden and gone,
and I am faſting yet.

Goe with me to Drayton Baſſet, ſaid our King,
no Dainties we will lacke:
For we'l haue meat and drinke of the beſt,
and I will pay for the ſhot.

Godamercie for nothing quoth the Tanner,
thou ſhalt pay for no dinner of mine:
I haue more groats and nobles in my purſe,
than thou haſt pence in thine.

God ſaue your goods then ſaid our King,
and ſend them well to thée.
Be thou thiefe or true man ſaid the Tanner,
I am weary of thy company.

Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
of thee I ſtand in feare:
The apparell thou weareſt on thy backe,
may ſeeme a good Lord to weare.

I neuer ſtole them ſaid our King,
I ſweare to you by the rood:
Thou art ſome Ruffian of the Country,
thou rideſt in the midſt of thy good.

What newes doe you heare then ſaid our King,
I pray what newes d'you heare?
I heare no newes anſwered the Tanner,
but that Cow-hides be deare.

Cow-hides, Cow-hides then ſaid our King,
I maruell what they be.
Why art thou a foole quoth the Tanner?
looke I haue one vnder mee.

Yet one thing of thée I would thee pray,
ſo that thou would not be ſtrange:
If thy Mare be better than my Stéed,
I pray you let vs change.

But if thou néeds with me wilt change,
as change full well may yee:
By the faith of my body quoth the Tanner,
I looke to haue boot of thée.

What boot wilt thou aske then ſaid the King,
what boot wilt thou aske on this ground?
No pence nor halfepence ſaid the Tanner,
but a Noble in gold ſo round.

The second Part of King *Edward* the fourth, and the Tanner of Tamworth.



HEres twenty good groats then said the King,
so well paid see that you be:
I love thee better than I did before,
I thought thou hadst ne're a penny.

But if so be we must néeds change,
as change we must abide:
Though thou hast gotten Brocke my Mare,
thou shalt not have my Cow-hide.

The Tanner he tooke the good Cow-hide
that of the Cow was hilt,
And threw it upon the Kings Saddle,
that was so fairely gilt.

Now helpe me, helpe me by quoth the Tanner,
full quickly that I were gone:
For when I come home to Iillian my wife,
shée'l say I am a Gentleman.

The King tooke the Tanner by the leg,
he girded a fart so round:
You are very homely then said the King,
were I aware I'de a laid you o'th ground.

But when the Tanner was in the Kings Saddle,
astonied then hee was:
Hée knew not the stirrops that hée did weare,
whether they were gold or brasse.

But when the Stéed saw the black Cow-taile wag,
for and the blacke Cow-horne:
The Stéed began to run away,
as the Deuill the Tanner had borne.

Untill hee came unto a noake,
a little beside an Ash:
The Stéed gaue the Tanner such a fall,
his necke was almost brast.

Take thy horse againe with a vengeance, hee said,
with mee hee shall not abide:
It is no marvell said the King, and laught,
he knew not your Cow-hide.

But if that wee must néeds now change here,
as change well that we mote:
Ile sweare to you plaine, if you have your Ma
I doe looke to have some boot.

What boot wilt thou aske, quoth the Tanner,
what boot wilt thou aske on this ground?
No pence nor halfepence, said the King,
but in gold twenty pound.

Heres twenty groats said the Tanner,
and twenty more I had of thine:
I have ten groats more in my purse,
we'l drinke five of them at the Wine.

The King set a Bugle horne to his mouth,
that blew both lond and shrill,
Then five hundred Lords and Knights,
came riding over a hill.

Away with a vengeance quoth the Tanner,
with thee Ile no longer abide:
Thou art a strong thiefe, yonder by thy fellows
they will steale away my Cow-hide.

No I protest then said our King,
for so it may not be:
They be Lords of Drayton Wallet,
come out of the North country.

But when they came before the King,
full low they fell on their knée:
The Tanner had rather than a hundred pound
hee had béen out of their company.

A Coller, a Coller, then said the King,
a Coller that he did cry:
Then would he ha'giu'n a thousand pound,
hee had not béen so nie.

A Coller, a Coller, quoth the Tanner,
that is a thing will breed sorrow,
For after a Coller commeth a halter,
and I shall be hanged to morrow.

No doe not feare, the King did say,
for pardon thou hast showne me:
No Coller nor halter thou shalt have,
but I will give thée a fee.

For Plumton Parke I will thée give,
with the Tenements thrée beside;
Which is worth five hundred pound a yeare,
to maintaine thy good Cow-hide.

Godamercie, Godamercie, quoth the Tanner,
for this good déed thou hast done:
If ever thou commest to merry Tamworth,
thou shalt have clouting leather for thy shone

London, Printed by *A. M.* FINIS.

A Pleasant Ballad of King *Henry* the second, and the Miller of Mansfield, and how he was Entertained and Lodged at the Miller's House, and of their pleasant Communication. To the tune of the French Levalto, &c.

HEnry, our Royal King, would ride a Hunting
to the green Forrest, so pleasant and fair,
To have the Hart chased, and dainty Does tripping,
unto merry Sherwood his Nobles repair;
Hawk and Hound was unbound, all things prepar'd
For the same: To the Game, with good regard,
All along Summers Day, rode the King pleasantly,
with all his Princes, and Nobles; each one
Chasing the Hart, and Hind, & the Buck gallantly,
till the dark Evening forc'd Him to turn home.
Then, at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his Lords in the Wood; late, in dark Night,
Wand'ring thus, warily, all alone, up and down,
with a rude Miller he met, at the last:
Asking the readiest way unto fair Nottingham.
Sir, (quoth the Miller) your way you have lost;
Yet I think what I think, truth for to say,
You do not likely ride out of your way.
Why? what dost thou think of me? qd. our King merrily,
passing thy judgment upon me so brief.
Good faith, (said the Miller) I mean not to flatter thee,
I guess thee to be but some Gentleman-Thief:
Stand thee back in the back, light thee not down,
Least that I presently crack thy Knaves crown.
Thou hast abus'd me much, (qd. the King saying thus)
I am a Gentleman, and lodging I lack.
Then hast not (qd. the miller) one groat in thy purse,
all thy Inheritance hangs on thy back.
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be Forty Pence I will pay all.
If thou beest a True-man, (then quoth the Miller)
I swear by my toledish, I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, (quoth the King) that was I ever.
Nay, soft, (qd. the Miller) thou may'st be a Spyght,
Better I'll know thee e'er hands I will take,
With none but honest men hands will I shake.
Thus they went all along unto the Miller's house,
where they were treething of Puddings and Souse;
The Miller first entred in, then after him the King,
never came he in so smoaky a house:
Now (quoth he) let me see here what you are.
Quoth our King, Look your fill, and do not spare.
I like thy countenance, thou hast an honest face,
with my Son Richard this night thou shalt lye,
Quoth his wife, By my troth it is a handsom youth,
yet is best (I say) for to deal warily:
Art thou not a Run-away, prethee youth tell?
Shew me thy Passport and all shall be well.
Then our King presently making low courtesie,
with his hat in his hand, thus he did say,
I have no passport, nor never was Servitor,
but a poor Courtier rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered me,
I will requite it in every degree.
Then to the Miller his wife whispered secretly,
saying it seems this Youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel and eke by his manners,
to turn him out certainly 'twere a great sin.
(quoth he) you may see he hath some grace,
in he doth speak to his betters in place.
Well, qd. the Miller's wife young man welcom here,
and tho' I say it well lodg'd thou shalt be,
Fresh straw I will have laid on thy bed to have,
good brown hempen-sheets likewise, quoth she.
Ay, quoth the good man, and when that is done
You shall lye with no worse than my own Son.
Nay first (quoth Richard) Good fellow tell me true,
hast thou no Creepers within thy gay Hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the Scabbado?
I pray quoth our King what things are those?
Art thou not lowse nor scabby? quoth he,
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with me.
This caus'd the King suddenly to laugh most heartily
till the tears trickled down from his eyes;
Then to their supper were they set orderly,
with a hot bag-pudding and good apple-pies;
Nappy ale good and stale in a brown bowl,
Which did about the board merrily trowl.
Here qd. the miller good fellow I'll drink to thee,
and to all Courtnals where-ever they be.
I'll pledge you quoth our King, and thank you heartily
for your good welcome in every degree;
And here in like manner I'll drink to your Son.
Do so, quoth Richard, but quick let it come.
Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth Light-foot
that we of his sweetness a little may taste;
A fair venison-pasty then brought she forth presently;
Eat, quoth the miller, but Sir make no waste:
Here's dainty Light-foot, in faith, said our King,
I never before did Eat so dainty a thing.
I wis, said Richard, no dainty at all it is,
for we do eat of it every day;
In what place, said the K. may be bought like to this
We never pay penny for it by say.
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here,
Now and then we make bold with our King's deer:
Then I think, said our King, that it is venison.
Each fool quoth Richard, full well may see that;
Peter-alce we without two or three under the roof,
very well fleshed and excellent fat:
But prethee say nothing where ever thou go,
We would not for two-pence the King should it know
Doubt not, then said the King, my promise I secresie,
the King shall never know more on't for me.
A cup of lambs-wool they drank unto him then,
and to their beds they past presently:
The Nobles next morning went all up and down
For to seek out the King in every town.
At last at the millers house soon they espy'd him plain
as he was mounting upon his fair Steed, (knee,
To whom they came presently falling upon their
which made the miller's heart wofully bleed;
Shaking and quaking before them he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood:
The King perceiving him fearful and trembling,
drew forth his sword and nothing he said.
The miller down did fall, crying before them all,
doubting the King would have cut off his head:
But his kind Courtesie for to requite,
Gave him a living, and made him a Knight.

The Second Part of the King and Miller, shewing how he came to Court with his wife and son, and what merry Conceits passed between the King and them.

When as our Royal K. came home from Nottingham
and with his Nobles at Westminster lay,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had tane,
in this late Progress along by the way:
Of them all great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best:
And now my Lords, qd. the king I am determined,
against St. George's next a sumptuous feast,
That this old miller our last confirmed knight
with his son Richard shall forth be my Guests,
For in this merriment 'tis my delite,
To talk with the jolly knight and the young Squire.
When as the Lords saw the kings pleasantness,
they were right joyful and glad in their hearts,
A Purlevant there was sent streight on the business,
the which had oftentimes been in those parts:
When he came to the place where he did dwell,
his message orderly then he did tell:
God save your worship then said the messenger,
and grant your Lady her hearts desire;
And to your Son Richard good fortune & happiness
that sweet young Gentleman & gallant young Squire,
Our king greets you all, and thus doth say,
You must come to the Court on St. Georges day.
Therefore in any case, fail not to be in place.
I wis quoth the miller this is an odd jest;
what should we do there he said faith I am half afraid
I doubt quoth Richard he hang'd at the least,
Nay quoth the messenger you do mistake,
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.
Then said the miller now by my troth messenger,
thou hast contented my worship full well;
Hold here's 3 farthings to quit thy great gentleness,
for these happy tydings which thou dost me tell;
Let me see heres to thee, tell to our king
we'll wait on his masterships in every thing.
The Purlevant smiled at their simplicity,
and making many legs took their Reward:
And taking then his leave with great humility
to the kings Court again he repair'd:
Shewing unto his Grace in each degree
The knights most liberal gift and bounty.
When he was gone away thus did the miller say,
here comes expences and charges indeed (have;
now we must needs be brave though we spend all we
for of new Garments we have great need:
Of horses and Serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twenty things more.
Tush Sir John qd his wife never fret nor frown,
you shall be at no more charges for me.
For I will turn and trim up my old Russet Gown,
with every thing as fine as may be:
and on our mill-horses full fair we will ride.
With pillows and pannels as we shall provide.
In this most stately sort Rode they unto the Court,
their jolly Son Richard foremost of all,
Who set up his good hap a Cocks Feather in his cap,
and so they jetted down towards the King's Hall.
the merry old miller with his hands on his side,
His Wife like maid M[illegible]d mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles that heard of his coming,
meeting this gallant knight with his brave train,
Welcome Sir knight qd. he with this your gay Lady,
good Sir John Cockle once welcome again;
And so is this Squire of courage so free.
Quoth Dick, Abots on you do you know me?
Quoth our king gently, How should I forget thee:
thou wast my own Bedfellow well that I wot.
But I think of a trick, tell me that prethee Dick,
how thou with farting didst make the bed hot?
Thou whoreson happy knave then quoth the knight,
speak cleanly to our king, or else go shite.
The king and his Courtiers heartily laugh'd at this,
while the king took them both by the hand;
With Ladies and their Maids, like to the Queen of (Spades,
the Millers wife did so orderly stand,
A Silk-mans courtesie at every word,
And down the Folks were set at the side board:
Where the king royally in Princely majesty,
sat at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well to felling then they fell,
taking a bowl of wine drank to the knight:
Here's to you both he said in wine ale and beer,
Thanking you all for your Country-Cheer.
Quoth Sir John Cockle I'll pledge you a pottle,
were it the best ale in Nottingham-shire.
But then said the king I do think of a thing,
some of your Lightfoot I would we had here;
Ho ho quoth Richard full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eat it and then to betray it.
why art thou angry? quoth our king merrily,
in faith I take it very unkind, (heartily
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
You're like to stay quoth Dick till I have din'd,
You feed us with twatling dishes so small,
Zounds a black Pudding is better than all.
ay marry quoth our king that were a dainty thing,
if a man could get one here for to eat.
with that Dick arose and pluckt one out of his hose,
which with heat of his breech began for to sweat:
The king made a proffer to snatch it away,
His meat for your Master good Sir you must stay.
thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
and then the Ladies prepared to dance,
Old Sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent,
unto this pastime the king did advance;
Here with the Ladies such sport they did make,
the Nobles with laughing did make their hearts ake,
Many thanks for their pains did the king give them,
asking young Richard if he would wed,
among these Ladies free tell me which likest thee:
Quoth he Jug Grumbol with the Red head;
Shes my love shes my life she will I wed,
She hath sworn I shall have her maiden-head.
then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
and of merry Sherwood made him Over-seer.
and gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearly.
and now take heed you steal no more of my Deer:
and once a quarter lets here have your view,
and thus Sir John Cockle I bid you adieu.

Printed for A. Milbourn in Green-Arbor-Court in the Little Old-Baily.

A Lanthorne for Landlords.

To the tune of the Duke of Norfolke.



WVIth ſobbing griefe my heart wil breake
Aſunder in my breſt,
Before this ſtory of great woe,
I truely have expreſt:
Therefore let all kind-hearted men,
And thoſe that tender be,
Come beare a part of this my griefe,
and joyntly ſay with me,
Woe worth the man, &c.
Not long agos in Lincolne dwelt,
As I did underſtand,
A labouring man from thence ſet forth,
to ſerve in Ireland:
And there in Princes warres was ſlaine,
As doth that Country know,
But left his widdow great with child
as ever ſhe could goe.
This woman having gone her time,
Her husband being dead,
Of two fine pretty Boyes at once
was ſwiftly brought to bed,
Whereat her wicked Landlord ſtraight,
Did ponder in his minde,
How that their wants hee muſt relieve,
and ſuccour for them finde
For being borne upon his ground,
This was his vile conceit,
That he the mother ſhould maintaine,
and give the other meat:
Which to prevent he hyed faſt,
unto this widdow poore,
And on the day ſhe went to Church,
he turn'd her out of doore,
Her houſhold goods he ſtraynd upon,
To ſatiſfie the rent,
And left her ſcarce a ragge to weare,
ſo wilfull was he bent.

Her pretty Babes that ſweetly ſlept
Upon her tender breſt,
Were forced by the Pilers rage,
by nights in ſtreets to reſt.
Quoth ſhe, my husband in your cauſe,
In warres did loſe his life,
And will you uſe thus cruelly
his harmeleſſe wedded wife?
O God revenge a widdowes wrong,
That all the world may know,
How you have forſt a Souldiers wife,
a begging for to goe.
From Lincolne thus this widdow went,
But left her curſe behind,
And begged all the Land about,
her maintenance to find:
At many places where ſhe came,
She knew the whipping poſt,
Conſtrained ſtill as beggers be,
to taſte on ſuch like roſt.
And weary of ſuch puniſhment,
Which ſhe had ſuffered long,
She daily thought within her heart,
ſhe had exceeding wrong:
And comming neere to Norwich gates,
In griefes ſhe ſate her downe,
Deſiring God that never ſhee
might come in that ſame Towne,
For I had rather live, quoth ſhe,
Within theſe pleaſant fields,
And feed my children with ſuch food,
as woods and meddowes yeeld,
Before I will of rich men beg,
Or crave it at their doore,
Whoſe hearts I know are mercileſſe
unto the needy poore.

The second part, To the same tune.

HEr Boy's now grown to two yéares
Did from their mother run, (old
To gather eares of Barly Corne,
as they before had done,
But marke what heavy chance befell
Unto these prétty Elves,
They hapned into Lands of Wheat
wherein they lost themselves.
Woe worth, &c.
And thinking to returne againe,
They wandred further still,
Farre from their mothers hearing quite,
full sore against her will,
Who sought them all the fields about,
But labouring all in vaine,
For why, her children both were lost,
and could not come againe.
The two swéet babes when they perceiv'd
The cole-blacke night drew on,
And they not in their mothers sight,
for her did make great mone:
But wearied with the dayes great heat,
They sate them downe and cryed,
Untill such time that arme in arme,
these two swéet infants dyed.
Their mother after thrée dayes search,
Resolved had her mind,
That some good honest meaning man
did both her children find:
And therefore went to séeke her selfe
A service out of hand,
Who chanced with that man to dwell,
which owed this gréene wheat land.
It fell out so in harvest time,
This woefull widdow then,
Was at the reaping of the Wheate,
with other labouring men,
Where finding of her lifelesse babes,
Almost consumn'd away,
Shée wrung her hands and beat her brest
but knew not what to say.
The rumor of which woefull chance,
Throughout the City told,
Enforced many a weeping eye,
the same for to behold.
From whence shée was conducted againe
To Lincolne backe with speed,
To prosecute the Law against
the causer of this déed.
But see the judgement of the Lord,
How hée in fury great,
Did bring this Wizer to distresse,
though wealthy was his seat.
For when to Lincolne shée was brought,
The Caitiffe hée was gone,
Of all his cursed family,
remaining was but one,
For first the house wherein shée dwelt,
Did prove unfortunate,
Which made the Landlord & his friends,
to marvell much thereat.

For tenants foure there dwelt therein
A twelve month and a day,
Yet none of them could thrive at all.
but beggers went away:
Whereas this miserable wretch
Did turne it to a barne,
And fild it full in harvest time,
with good red wheat and corne,
To keep it safely from the poore,
Untill there came a yéare,
That famine might oppresse them all,
and make all victuals deare,
But God forgetting not the wrong,
Hee vid the Widdow poore,
Sent downe a fire from heaven,
consumed all his store:
By which this wicked mizer man,
Was brought to beggery,
And likewise laid a grievous scourge
upon his family:
His wife shée prov'd a cursed witch.
And burned for the same,
His daughter now a Strumpet is
at London in defame,
At Leister at the Sizes last,
Was hanged his eldest sonne,
For there consenting wickedly
unto a murder done.
His second sonne was fled away
Unto the enemy,
And prov'd disloyall to his Prince,
and to his owne Country.
His yongest sonne had like mishap,
Or worser in my mind,
For hée consented to a bitch,
contrary unto kind,
For which, the Lord without delay,
Rain'd vengeance on his head,
Who like a sinnefull Sodomite
defiled Natures bed.
For there were two great mastiffe dogs,
That met him in a wood,
And tore his limbs in pieces small,
devouring up his blood:
Whereof when as his father heard,
Most like a desperate man,
Within a Channell drown'd himselfe,
that downe the street it ran,
Where as water could scarce suffice,
To drown a silly mouse:
And thus the ruine you have heard
of him and all his house.
The Widdow shée was soone possest
Of all the goods he left,
In recompence of those swéet babes
mischance from her bereft,
Therefore let all heard-hearted men,
By this example take,
That God is just, and will be trus,
for woefull widdowes sake.
Woe worth the man, &c.

London Printed for Iohn Wright. FINIS.

The Lamentation of Master *Pages* wife of Plimmouth, who being enforced by her Parents to wed him against her will, did most wickedly consent to his murther, for the love of *George Strangwidge*; for which fact she suffered death at Barstable in Devonshire. VVritten with her owne hand a little before her death. To the tune of Fortune my Foe.

VNhappy she whom fortune hath forlorne,
Despis'd of grace, that proffered grace did scorn:
My lawlesse love that lucklesse wrought my woe,
My discontent content did overthrow.

My loathed life too late I doe lament,
My hatefull deed with heart I doe repent:
A wife I was that wilfull went away,
And for that fault am here prepar'd to die.

In blooming yeares my fathers greedy mind,
Against my will a match for me did find:
Great wealth there was, yea gold and many store,
But yet my heart had chosen long before.

My eye mislik't my Fathers liking quite:
My heart did loath my Parents fond delight:
My grieved mind and fancie told to me,
That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I crau'd they would not me constraine,
With teares I crave their purpose to restraine:
With sighs and sobs I did them often move,
I might not wed whereas I could not love.

But all in vaine my speeches still I spent,
My Fathers will my wishes did prevent:
Though wealthy Page possest my outward part,
George Strangwidge still was lodged in my heart.

I wedded was, but wrapped in all woe.
Great discontents within my heart did grow,
I loath'd to live, yet liu'd in deadly strife,
Because perforce I was made Pages wife.

My chosen eyes could not his sight abide,
My tender youth did scorne his aged side,
Scant could I taste the meat whereon he fed,
My legs did loath to lodge within his bed.

Cause knew I none I should despise him so,
That such disdaine within my mind did grow
Saue onely this that fancie did me move,
And told me still George Strangwidge was my love.

But here began my downfall and decay,
In mind I mus'd to make him straight away,
I that became his discontented wife,
Contented was he should be rid of life.

Me thinkes that heauen cries vengeance for my fact,
Me thinkes the world condemnes my monstrous act,
Me thinkes within, my conscience tells me true,
That for that deed Hell fier is my due.

My pensiue life doth sorrow for my sinne,
For this offence my soule doth bleed within,
Yet mercy Lord for mercy doe I cry,
Saue thou my soule, and let my body dye.

Well could I wish that Page enjoy'd his life,
So that he had some other to his wife,
But neuer would I wish of low or hie,
A longer life, and see sweet Strangwidge die.

Ah woe is me that had no better grace,
To stay till he had run out Natures race:
My deed I rue, but more I doe lament,
That to the same my Strangwidge gaue consent.

You Parents fond that greedy-minded be,
And seeke to graft upon a golden tree:
Consider well, and rightfull Iudges be,
And giue your doome twixt Parents loue and me.

I was their child and bound for to obey,
Yet not to wed where I no loue could lay:
I married was to muck and endlesse strife,
But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

Ah wretched world which sancred rust doth blinde,
And cursed men that beare a greedy minde:
And hapleſſe I whom Parents did force so,
To end my dayes in sorrow, shame and woe.

You Deuonshire Dames, and courteous Cornwall (Knights,
That here are come to visit wofull wights:
Regard my griefe, and marke my wofull end,
And to your children be a better friend.

And thou my deare which for my fault must dye,
Be not afraid the fore of death to try,
Like as we liu'd and lou'd together true,
So both at once let's bid the world adue.

Ulalia thy friend doth take her last farewell,
Whose soule with thine in heauen shall euer dwell,
Sweet Saniour Christ doe thou my soule receiue,
The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And Parents now, whose mournfull minds doe thinke
Your hearts disease and inward heauy woe:
Mourne you no more, for hope my heart doth tell,
Ere day be done, that I shall be full well.

And Plimmouth proud, I bid thee eke farewell,
Take heed you wiues, let not your hands rebell:
And farewell life wherein such sorrow showes,
And welcome graue which must my corps inclose.

And now sweet Lord forgiue me my misdeeds,
Repentance cries for soule that inward bleeds:
My soule and body I commend to thee,
That with thy blood from death redeem'd it free.

Lord bleſſe our King with long and happy life,
And send true loue betwixt each Man and Wife:
And giue all Parents wisedome to foresee,
The match is marr'd where minds doe not agree.

The Lamentation of *George Strangwidge*, who for consenting to the death of Master *Page* of Plimmouth, suffered death at Barstable.

THe man that sighes and sorrowes for his sinne,
The corps which care and woe hath wrapped in,
In dolefull sort records his Swan-like Song,
That waits for death, and loathes to liue so long.

O Glandfield, cause of my committed crime,
Snared in wealth, as Birds in bush of lime:
What cause hadst thou to beare such wicked spight
Against my good, and eke my Loues delight?

I would to God thy wisedome had beene more,
Or that I had not entred in thy doore:
Or that thou hadst a kinder Father beene,
Vnto thy Child, whose yeares are yet but greene:

The match vnmade which thou for muck didst make,
When aged Page thy Daughter home did take:
Well maist thou rue with teares that cannot dry,
Which was the cause that some of vs must dye.

Vlalia faire, more bright than Summers Sunne,
Whose beauty had my heart for euer won,
My soule more sobs to thinke of thy disgrace,
Than to behold mine owne vntimely race.

The deed late done in heart I doe lament,
But that I lou'd, I cannot yet repent:
Thy semely sight was euer sweet to me,
Would God my death would thy excuser be.

It was for me (alas) thou didst the same,
On me of right they ought to lay the blame:
My worthlesse loue hath brought my life in scorne,
Now woe is me that euer I was borne.

Farewell my Ione, whose loyall heart was seene,
Would God thou hadst not halfe so constant beene:
Farewell my Loue the pride of Plimmouth Towne,
Farewell the Flower whose beauty is cut downe.

For twenty yeares great was the cost I know,
Thy louing Father did on thee bestow:
Yet afterward so sore did fortune lowre,
He lost his joy and Child within an houre.

My wrong and woe to God I doe commit,
His was the sanct, by matching them vnfit:
And yet my guilt I cannot so excuse,
I gaue consent his life for to abuse.

Wretch that I am that I consent did giue,
Had I denied, Vlalia still should liue:
Blind fancy said, her suite doe not denie,
Liue thou in blisse, or else in sorrow die.

O Lord forgiue this cruell deed of mine,
Vpon my soule let beames of mercy shine:
In Iustice Lord doe thou no vengeance take,
Forgiue vs both for Iesus Christ his sake.

FINIS.

The Sorrowfull complaint of Mistris *Page*, for causing her husband to be murdered, for the love of *George Strangwidge*, who were executed together.

IF euer woe did touch a womans heart,
Or griefe did gall for sinne the inward part:
My conscience then and heauy heart within,
Can witnesse well my sorrow for my sinne.

When yeares were young my Father forc't me wed,
Against my will, where fancy was not led,
I was content his pleasure to obey,
Although my heart was linkt another way.

Great were the guifts they proffered to my sight,
With wealth they thought to win me to delight:
But gold nor guift my heart could not remoue,
For I was linkt whereas I could not loue.

Me thought his sight was loathsome to my eye,
My heart did grudge against him inwardly:
This discontent did cause my deadly strife,
And with his wealth I liu'd a loathsome life.

My constant Ione was on young Strangwidge set,
And woe to them that did our welfare let:
His Ione to me so deepe a roote did take,
I could haue gone a begging for his sake.

Wronged he was euen through my Parents plaine,
Wronged he was through fond desire of gaine,
If faith and troth a perfect Iudge might be,
I had beene wife vnto no man but he.

Eternall God forgiue my faithlesse deed,
And grant all Maidens to take better heed,
If I had constant beene vnto my friend,
I had not matcht to make so bad an end.

But wanting grace, I sought my owne decay,
And was the cause to cast my friend away:
And he in whom my earthly ioyes did lie,
Through my amisse, a shamefull death must die.

Farewell sweet George, my louing faithfull friend,
Needes must I laud and loue thee to the end,
And albeit that Page possest thy due,
In sight of God thou wast my Husband true.

My watry eyes vnto the heauens I bend,
Crauing of Christ his mercy to extend:
My bloody deed, O Lord, doe me forgiue,
And let my soule within thy Kingdome liue.

Farewell false World, and friends that fickle be,
All wiues farewell, example take by me:
Let not the Deuill to murder you entice:
Seeke to escape each foule and filthy vice.

And now, O Christ, to thee I yeeld my breath,
Strengthen my faith in bitter pangs of death.
Forgiue my faults and follies I thee pray,
And with thy blood wash thou my sinnes away.

FINIS.

A lamentable Ditty compoſed vpon the Death of *Robert* Lord *Dewereux*, late Earle of *Eſſex*, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, on *Aſhwenſday* in the morning, 1600. To the tune of *Welladay*



SWeet Englands pride is gone,
welladay, welladay,
Which makes her ſigh and grone
euermore ſtill:
She did her fame aduance,
in Ireland Spaine, and France,
And now by diſmall chance,
is from vs tane.

He was a vertuous Peere,
welladay, welladay,
And was eſteemed deare,
euermore ſtill:
He alwayes helpt the poore,
which makes them ſigh full ſore
His death they doe deplore,
in euery place.

Braue honour grac'd him ſtill,
gallantly, gallantly,
Neuere did deed of ill,
well it is knowne,
But Enuy that foule fiend,
whoſe malice neere did end,
Hath brought true vertues friend
vnto his thrall.

At Tilt he did ſurpaſſe,
gallantly gallantly,
All men that is and was
euermore ſtill:
One day as it was ſeene,
in honour of our Queene,
Such deeds hath neere bin ſeene,
as he did doe.

Abroad and eke at home,
gallantly, gallantly,
For valour there was none,
like him before.
In Ireland France, and Spaine,
they fear'd great Eſſex name,
And England lou'd the ſame,
in euery place.

But all would not preuaile,
welladay, welladay,
His deeds did not auaile,
more was the pitty:
He was condem'd to die,
for treaſon certainly,
But God that ſits on high,
knoweth all things.

That Sunday in the morne,
welladay, welladay,
That he to the Citie came,
with all his troupe:
That firſt began the ſtrife
and cauſ'd him loſe his life,
And others did the like,
as well as he,

Yet her Princely Maieſty,
graciouſly, graciouſly,
Hath pardon giuen free,
to many of them:
She hath releaſ'd them quite,
and giuen them their right,
They may pray day and night,
God to defend her.

Shroueſunday in the night,
welladay welladay,
With a heauy hearted ſpite,
as it is ſaid:
The Lieutenant of the Tower,
who kept him in his power
At ten a Cloke that houre,
to him did come.

And ſaid vnto him there
mournefully, mournefully,
My Lord you muſt prepare,
to die to morrow.
Gods will be done quoth he,
yet ſhall you ſtrangely ſee,
God ſtrong in me to be,
though I am weake.

I pray you pray for me,
welladay, welladay,
That God may ſtrengthen me,
againſt that houre:
Then ſtraightway he did call
to the Guard vnder the wall
And did intreat them all
for him to pray.

For to morrow is the day,
welladay, welladay,
That I the depte muſt pay,
which I doe owe:
It is my life I meane,
which I muſt pay my Queene
Euen ſo hath Juſtice giuen,
that I muſt dye.

In the morning was he brought
welladay, welladay,
Where a Scaffold was ſet vp
within the Tower:
Many Lords were preſent then,
with other Gentlemen,
Which were appointed then,
to ſee him die,

You Noble Lords quoth he,
welladay, welladay.
That muſt the witneſſe be,
of this my death:
Know I neuer lou'd Papiſtry,
but ſtill did it deſie,
And Eſſex thus will die,
here in this place,

I haue a ſinner beene,
welladay, welladay,
Yet neuer wrong'd my Queene,
in all my life:
My God I did offend,
which grieues me at my end,
May all the reſt amend,
I doe forgiue them.

To the State I nere ment ill,
welladay, welladay,
Neither with the Commons ill,
in all my life:
But lou'd all with my heart,
and alwayes tooke their part,
Whereas there was deſart,
in any place

Then mildly did he crane,
mournefully, mournefully,
He might that fauour haue,
priuate to pray:
He then praid heartily,
and with great feruency,
To God that ſits on hie,
for to receiue him.

And then he praid againe,
mournfully, mournfully,
God to preſerue his Queene
from all her foes:
And ſend her long to raigne,
true Juſtice to maintaine,
And not to let proud Spaine,
once to offend her.

His Gowne he ſlipt off then
welladay, welladay,
And put off his hat and band,
and hung them by:
Praying ſtill continually,
to God that ſits on hie,
That he might patiently,
there ſuffer death.

My headſman that muſt be,
then ſaid he chearefully,
Let him come here to me,
that I may him ſee,
Who kneeled to him then,
art thou quoth he the man,
Which art appointed now,
my life to free.

Yes my Lord did he ſay,
welladay, welladay,
Forgiue me, I you pray,
for this poor death,
I here doe you forgiue,
and may true Juſtice liue,
No fowle crime to forgiue,
within their place.

Then he kneeled downe againe,
mournfully, mournfully,
And was required by ſome
there ſtanding by
To forgiue his enemies,
before death cloſe his eyes,
Which he did in hearty wiſe,
thanking them for it.

That they would remember him
welladay, welladay,
That he might forgiue all them
that had him wrong'd,
Now my Lords I take my leaue,
ſweet Chriſt my ſoule receiue,
Now when you will preparе,
for I am ready.

He laid his head on the blocke
welladay, welladay,
But his Doublet let the ſtroke,
ſome there did ſay;
What muſt be done quoth he,
ſhall be done preſently,
Then his doublet off put he,
and lay downe againe.

Then his headſman did him part
cruelly, cruelly,
He was neuer ſeene to ſtart,
for all the blowes:
His ſoule it is at reſt,
in heauen amongſt the beſt,
Where God ſend vs to reſt,
when it ſhall pleaſe him.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Cuthbert Wright* and are to be ſold at his ſhop in little *Saint Bartholmews* cloſe to the Lame Hoſpitall.

A lamentable new Ballad vpon the Earle of *Essex* his death. 153.

To the tune of, *Essex last goodnight.*



ALL you that cry, O hone O, hone,
come now and sing, O Lord with me,
For why our Jewell is from vs gone,
the valiant Knight of Chivalry:
Of rich and poore beloued was he,
in time an honourable Knight:
When by our Lawes condemned was he,
and lately tooke his last good-night.

Count him not like to Campion,
(these traiterous men) or Babington,
Nor like the Earle of Westmerland,
by whom a number were vndone:
He neuer yet hurt mothers son,
his quarrell still maintain'd the right,
Which makes the teares my cheekes down run
when I thinke on his last good-night.

The Portingals can witnesse be.
his Dagger at Lisbone gate he flung:
And like a Knight of Chivalry,
his Chaine vpon the same he hung:
Would God that he would thither come,
to fetch them both in honor right,
Which thing was by his honour done,
yet lately tooke his last good-night.

The Frenchmen they can testifie,
the Townes of Gourney he tooke in,
And march'd to Roane immediately.
not caring for his foes a pin:
With bullets then he pierc'd their skin,
and made them flee farre from his sight,
He at that time did credit win,
and now hath tane his last good-night.

And stately Cales can witnesse well,
euen by his Proclamation right:
He did command them all straightly,
to haue a care of Infants liues:
That none should rauish Maid nor Wife,
which was against their order right,
Therefore they pray'd for his long life,
which lately tooke his last good-night.

Would God he had neere Ireland knowne,
nor set his foot on Flaunders ground:
Then might we well enioy our owne,
where now our Jewell will not be found,
Which makes our woes still to abound,
trickling with salt teares in our sight,
To heare his name in our eares to sound,
Lord *Deuereux* tooke his last good-night,

Ashwensday on that dismall day,
when he came forth of his chamber doore
Vpon a Scaffold there he saw.
his headsman standing him before,
The Nobles all they did deplore,
shedding their salt teares in his sight,
He said farewell to rich and poore,
at his good-morrow and good-night.

My Lords, quoth he, you stand but by,
to see performance of the Law,
It's I that haue deserued to die,
and yeeld my life vnto the blow,
I haue deseru'd to die, I know,
but nere against my Countries right,
Nor to my Queene was euer foe,
vpon my death at my good-night.

Farewell Elizabeth my gracious Queene,
God blesse thee and thy Councell all:
Farewell you Knights of Chivalry,
farewell my Souldiers stout and tall,
Farewell the Commons great and small,
into the hands of men I light,
My life shall make amends for all,
for *Essex* bids the world good-night.

Farewell deare wife and children three,
farewell my young and tender son,
Comfort your selues, returne not for me,
although your fall be now begun:
My time is come the glasse is run
comfort your selues in former light,
Seeing by my fall you are vndone,
your father bids the world good night.

Derick, thou knowest, at Cales I sau'd
thy life, lost for a Rape there done,
Which thou thy selfe canst testifie,
thine owne hand three and twenty hung,
But now thou seest my life is come,
by chance into thy hands I light,
Strike out the blow that I may know,
thou *Essex* lou'd at his good-night.

When England counted me a Papist,
the works of Papists I desie,
I nere worshipt Saint, nor Angell in heauen
nor to the Virgin Mary I,
But to Christ, which for my sinnes did die,
trickling with sad teares in his sight,
Spreading my armes to God on high,
Lord Iesus receiue my soule this night.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Cuthbert Wright.*

A lamentable new Ditty, made vpon the death of a worthy Gentleman, named *George Stoole*, dwelling sometime on *Gate-side Moore*, and sometime at New-castle in Northumberland: with his penitent end. To a delicate Scottish Tune.



COme you lusty Northerne Lads,
that are so blith and bonny,
Prepare your hearts to be full sad,
to heare the end of Georgy,
Heigh ho, heigh-ho my bony loue,
heigh-ho, heigh ho my honny;
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho my owne deare loue
and God be with my Georgie.

When Georgie to his triall came,
a thousand hearts were sorry,
A thousand Lasses wept full sore,
and all for loue of Georgy.
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bony Loue,
heigho, &c.

Some did say he would escape,
some at his fall did glory: (friends,
But these were Clownes and fickle
and none that loued Georgy.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Might friends haue satisfide the Law,
then Gorgie would find many:
Yet bravely did he plead for life,
if mercy might be any.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But when this doughty Carle was cast
he was full sad and sorry:
Yet boldly did he take his death,
so patiently dyde Georgie.
Heigh-ho, &c.

As Georgie went vp to the Gate,
he tooke his leaue of many:
He tooke his leaue of his Lords wife,
whom he lou'd best of any.
Heigh-ho, &c.

With thousand sighs and heauy looks,
away from thence he parted:
Where he so often blith had bene,
though now so heauy hearted.
Heigh-ho, &c.

He writ a Letter with his owne hand,
he thought he writ it bravely:
He sent it to New-castle Towne,
to his beloued Lady.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Wherein he did at large bewaile,
the occasion of his folly:
Bequeathing life vnto the Law,
his soule to heauen holy:
Heigh-ho, &c.

Why Lady, leave to weepe for me,
let not my ending grieue ye:
Proue constant to the ney pon lous,
for I cannot releeue yee.
Hiegh ho, &c.

Out vpon the Withrington,
and fie vpon the Phoenix:
Thou hast put downe the doughty one
that stole the sharpe from Anix.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





And fie on all ſuch cruell Carles,
whoſe cruelties ſo fickle:
To call away a Gentleman
in hatred for ſo little.
Heigh-ho heigh-ho, my bonny Loue,
heigh-ho, &c.

I would I were on yonder Hill,
where I haue beene full merry:
My ſword and buckeler by my ſide
to fight till I be weary.
Heigh-ho &c.

They well, ſhould know that woke me
though whoppe be now forſaken: (firſt
Had I but freedome, armes, and health,
I'de dye, are I'de be taken.
Heigh-ho &c.

But Law condemns me to my graue,
they haue me in their power:
There's none but Chriſt that can me
at this my dying houre. ſaue,
Heigh-ho. &c.

He call'd his deareſt loue to him,
when as his heart was ſorry:
And ſpeaking thus with manly heart,
Deare ſweeting, pray for Georgie.
Heigh-ho, &c.

He gaue to her a piece of gold,
and bade her giue't her Barnes:
And oft he kiſt her roſie lips,
and laid him into her armes.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And comming to the place of death,
he neuer changed colour.
The more they thought he would looke
the more his veines were fuller. (pale,
Heigh-ho, &c.

And with a cheerefull countenance,
(being at that time entreated
For to conſelle his former life)
theſe words he ſtraight repeated.
Heigh-ho &c.

I neuer ſtole no Mare nor Cow,
nor never murdered any:
But fifty Horſe I did receiue
of a Merchants man of Gory.
Heigh-ho, &c.

For which I am condemn'd to dye,
though guiltleſſe I ſtand dying:
Deare gracious God, my ſoule receiue
for now my life is flying.
Heigh-ho, &c.

The man of death a part did act,
which grieues me tell the ſtory.
God comfort all are comfortleſſe,
and did ſo well as Georgie.
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, my bonny Loue,
heigh-ho heigh-my bonny,
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, mine own true lou
ſweet Chriſt receiue my Georgie.

FINIS.

At London printed for H. Goſſon.

A Lovers teares:

OR,

The conſtancy of a yong mans mind,
Although his choyce be too unkind.
All you yong men who heare this Ditty,
A Lovers teares bemoane with pitty.

To the tune of Sigh, ſob, and weepe.





YOu who haue run in Cupids maze,
and on fond beauties vainly gaze,
Attend while I explaine my moane,
and think my caſe may be your owne.
Then learne to pitty Lovers teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

The bitter ſweets that I did taſte,
and borrowed hours conſum'd in waſt,
Makes me my friends with counſell arme
that they in time may ſhun like harm.
And learne &c.

A curious beauty I adore,
and muſt though ſhe hate me therefore,
For now I am within the net,
at liberty I cannot get.
Then learne &c.

Ill hap had I to ſée her face,
vnleſſe her heart would yéld me grace:
Her eyes had ſuch attractiue force,
I néede muſt loue without remorſe.
Then learne, &c.

Her hatres were Cupids chains to tie
me vnto her perpetually,
For I muſt loue her, tis my fate,
and be repaid with mortall hate.
Then learne to pitty Louers teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

I thinke on her both night and morne,
which when ſhe heares, ſhe ſales in ſcorn
If you be fooliſh, Sir, muſt I
be bound your mind to ſatisfie?
And thus my ſad complaints ſhe jeeres,
for love is full of cares and feares.

She thinks her ſelfe too high in bloud,
and for to match with me too good,
Fond foole ſayes ſhe, art ſo vnwiſe,
to thinke that Eagles ſtrike at flyes?
O yong men pitty Lovers teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

Such vnequality ſhe makes,
no pitty on my moane ſhe takes,
The more I weepe, the more doth ſhe,
inſult over my miſery.
O yong men, &c.

If I to her a letter frame,
ſhe ſaith ſhe hates to reade my name,
And therefore to prevent that paine,
in ſcorne ſhe ſends it back againe:
Then learne &c.

If I doe méet with her by chance,
my captiu'd heart (for joy) doth dance,
But to ſuppreſſe that joy againe,
ſhe turnes her face with coy diſdaine.
Then yong men, &c.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





She ſhuns my preſence with haſt,
then ere one word from me is paſt,
Shee's out of ſight or out of call,
and will not heare me ſpeake at all.
O yong men pitty Lovers teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

Sometimes unto her maid I ſpeake,
and ſhe my mind to her doth breake,
Away thou ſilly foole quoth ſhe,
he's hardly good enough for thee.
O yong men, &c.

This ſhe doth ſtrive to vilifie
my name with hatefull infamy,
O note the haughty inſolence
of maids in fortunes eminence.
And learne, &c.

Were't not a ſhame it ſhould be ſaid
I woo'd the Miſtreſſe, yet the maid
I am eſteem'd ſcarce worthy of,
what man could beare ſo foule a ſcorne?
Yet I with patience take theſe jeeres,
for love is full of cares and feares.

I would my fancy could diſſwade
me from the Miſtreſſe to the maid,
But alaſſe that may not be,
if ere I marry 't muſt be ſhe.
O yong men, &c.

I wiſh I could my heart reclaime,
from doting on this ſcornfull dame,
For all my ſighs and all my care
are like to arrows ſhot i'th aire.
O yong men &c.

Suppoſe ſhe be in her degree,
(as ſhe pretends) too good for me,
In love the begger and the King,
coequally doe ſute the ſting.
O yong men &c.

It is her proud faſtidious thought,
that only hath this difference wrought
For in a true impartiall eye,
there's no great odds twixt her and I.
O yong men &c.

Well, if I die as needs I muſt,
Cupid grant me one boone that's juſt,
That ere ſhe wed ſhe may be faine
a worſe then I to entertaine.
O yong men &c.

And ſo farewell thou cruell faire,
come gentle death and end my care,
Kind yongmen learne by my behеſt,
to love your enemies that's the beſt.
And learne to pitty Lovers teares,
for love is full of cares and feares.

M.P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Tho: Lambert*, at the ſign of the Horſ-ſhoo in Smithfield.

The lovely Northerne Lasse.

VVho in this ditty here complaining, shewes
VVhat harme she got milking her dadyes Ewes.

To a pleasant Scotch tune, called, The broome of Cowdon knowes.





THrough Liddersdale as lately I went
I musing on did passe,
I heard a Maid was discontent:
she sigh'd and said alas,
All maids that ever deceived was,
beare a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny Lasse,
when I milkt my dadyes Ewes.
With O the broome, the bonny broome,
the broome of Cowdon knowes,
Faine would I be in the North Countrey
to milke my dadyes Ewes.

My love into the fields did come,
when my dady was at home,
Sugred words he gave me there,
prais'd me for such a one,
His honey breath and lips so soft,
and his alluring eye,
And tempting tong hath wood me oft,
now forces me to cry,
All Maids &c.

He ioyed me with his pretty chat,
so well discourse could he,
Talking of this thing and of that,
which greatly liked me.
I was so greatly taken with his speech,
and with his comely making,
He used all the meanes could be,
to inchant me with his speaking,
All Maids &c.

In Danby Forrest I was borne,
my beauty did excell,
My parents dearely loved me,
till my belly began to swell,
I might have beene a princes pere,
when I came over the knees,
Till the shepherds boy beguiled me,
milking my dadyes Ewes.
All maides &c.

When once I felt my belly swell,
no longer might I abide,
My mother put me out of doores,
and bang'd me backe and side
Then did I range the world so wide,
wandering about the knees,
Cursing the Boy that helped me,
to fold my dadyes Ewes.
All Maides &c.

Who would a thought a boy so yong,
would have us'd a Maiden so,
As to allure her with his tongue,
and then from her to goe?
Which hath alas procured my woe,
to credit his faire sheares,
Which now too late repent I doe,
the milking of the Ewes.
All Maids &c.

I often since have wisht that I,
had never seene his face,
I needed not thus mournefully,
have sighd and said alas,
I might have matched with the best,
as all the Country knowes.
Had I escap'd the Shepherds boy
helpt me to fold my Ewes.
All Maids &c.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





ALL Maidens ſtire then have a care,
when you a milking goe:
Truſt not to young mens tempting tongues,
that will deceive you ſo,
Them you ſhall finde to be unkinde,
and glory in your woes,
For the ſhepheards boy beguiled mee,
folding my dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

If you your virgin honours kéepe,
eſtéeming of them deare,
You néed not then to waile and wéepe
or your parents anger feare:
As I have ſaid, of them beware,
would glory in your woes,
You then may ſing with merry chéere,
milking your Dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

A young man hearing her complaint,
did pity this her caſe,
Saying to her, ſwéet beautious ſaint,
I grieve ſo faire a face
Should ſorrow ſo, then ſwéeting know,
to eaſe thée of thy woes,
Ile goe with thée to the North country,
to milke thy dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

Leander like I will remaine,
ſtill conſtant to thée ever:
As Piramus, or Troyalus,
till death our lives ſhall ſever,
Let me be hated evermore,
of all men that me knowes,
If falſe to thee, ſwéet heart I bée,
milking thy dadyes Ewes.
All maids, &c.

Then modeſtly ſhe did reply,
might I ſo happy bee,
Of you to finde a husband kinde,
and ſet to marrie me,
Then to you I would during life
continue conſtant ſtill,
And be a true obedient wife,
obſerving of your will.
With O the broome, the bonny broome,
the broome of Cowden knoes,
Faine would I be in the North country,
milking my dadyes Ewes.

Thus with a gentle ſoft imbrace,
he tooke her in his armes,
And with a kiſſe he ſmiling ſaid,
Ile ſhield thee from all harmes,
And inſtantly will marry thee,
to eaſe thee of thy woes,
And goe with thee to the North Countrey,
to milke thy dadyes Ewes.
With O the broome, the bonny broome,
the broome of Cowdon knoes,
Faine would I be in the North Country,
to milke my dadyes Ewes.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

Labour in vaine.

OR

An imperfect description of Love.

Imperfect I well call it may,
For who can all Loves parts display?

To a dainty new tune, called *Ienkinson.*





FIe vpon lone, fond lone,
false lone,
Great are the torments
that Lovers endure:
It is a snare, brings care,
bones bare,
None can a remedy
for it procure:
Of all the afflictions
that are incident
To vs while we march
vnder Times regiment,
There's nothing to man
brings so much discontent
as lone vnbeloned againe.
It breaketh our slæp,
it distracteth the wit,
It makes vs doe things
that for men are vnfit:
If I may but give
It's a true censure on it,
shall be call'd Labour in vaine.

Lone is a fire, hot fire,
fierce fire,
Who can abide
the extremity on't!
It burnes the reines, great pains,
small gaines
Shall a man get
after beauty to hunt:
'Tis that which the learned
by right doe name
(As I doe coniecture)
the Idalean flame,
Jove grant that I never
doe feele the same.
so nær as I can Ile refrain:
Yet if the blind rascall
at me shall shoot,
I know to withstand him
it were no boot,
Both young men and maidens
with you look to't,
For this is right Labour in vain.

Lone is a well, dæpe well,
slæp well,
No man can sound
its profundity right:
The water in't, melts flint
Tets stint
Both to the Peasant,
the Lord, and the Knight:
It is Aganipe,
or Helicon,
It gives him invention
that erst had none:
It yields enough matter
to worke vpon
For every illiterate swaine:
'Tis like to that water
where Tantalus stood,
A man may be starv'd
among plenty of food,
I had rather taste of
the coole running flood,
Then drink at this Labour in vain.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





LOue is a hill, high hill, great hill,
No man ere climb'd
to the top of the ſame:
He that aſpires, it tyres, with byers
It is inuironed
wilde men to tame.
'Tis that againſt which
powre Siſiphus ſtrives
To roule up a ſtone,
which downward byines,
This reſtleſſe toyle
coſts many mens lines,
& few by the iourney do gain:
The paths are ſo difficult
to find out,
The beſt Coſmographer
his skill may doubt,
'Twill daunt him if he
thinks himſelfe moſt ſtout,
And this is right Labour in vain.

Loue is a chaine, ſtrong chaine, long chaine,
He who is bound in it
ſeldome gets free,
'Twill hold him faſt, till th'laſt, houre's paſt,
Though ſtrong as Hector,
or Aiax he be,
'Tis that wherewith luſty
Alcides bound
The three headed Cerberus,
that hell-hound,
When he did Don Plutoes
power confound,
and got Proſerpina againe.
'Tis that wherewith Sampſon,
by'th Philiſtims was
Bound to the mill
where he ground like an aſſe:
'Tis ſtronger then iron,
ſteele, or braſſe,
And this is call'd Labour in vain.

Loue is a wheele, round wheele,
ſwift wheele,
Which when 'tis turning
none's able to ſtop:
In circle wiſe it flyes,
and byes
Swiftly to bring
what was loweſt to'th top:
'Tis that which vnfortunate
Ixion turnes,
While at his nere ending
labour he mournes,
The axletree of it
perpetually burnes,
because it no liquor can gaine:
In briefe, Loue is any thing
that's without reſt,
A paſſion that boileth
and ſcalds the breaſt,
Yet he who loues lou'd againe
(as all this feſt)
Diuels not at the Labour in vain.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*. Finis. M.P.

The Lovers Ioy and Griefe:

OR

A young mans relation
In a pitifull fashion,
Being from his Loue hindred
By Locks, Bolts, and Kindred.

To the tune of, Yongmen and Maids.





AMong the nine, all Nymphes diuine,
that haunt the forked mountaine,
If any will bring me a Quil,
dipt in Castalia's fountain
Ile shew (in briefe) my ioy and griefe,
and her due praises render,
To whom I would come if I could,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

My ioy, in that I had the fate,
to chuse so rare a iewell,
My griefe in this, that she (my blisse)
is kept by kindred cruell,
Out of my sight, which day and night
doth pierce my heart so tender,
Tis she to whom I faine would come,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

She is a Lasse that doth surpasse,
her neighbours round about her,
Her worth is such, it grieues me much,
to liue so long without her:
With strong desire in Cupids fire,
my heart burnes to a cinder,
I would possesse my happinesse
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

As Thisbe faire by Parents care
from Pyramus was hidden,
So she to come abroad from home
is earnestly forbidden:
She dares not stir, nor I to her,
so closely they haue pennd her,
She would come out I make no doubt,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

As Danae was i'th Tower of brasse,
inclosed by her Father,
So she (my sweet) lest we should meet,
is kept more closely rather:
Yet as great loue got to his Loue,
though walls did comprehend her,
So I doe hope to haue free scope,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

I'th interim I must patiently
expect that happy season,
I dare not thinke that she will shrinke,
for truth I haue no reason,
I find that she is true to me,
in that I must commend her,
She would not be so long from me.
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

It grieues my heart to think what smart
(poore creature) she endureth,
What meanes her kindred vse to winne
her heart, which she assureth
Is fixed fast, while life doth last,
no policie can bend her,
To any course loue hath such force,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





SHe hath (tis true to ſpeake what's one)
too great a marriage portion,
This may I vow, for Cupid now,
is bent unto extortion:
I would therefore her friends were poore,
or elſe in heart more tender,
For poor or rich we'd go through ſtitch,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

Although my ſelfe want worldly pelfe,
unto their expectation,
Yet if I may the truth diſplay,
without any oſtentation,
My birth and parts and due deſerts
are not ſo weake and ſlender,
But that I might earne my delight,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

Were I a Prince of eminence,
and ſhee a peaſants daughter,
Had ſhe no more of learnings ſtore,
then what wiſe nature taught her,
Her peereleſſe face and inward grace,
ſhewes in my heart ſuch ſplendor,
Shee mine ſhould be, the like ſayes ſhe,
but locks and bolts doe hinder.

Tis not her pelfe but her ſweet ſelfe,
that I (in heart) doe couſit
Neceſſity let wealth ſupply,
for nothing elſe I loue it,
Her onely loue is that doth moue
my heart and makes it tender,
I mourne in griefe without reliefe,
for locks and bolts doe hinder.

No eaſe of mind at all I find,
but onely this aſſurance,
That my deare wench will never flinch,
though ſhe be kept in durance,
Shee hath her ſhare of woe and care
for which I muſt commend her,
On me ſhe hath beſtow'd her faith,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

Continue ſtill in thy good will,
thou Paragon of beauty,
And I to thee as true will bee
(ſo am I bound in duty)
Though fortune frowne, yet the renowne
of our affections tender,
Abroad is flowne, we two are one,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

With patience wee'll expect to feele,
the fruit of all this ſorrow,
Though ſorrow may indure this day,
I ſhall haue joy to morrow,
In the meane while, I'm exile
will be thy true defender,
And ſpread thy name, which is my claime,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

Oh cruell fate, expire the date,
of two deare Louers trouble,
If once our griefe doe finde releife,
our joyes will then be double
And all our teares, our cares and feares,
will to our names add ſplender
Thy heart is mine, and mine is thine,
though locks and bolts doe hinder.

FINIS. M.P.

Printed at London for *Tho: Lambert* and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Hors-ſhoo in Smithfield.

The Lovers Dreame:

Who ſleeping, thought he did imbrace his Love,
Which when he wak'd, did no ſuch matter prove;
Yet afterwards her Love he did enjoy,
By ſending a Letter by a truſty young Boy.

To the tune of, I laid me downe to ſleepe.





AS I was walking all alone,
and muſing in my minde,
With many a ſigh and grone,
I ſtudied how to find,
Some dainty pleaſant Theame,
to write unto my Love,
And I fell in a dreame,
and marke how it did proove.

I laid me downe to ſléepe,
thinking my Love lay by,
But when I did awake,
my dreame it prov'd a lye:
I ſweat, and I am cold,
I freéze, and am a fire;
I ſée, and cannot behold
the thing that I moſt deſire.

Thus dreaming as I lay,
me thought ſhe ſmil'd on me,
Which did increaſe my joy,
ſuch happineſſe to ſée:
I ſpake unto my Lode,
and ſhe did anſwer make:
But ſo it did not proove,
when as I did awake.

Me thought I ſaw my Love,
and with her I did ſtray,
Hard by a pleaſant Grove,
where we a while did ſtay.
But time that ſwift doth goe,
did run too ſuddenly:
O time why didſt thou ſo?
thou mad'ſt my Love to cry:

But when I ſaw her eyes,
bedew'd with briniſh teares,
Then I did ſoone ſurmiſe
her heart was ſtruck with feares.
And I did ſoone require
ſome reaſon for to know:
Her anſwer did admire
my heart with joy and woe.

Quoth ſhe, I love thee deare,
yet ſo I dare not ſay,
Becauſe I live in feare
of my true Lodes decay:
My Father he is rich,
and I his onely Heire,
And he at me will grutch,
to wed on's poore and bare.

Me thought I anſwer made,
that I was yong and faire,
And having Art and Trade,
I bade her not take care.
With that me thought ſhe ſmil'd,
and to me ſhe did ſay;
My Love be reconcil'd,
and Ile be thine for aye.

My mind was thus imploy'd,
and yet I nothing do;
I thought I'd got a Bride,
but yet it was not ſo:
Me thought I had my will,
according to my mind,
But I do want it ſtill,
my Love proves not ſo kind.

4° L 28. 23

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.



THus ſléping ſtill I lay,
betwixt hope and deſpaire;
Wat at the breake of day,
O then began my care:
When as I did awake,
and found it nothing ſo,
Then for my true Loves ſake,
I did lament with woe.

I cannot come my Love,
to the place where thou art;
But I will write to thee,
if thou wilt take my part,
The complaint of my poore heart,
receive it as you will:
My Love may eaſe my ſmart,
or ſhe my heart may kill.

My heart is not mine owne,
nor I at liberty:
All joyes are from me gone,
alacke what remedy.
I would I were in place,
where my true Love doth reſt,
And then I would imbrace,
the joyes that I like beſt.

Would Jove would pleaſed be,
for to transforme me my ſhape,
That I unknowne may ſee
my Love, and ſo eſcape:
And yet I would be ſeene
of her, and none but ſhe:
And thus I would begin,
Faire Lady, pitie me.

But ſome perchance may ſay,
that I my Love would fright,
To thoſe I anſwer, Nay,
ſhe is my hearts delight:
Although I wiſh to change,
my ſelfe in ſome mans hue,
Yet I would not ſeeme ſtrange,
unto my Lover true.

And if I find her coy,
and grieved with veration,
Yet I with her will play,
to gaine my expectation.
Then happily ſhe will
conſider of my woe:
Thus I will uſe my skill,
and glad to pleaſe her ſo.

I would I had ſome Page,
that would to me be true,
In haſte to run a voyage,
that my true Love may view
This Letter of my griefe,
and ſend me ſome reply:
If ſhe yeeld no reliefe,
alacke, then muſt I die.

Then ſtraight a Page he ſent
unto her haſtily:
At whoſe returne content
was brought him ſpeedily.
When his true Love did view,
his writing in ſuch kind:
Quoth ſhe I will be true,
and ſo my Loue ſhall find.

O haſte, thou little Page,
make haſte unto my Love,
That death may ceaſe his rage,
and joyes may ſorrowes move:
And I my ſelfe will come,
before the breake of day,
When darkneſſe is begun,
then Ile ſteale hence away.

My Father muſt not know,
what you about do come:
For if he ſhould be ſo,
my Love were quite undone.
Therefore make haſte againe,
and ſave my true Loves life:
I will releaſe his paine,
and prove his loving wife.

Printed at London for *I. W.* dwelling in Gilt-ſpur ſtreet. FINIS.

The Lovers delight:

OR,

A pleaſant Paſtorall ſonnet

To a new Court Tune.





COme love, lets walke into the ſpringe,
where wée will heare the blackbird
The Robin Redbreſt, and the Throſh, (ſinge;
the nightingale on thorne bush,
Their muſick ſweétely Carrowling,
that to my love Content may bring.

In yonder dale there are ſwéete flowers,
with many pleaſant shadie bowers;
A pearling brooke with ſilver ſtreames,
all beautified with Phebus beames:
I ſtood behind a trée for feare,
to ſée Dyana bathe her there.

Sée where the nimph, with all her traine
comes tripping o're the Parks a maine:
In yonder grove there will they play
at barlie-breake to ſport and playe:
Where wée will ſitt us downe and ſée
ſaire beautie mixt with Chaſtitie.

The ſaithfull ſhepherd with delight
Will tune a pleaſant oaten pipe:
Each neatreſſe fine with heavenly note
will ſtretch and ſtraine her varie throate;
So loud and cleare their nimphs will ſing
that hills and vallies all will ringe.

The ſhepheard Srephan with his friend
the faithfull Clayes will attend
Wt playe before the Quéene, to prove
who beſt deſerves Vranias love:
A moſt ſtrange ſight there ſhall you ſée
riballs of love and amitie.

Menalcas and Amincas young,
brave Coridon, and Therſis ſtrong
Your minds would unto pleaſure move
to have them plead for Phillis love:
Judge of theſe tryumphs who ſhall be
but the faire Quéene of chaſtity:

Under the ſhade of yonder pine
you ſée a Royall throne devine
Prepared for the Judge to ſit,
the Quéene of beauty and of wit,
Milde Pallas in her Majeſty
the david Judge is choſe to be.

The Quéene of love is baniſht there
For feare that Phœbe take offence;
Her wanton ſonne muſt not come there,
nay Cytharea once appeare:
It grieves my heart to thinke that ſhée
from this aſpect exempt muſt be.

For if the Quéene of love ſhould ſpie
the ſplendour of thy heavenly eye,
Shé ſhould perſwade her winged Sonne
to wound thy heart as hée hath done.
My ſilly breaſt with dreade and feare,
but O the chance, ſhé is not here.

Sée where the wood-Nimphs rankt do ſtand
with each a garland in her hand,
Compact of mirt and ſwéete bayes;
for who deſerved the chiefeſt praiſe
In pleading of their paſſions here,
the Lawrell Crowne away muſt beare.

Upon this bed of violets blew
a ſeate moſt fit for lovers true:
Here may wée ſit us downe and ſée
love tryumph in his Majeſty:
By the ſwéete eclogs that are ſung,
wée ſhall perceive, who ſuffred wrong.

But ſtay, the Judges comes to ſit,
the Quéene of chaſtity and wit:
The Shepheards all are ready here
in comly habits to appeare.
All wrongs here righted wée ſhall ſée
by the fatre Quéene of chaſtity.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



SWeet heart come tel me whoſe ſoft layes
in your conceit deſerues moſt prayſe?
Or who did ſet forth paſſions beſt?
how Cupid wounded his breaſt?
I know you haue noted all that's paſt,
from the firſt man vnto the laſt.

We thought it great content did bring,
to heare the Shepheards carrowling,
To Crowne Cilrana, made her choiſe,
Menalcas for his heauenly voyce;
Which glory did ſmall pleaſure moue,
ſince Coridon had Phillis loue.

To wraſtle and throw barres of length;
all men gaue place to Therſis ſtrength:
His ſtedfaſt ſuting none could moue,
yet for all this he loſt his loue
No ſtrength of harmony of voyce
could Phillis moue to make her choyce.

If it had reſted in my power,
there to haue choſe a paramour:
Hée whom I thought deſerd moſt grace,
was young Amintas; whoſe ſweet face,
And nimble feete could not be matcht.
the Deities I feare were catcht.

Did you not note how Pallas ſwore
the like ſhe neuer ſaw before?
Had Meliager made ſuch haſt,
Athlanta had the wager loſt:
In token of deſerued praiſe,
ſhe crowned him with laſting bayes.

Then Phœbe vnto Phillis ſaid,
to make thy choiſe be not afraide,
For if I were the Nimph to chuſe,
Amintas I would not refuſe:
But all in vaine they did exhort,
for Coridon had Phillis heart.

Both Pallas and Diana chaſt,
did almoſt ſtraine with breathles haſt:
Who could their prayſes farther heape,
on young Amintas and his ſhape,
His perſon, geſture, and his grace
they did applaud, and his ſweete face.

But tell mée loue the reaſon, why
take Phillis with the Chriſtall eye,
Did all the youthfull ſwaines refuſe,
and Coridon a loue did chuſe?
Since they in beauty did excell,
and for each prayſe did beare the bell.

It ſeemes the beauty of the mind,
did in this caſe ſtrike Phillis blind:
His eloquence of tongue and wit,
in place whereas the Iudge did ſit
Was his chiefe gaine, and their ſoule loſſe,
Vliſſes ſo had Ajax croſſe.

But one thing much doth make mée muſe,
why ſweete Vrania did refuſe,
Her two beloued Riualls there:
in whom ſuch friendſhip did appeare,
That ſtill they wil'd her with one voyce,
in friendly wiſe to make her choyce.

How prettily they laid the ground,
how ſhée at firſt their heart did wound,
When ſhe by them her Neate did keepe,
and leauing the men haſe a ſleepe,
Her bird out of her pocket ranne,
and vnto Strephans hand did come.

Whopretty neatreſſe did awake,
beareing her fluttering bird eſcape,
And vnto Strephans hand did flye.
he did reſtore imediatly
Her bird, and ake his heart ſhe got,
and in her ſnow white boſome put.

The ſilly bird but for his loue
his paſſions could in no wayes moue,
Neither for himſelfe nor his trew friend,
as it appeared in the end,
That neither party ſhould grow worth,
ſhée moſt vnkinde refuſed them both.

And now mée thinkes the ſun goeth low.
If you be miſt, your friends will know
That you and I haue béene alone,
which to preuent Ile bring you home,
To part it is a ſecond hell,
loth to depart bids oft farewell.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules.* FINIS.

A Louers desire for his best beloued:

OR,

Come away, come away, and doe not stay.

To an excellent new Court Tune.





NOw the spring is come, turne to thy Loue
to thy Loue, to thy Loue, to thy Loue,
make no delay:
While the flowers spring, & the birds do sing,
their sweet tunes, their sweet tunes, their sweet tunes,
and doe not stay,
Where I will fill thy lap full of flowres,
And couer thee with shadie bowres,
come away, come away, come away,
and doe not stay.

Shall I languish still for my Loue, for my loue,
for my Loue, for my Loue, &c.
without relief;
Shall my faith so well approued,
now dispaire, now dispaire, &c,
vnto my griefe:
Where shall beautie then be found,
But where vertue doth abound:
come away, come away, &c.
and so &c.

Flora here hath made a bed
for my Loue, for my Loue, &c.
with Roses red:
Phœbus beames to stay are bent,
for to yeeld, for to yeeld, &c.
my Loue content:
And the pleasant Eglantine
Made with a thousand flowers fine:
come away, come away, &c,
and doe &c,

Harke how the Nightingale sweetly doth sing
for my Loue, for my Loue, &c.
the Lambes do play,
Pan, to please my Loue, the Rocks makes to ring,
...no doth pipe, and doth pipe, &c,
a roundelay.
She the pleasant rushy Brookes,
And euery Flower for my Loue lookes,
come away, come away,
and do not stay.

Beauties Queene with all her traine,
doth attend, doth attend &c.
vpon my Deare:
Tripping Satyrs they do dance amaine,
to delight, to delight, &c.
her hath no phere.
Muses nine with Musicke sweet,
Do all attend my Loue to meet
come away, come away, &c.
and doe &c.

Fairest fayre, now turne to thy Loue,
to thy Loue, to thy Loue &c.
that loues thee best:
Sweet, let pitty moue, grant loue for loue,
like the Doue, like the Doue, &c,
for euer rest.
Crowne thy delights with hopefull ioyes,
Thy loue reuiues, thy hate destroyes,
come away, come away, come away,
and do not stay.

The Second Part.
OR

The VVomans answer.

To the same tune.



VVHo ist that calleth mè come away,
tis my Loue, tis my &c.
most chearefull voice:
He looks cherefull as the bright day,
which doth make, which doth &c.
each heart reioyce.
With flowers sweet Ile make my bed,
My lap a pillow for thy head.
come away, come &c.
and doe &c.

If thou doubtest, Swéetest proue,
that thy Loue, that thy &c.
she lou'd thee euer.
Nor ne're think, deare, but I will be thy Doue
and from thee, and from &c,
Ile neuer seuer:
Tis not beauty makes me proud,
For tis that heauen hath allowd
come away, come &c,
and, do &c,

See the louely Queen of Flowres
she hath strewn, she hath &c.
thy way to trace:
Trees do bend to make thee bowers,
Satyrs peep, Satyrs &c
to see thy face:
Lambes to please thee leap and skip,
And little Fairies trip.
come away, come &c.
and doe &c

Woods yeeld pleasant harmony,
for my Loue, for my &c.
the Birds do sing,
Thy absence makes them seem to cry:
phillis crownes Phillis &c,
thee Summers King:
With a wreath of flowres sweet,
All the Nimphs my loue do greet,
come away, come &c,
and doe &c.

Venus doth not stick to sweare
By her Doues, by her &c.
shee I steale my Loue:
And as for Adon teares her haire,
her faire eyes, her faire &c.
much sorrow proues:
But for all the Indian wealth,
None shall haue him but my selfe:
come away, come &c
and do not stay:

Like the woods eye my Loue doth appeare
when his steeds, when his &c.
approach the morne:
And his face the Clowds doe cleare,
dims the stars, dims the &c,
and Cynthias horne:
Now I am in my marriage bed,
See my armes for thee are spred,
come away, come away, come away,
and doe not stay.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke FINIS

16.

Loues Solace;

OR

The true lovers part, & in his concluſion he ſhews his conſtant heart.

He ſtill doth praiſe her for her beauty rare,
And ſayes there's none with her that can compare.

To a new Court tune called the *Damaske Roſe.*





THe Damaske Roſe nor Lilly faire,
the Couſlip nor the Pancy,
With my true Loue cannot compare,
for beauty loue and fancy,
She doth excell the rareſt Dame,
in all the world that may be,
Which makes me thus extoll her fame,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

If I ſhould ſpeake of my true Loue,
as I am bound in duty;
She doth ſurpaſſe the gods abone,
in each degree for beauty,
Iuno, Pallas, nor Venus faire,
ſhine not ſo bright and louely,
Ther's none with her that may compare,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

When firſt I ſaw her peereleſſe face,
I did admire her beauty,
And I did ſacke with heart and voyce,
to offer her all duty,
Which willingly ſhe did accept,
ſo kind and louing was ſhe,
Which makes me thus with all reſpect,
ſay ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

Mars though he be the god of warre,
could not ſo deerely wound me,
As Cupid with a little skarre,
which I haue plainely ſhowne you,
Boreas with all his bluſtring ſtormes,
never pierſt ſo ſorely:
Cupids Arrowes pricke like thornes,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

For her ſweet ſake Ile vndertake,
any thing ſhe requireth,
To ſayle the Seas like Captaine Drake,
whoſe deeds there's ſome admireth
What ever ſhe commands is done,
ſo much her loue doth moue me,
She is a precious Paragon,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

Bright Cinthia in her rich Robes,
my Loue doth much reſemble,
Whoſe beautious beams ſuch rares affords
that makes my heart to tremble,
Yet is the Saint ſo chaſt ſo rare,
which vnto fancy moues me,
And makes my ioyes without compare,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

Diana and her Darlings deare,
that lived in woods and vallies:
And ſpent her time ſo chaſt and rare,
ſhe with no mankind dallies:
Yet is ſhe not more chaſt than my Loue,
I hope none can diſproue me,
Vno my mind ſhall nere remoue,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

Sweet Loue adieu I pray be true,
and thinke of what is ſpoken,
Change not thy old friend for a new,
let not thy vow be broken,
Sweet Loue I leaue thee for this time,
for ſo it doth behoue me,
But ſtill my heart doth me combine,
to ſay ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.

The Maidens kind anſwer wherein ſhe doth agree,
That he ſhall be her Loue, and none but onely he.





My loue, my life, my ducke my deare,
now will I vnto thee,
All thou haſt ſaid I well did heare,
and now thy words doth moue me,
For to reply in anſwer kind,
and ſo thy ſelfe ſhall proue me,
I will not change like to the wind,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues thee.

Be thou my louely Pyramus,
Ile be thy conſtant Thysbe,
And I am now reſolued thus,
never to diſpleaſe thee.
True loue ſurpaſſeth Crœſus gold,
tis not thy wealth that moues me,
Hereafter let my loue be bold,
and ſay ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

Ile proue as chaſt vnto my Loue,
as euer could be any,
No fond inticements me ſhall moue,
although I am vrged to many,
I will indure for ever kind,
as it doth beſt behoue me,
A truer Mate thou ſhalt not find,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues thee.

My daily care ſhall alwaies be,
onely for to delight thee,
And I my ſelfe ſtill will be ſhe
that ſhall with ioyes baite thee,
I will ſhine bright at noone and night,
if I may ſo content thee,
Like Cinthia I will ſhine bright,
vnto the Lad that loues me.

Doe not deſpaire my onely deare,
let not vaine thoughts torment thee,
Of my true heart haue thou no feare,
nor doe not thou abſent me,
I will remaine for ever ſure,
though I a while did proue thee,
Till death depart Ile thine indure,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues thee.

No gold nor gaine ſhall me obtaine,
to fancy any other,
All thoſe that ſeeke my Loue to gaine,
their wiſhes I doe ſmother,
I anſwer them vnto their kind,
for ſo it doth behoue me,
I will not change like to the wind,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues thee.

So Loue adieu I pray be true,
I am thine owne for ever,
The next time that I meet with you,
weele not ſo ſoone diſſever,
Although we part I leaue my heart,
with him that dearely loues me,
Tis Hymens bands muſt eaſe my ſmart,
and I am the Laſſe that loues thee.

O my ſweet loue and onely deare,
thou haſt renued my pleaſure,
Thou in my ſight doſt more appeare
than any earthly treaſure;
I doe reioyce much in my choyce,
and ſo it doth behoue me,
Ile ſing thy praiſe with heart and voice,
ſo ſweet is the Laſſe that loues me.

London Printed for *Francis Groue*, on Snow-hill. FINIS. M. P.

A new Northeren Iigge, called,
Daintie come thou to me.



VVIlt thou forsake mee thus,
and leaue me in misery?
And I gaue my hand to thee,
onely with thee to die:
Cast no care to thy heart,
from thee I will not flee,
Let them all say what they will,
Dainty come thou to me.

VVere my state good or ill,
rich, or in misery,
Yet would I loue thee still,
proue me and thou shalt see.
Cast no care, &c.

VVere you rich, were you poore,
were you in miserie,
I will beg from doore to doore,
all for to maintaine thee:
Cast no care, &c.

VVere I Lord, were I Knight,
came I of high degree,
All my Lands should be thine,
try me and thou shalt see.
Cast no care, &c.

If the Indie Gold were mine,
and all the wealth of Spaine
All that it should be thine,
proue me yet once againe:
Cast no care, &c.

Thy beauty doth excell,
aboue all I loue thee,
With thee I meane to dwell,
try me and thou shalt see:
Cast no care, &c.

I promise for thy sake,
all other to forsake,
And onely thee to take,
trye mee and thou shalt see:
Cast no care, &c.

Let me thy loue obtaine,
or else I am but slaine,
Reuiue me once againe,
sweet I desire thee.
Cast no care, &c.

If Friends doe frowne and fret,
and Parents angry be,
And Brothers griefe is great,
yet I loue none but thee.
Cast no care, &c.

Heres my hand and my heart,
faith and troth vnto thee,
From thee I will not start,
try mee and thou shalt see.
Cast no care, &c.

Thus my Friends I forsake,
with thee my life to spend,
Refusing no paines to take,
vntill my life doth end:
Cast no care, &c.

Farewell my trusty Loue,
true as the Turtle-doue.
I will as constant proue,
till we two meet againe.
Cast no care, &c.

Finis.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocke,

A most excellent Ditty of the Louers promises to his beloued.

To a sweet new tune called,

Liue with me and be my Loue.



LIue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
That Vallies, Groues, Hills, and Fields,
Woods, or steepy Mountaines yeelds:
That Valleys, Groues, Hils, and Fields,
Woods, or steepy Mountaines yeelds.

And we will sit vpon the Rockes,
Seeing the Shepheards feede their flockes
By shallow Riuers to whose falls,
Melodious Birds sing Madrigals,
by shallow riuers to whose falls, &c.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant Poses:
A Cap of Flowers and a Kirtle,
Imbroidred all with leaues of Mirtle,
a Cap of Flowers and a Kirtle, &c.

A Gowne made of the finest Wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull:
Faire lined Slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest Gold:
faire lined Slippers for the cold, &c.

Thy siluer dishes fild with meate,
As precious as the Gods doe eate,
Shall on an Ivory Table be,
Prepar'd each day for thee and me,
shall on an Ivory table be, &c.

The Shepheards Swaines shall dance & sing
For thy delight each faire morning:
If these delights thy minde might moue,
To liue with me and be my loue,
if these delights, &c. FINIS.

The Ladies prudent answer to her Loue.

To the same tune.



IF all the world and Loue were young,
And truth in euery Shepheards tongue:
These pretty pleasures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy loue.
these pretty pleasures, &c.

But flowers fade, and wanton Fields,
To wayward Winter reckning yeelds,
A hony tongue a heart of gall,
Is fancies spring, but sorrowes fall.
a hony tongue, &c.

Time driues the Flocks from field to fold,
When riuers rage and Rockes grow cold:
And Philomel becommeth dumbe,
The rest complaines of times to come.
and Philomel becommeth, &c.

Thy Gownes, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy poses:
Soone breakes, soone withers, soone forgot:
In folly ripe, in reason rotten. (ten,
soone breakes, &c.

What should you talke of dainties then,
Of better meate then seruech men:
All that is vaine, this onely good,
Which God doth blesse and send for food.
all that is vaine, &c.

If you could liue and loue still breede,
Had loues no date, nor age no needs;
Then these delights my mind might moue.
To liue with thee and be thy Loue.
then these delights, &c.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas symcock

Loves Lunacie.

Or,
Mad *Besses* Fegary.

Declaring her ſorrow, care and mone,
Which may cauſe many a ſigh and grone:
A Young-man did this Maid ſome wrong,
Wherefore ſhe writ this mournfull Song.

To the Tune of, *The mad mans Morris.*



POore Beſſe, mad Beſſe, ſo they call me,
I'm metamorphoſed;
Strange ſights and viſions I doe ſée,
by Furies I am led:
Tom was the cauſe of all my woe,
to him I lowdly cry,
My love to him there's none doth know,
yet héere he lets me lie.

This Bethlem is a place of torment,
héere's fearfull notes ſtill ſounding;
Héere minds are fild with diſcontent,
and terrors ſtill abounding.
Some ſhake their chaines in wofull wiſe,
ſome ſweare, ſome curſe, ſome roaring,
Some ſhrieking out with fearfull cries,
and ſome their cloaths are tearing.

Accurſt Alecto that fierce fury,
Megara, Tyſiphon!
Are gouernours of my late glory;
wiſe Pallas me doth ſhun:
My gems, my jewels and my earings,
are turnd to iron fetters;
They now doe ſerve for others wearings,
ſuch as are now my betters.

Orcades Fairies now doe lead me,
Ore mountaines, hils and valleys,
Naiades doth through waters driue me,
and Brizo with me dallies:
Sometimes I dreame of my Tom,
then with my folded armes
I him embrace, ſaying welcome,
but waking braſts my harmes.

Adraſtea now robbeth me,
of all my wit and patience,
Angarona will not receiue me,
to liue in peace and ſilence:
My mind runs on my fine apparell,
which once did fit my wearing:
Then with my ſelfe I ſéeme to quarrell,
my rags I fall to tearing.

Once I was as faire as Briſeis,
and chaſt as was Caſſandra,
But living void of joy and bliſſes,
I'm Hero to Leander:
For as chaſt Hero her ſelfe drowned,
ſo I am drown'd in ſorrow:
The Fates on me hath ſorely frowned,
no patience I can borrow.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





I'M like to faire Philomela,
by Tereus baſely raviſhed;
Yet when his burning luſt did thaw,
he cloſely her impriſoned:
And even ſo I'm quite deflowred
by Tom of all my ſenſes;
My love and meanes he hath devowred,
making no recompences.

You Gods and all you Goddeſſes,
pray liſten to my mourning,
And grace me with this happineſſe,
to ſée my Toms returning.
Or if you will not grant me this,
to ſend him hither to me,
Send me but word whereas he is,
and Tom, Ile come unto thée.

If that he be in God Marſes traine,
where armour brightly glitters;
Be ſure Ile fetch him home againe,
in ſpight of the three Siſters:
Or if he be in Venus Court,
where Cupid ſhoots his arrowes:
Ile fetch him thence from all his ſport,
onely to eaſe my ſorrowes.

Stay, who comes here? tis the Siſters three,
which lately I did mention,
I doubt they come to chide with me
and hinder my intention.
Clotho brings wool, Lacheſis doth ſpin,
Atropos cuts aſunder;
Now Ile away and not be ſéene,
each one is my Commander.

You Maids and Virgins faire and pure
note well my carefull calling,
You cannot thinke what I endure,
Cupid hath cauſ'd my falling:
When I was as now many be,
free from God Cupids arrowes,
I would have ſmil'd at any thée,
that ſhould tell me of ſorrowes.

My lodging once was ſoft and eaſie,
my garments ſilke and ſattin;
Now in a locke of ſtraw I lie,
this is a woefull pattin:
My diet once was choiſe and fine,
all which did not content me;
Now I drinke water, once good wine
was naught unleſſe twere ſent mée.

Thus pride and love together joynd
to worke my utter ruine;
They wrought my diſcontent in mind,
which cauſes my undoing.
And thus good people all adue,
perhaps you nere may ſée me,
Farewell I bid once more to you,
I'm grieved ſore believe me.

But if you chance once more to come,
bring tidings from my deareſt,
My all meanes bring my true love Tom,
hee's welcomſt when hee's neereſt:
The day is paſt, and night is come,
and here comes our commander;
Hee'l locke me into a darke roome,
'tis ſorrowes chiefeſt Chamber.

FINIS. *Richard Climſall.*

AT LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Wright* the younger, and are to bee ſold at the upper end of the *Old-Bayley.*

OR,

Prettie Comparisons wittily grounded, Which by scornefull Maidens may best be expounded.

To the tune of, *Like to the Damaske Rose:* The second straine to be sung twice over.



LIke to a Dove-cote never haunted,
Or a Petition never granted;
Or like broad-cloth without a Taylor,
Or like a Jayle without a Jaylor;
Or like a Lanthorne without a light,
Or Wedding-day without a night:
Just such as those
may shee be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.
The Dove-cote haunted,
yéelds much profit;
The Petition granted,
good comes of it;
The Taylor puts
broad-cloth in shape,
The Jaylor lets
no Prisoner 'scape;
The Candle light
is the Lanthornes treasure,
The Wedding-night
crownes all the pleasure:
So is that Maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes
ere shee dyes.

Like to a Ring without a finger,
Or like a Bell without a ringer;
Or like a Horse that's never ridden,
Or like a Feast, and no Guests bidden;
Or like a Well without a Bucket,
Or like a Rose and no one plucke it:
Just such as those
may shee be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.
The Ring, if worne,
the finger decketh,
The Bell, it rung,
good musicke maketh;
The Horse doth ease,
if he be ridden,
The Feast doth please,
if Guests be bidden;
The Bucket drawes
the water for thée,
The Rose, when pluckt,
is then most worthy:
So is that Maiden, &c.

Like to a Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute ne're play'd upon,
Or like a Jacke without a weight,
Or like a Barke without a fraught,
Or like a Locke without a Key,
Or like a Souldier without pay:
Just such as those
may shee be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.
The Stocke that's grafted,
yéelds best fruit,
Best Musick's in
the finger'd Lute,
The weight doth make
the Jacke goe ready,
The fraught doth make
the Barke goe steady,
The Key the Locke
doth open right,
The Souldier paid
is prone to fight:
So is that Maiden, &c.

Like to a Néedle without thread,
Or like a word without a déed,
Or like a warrant never seal'd,
Or like a thought that's nere reveal'd,
Or like a line without a hooke,
Or like good meate without a Cooke:
Just such as those
may shee be said,
That time doth lose,
and dyes a Maid.
The thread with Néedle
yéelds much pleasure,
The déed and word
make decent measure,
The Seale in force
the Warrant makes;
The thought reveal'd,
all doubt forsakes,
The Hooke with Line
doth catch the Fishes,
The Cooke of meat
makes wholsome dishes:
So is that Maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes
ere shée dyes.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.



LIke to a Queſtion and no Anſwer,
Or like a call without Anon Sir,
Or like a Ship was never rig'd,
Or like a Mine was never dig'd,
Or like a wound without a plaiſter,
Or like a houſhould and no maſter:
Juſt ſuch as thoſe
may ſhe be ſaid,
That time doth loſe,
and dyes a Maid.
The Queſtion anſwered,
ſtrife appeaſeth.
Anon, Anon,
the caller pleaſeth,
The rigged Ship
ſayles with the Wind,
Who digges the Mine
ſhall treaſure find;
The wound is by
the plaiſter cured,
The houſe by th' maſter
is ſecured:
So is that Maiden
in mine eyes,
That loves and marryes
ere ſhe dyes.

LIke to a Marrow bone nere broken,
Or commendations and no token,
Or like a Fort and none to win it,
Or like the Mine and no man in it,
Or like a Schole without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit and no Preacher:
Juſt ſuch as thoſe
may ſhe be ſaid,
That time doth loſe,
and dyes a Maid.
The Marrow bone
that's broke eates pleaſant,
The Token makes
a gratefull preſent,
There's triumph in
the Fort that's won,
The man rides glorious
in the Mine,
The Schole is by
the Teacher ſtil'd,
The Pulpit's by
the Preacher fill'd.
So is that Maiden, &c.

LIke to a Piſtoll and no ſhot,
Or like a Promiſe quite forgot,
Or like a Hawke that's never man'd,
Or like a Hide before 'tis tan'd,
Or like a Coach and nere a horſe,
Or like a Coffin and no Corſe:
Juſt ſuch as thoſe
may ſhe be ſaid,
That time doth loſe,
and dyes a Maid.
The Piſtoll charged,
helpes in danger;
Hee that keepes promiſe,
is no ranger;
The Hawke that's man'd,
yeelds Princely ſport;
The Hide well tan'd,
there's much uſe for't;
The horſe doth cauſe
the Coach to carry,
The Coffin's uſ'd
the Corſe to bury:
So is that Maiden, &c.

LIke to a houſe by no one kept,
Or like a Corne field never reapt,
Or like a Wind-mill without ſayles,
Or like a Horſe-ſhoe without nayles,
Or like a Cage without a Bird,
Or like a Scabberd and no Sword:
Juſt ſuch as thoſe
may ſhe be ſaid,
That time doth loſe,
and dyes a Maid.
The houſe well kept,
Gueſts entertaineth;
The Corne field reapt,
mans life ſuſtaineth;
The Wind-mill ſayles,
the Graine well grindeth;
Horſe-ſhoes with nayles,
ſure ſoting findeth;
The Bird in Cage,
ſings merrily;
The Sword in ſheath,
ſhewes decently:
So is that Maiden
in mine eyes,
Who loves and marryes,
ere ſhee dyes.

Printed at London for *Fr. Coules*, dwelling in the Old-Bayly.

A light hearts A Iewell.

Or,

The honeſt good blade who a free heart doth carry,
And cares for nothing but to haue's owne vagary.

To the tune of *Iacke Puddings* vagary.



ALL you that merry liues doe lead,
although your meanes bee little,
That ſeldome are o'reſeene in breed,
nor take much thought for victle:
Attend while I'le exemplyfie,
the mind that I doe carry,
I take delight both morne and night,
to haue mine owne vagary.

Though fortune haue not lent me wealth
as shee hath done to many,
Yet while I'ue liberty and health,
I'le bee as blith as any:
I'le beare an honeſt upright heart,
theres none ſhall proue contrary,
Yet now and then Abroad I'le ſtart,
and haue mine owne vagary.

No baſe profeſſion will I chuſe,
thereby to get my liuing,
No Kent-ſtreet maunding will I uſe,
my minds more bent to giuing:
I will not ſay I'm this and that,
with bug Beare boaſts to ſcare ye,
Let Corcombs prate they know not what,
I'le haue mine owne vagary.

I am no Graues-end Trauailour,
No teller of ſtrange ſtories,
No forger of Cozanto's nor,
a man that euermore is
Extolling of his owne deſerts,
and with proud words will dare ye,
Let ſuch as theſe are act their parts,
I'le haue mine owne vagary.

I am no haunter of the Playes,
to picke poore peoples purſes,
Nor one that every word he ſaies,
doth coyne new oathes and curſes:
If I doe runne on Taplers ſcores,
to pay them I am wary,
Let others ſpend their means on whores,
I loue mine owne vagary.

I am no blade nor Roaring Boy,
aboading in the City,
No Whiske, no Lift nor no Decoy,
nor one that asks for pitty:
My educations not the beſt,
yet ſuch a heart I carry,
That what my humour ca'nt diſgeſt,
it fits not my vagary.

No City Shuffler ſcarce of age,
to haue what fate hath left me,
No haire braind Aſſe that's full of rage,
reaſon hath not bereft me:
No great Bum-Bayly that may fright,
my feareſull aduerſary,
But one that loues and takes delight,
to haue his owne vagary.

No Uſurer that hords up trash,
nor yet a noted Spender,
No borrowing Sharke that neuer payes,
but to a Friend a Lender:
No Petyfog, nor Common-bayle,
For no ſuch fellowes care I,
In honeſt ſort I'le neuer faile,
to haue mine owne vagary.

The ſecond part, 415 To the ſame tune.





NO Bowling Alley Rooke am I,
that ſweareth all by dam mée,
By ſuch I'le not o're reached bée,
In this their's none can blame mée:
No ſwaggering Pimp that champion is,
to Dole, to Kate, and Sary,
I hate ſuch ſlauiſh Offices,
thoſe fit not my vagary.

Thoſe painefull Swaines that on the
doe dayly take their pleaſure, (greene,
The pleaſant'ſt life that can bée ſeene,
though not ſo ſtor'd with treaſure:
When Husband-men and Sheapheard
with Laſſes of the Dary, (Swaines,
Doe ſportingly trip ore the Plaines,
O that fits my vagary.

I care not to weare Gallant raggs,
and owe the Taylour for them,
I care not for thoſe vaunting brags,
I ever did abhorre them:
What to the world I ſeeme to bée,
no man ſhall proue contrary,
My Suites ſhall ſuite to my degrée,
O that fits my vagary.

I care not for thoſe ſcarre Crow blades,
whoſe valour lyes in ſpeeches,
That in diſcourſe of manhood wades,
oft-times above their reaches:
If I haue not a minde to fight,
I'le vrge no adverſary,
When word and déed both iump aright,
O that fits my vagary.

I care not for the Broakers Booke,
my names not there inrouled,
I nothing owe, therefore I looke,
by none to be controuled:
I doe not feare the Sergeants Mace,
walke by the Counter dare I,
And looke a Bayliffe in the face,
O this is my vagary.

I care not much in company,
to ſpend what is allotted,
I'le drinke but for ſufficiency,
I'le never bée beſotted:
When I doe feele my ſpirits dull,
a cup of old Canary
Will fill my heart with courage full,
and this is my vagary.

I care not for ſad malecontent,
that is the bane of nature,
I loue good honeſt merryment,
and I'le deſpiſe no creature:
Thats for my uſe and ſuſtinence,
and ſtill I will bée wary,
Leaſt I exceed in my expence,
that fits not my vagary.

Still will I haue an honeſt care,
that none lyes wronged by mée,
I'le not build Caſtles in the ayre,
whoeuer liſts to try me,
Shall find in all thats promis'd héere,
not any word contrary,
If enuious cenſure doe not feare,
I'le haue mine owne vagary.

Printed at London for *I. wright*, dwelling in Gilt-ſpur ſtreet.

Londons Ordinarie,

Or euery man in his humour.

To a pleasant new Tune.

19.



THrough the Royall Exchainge as I walked,
Where Gallants in sattin doe shine:
At midst of the day they parted away
To seanerall places to dine.

The Centrie went to the Kings head,
The Nobls vnto the Crowne:
The Knights went to the Golden Fléece,
And the Plough men to the Clowne.

The Cleargie will dine at the Miter,
The Vintners at the three Tunnes:
The Vsurers to the Deuill will goe
And the Fryers to the Nunnes.

The Ladyes will dine at the Feathers
The Globe no Captaine will scorne:
The Hunts men will goe to the Gray hound he-
And some Townes men to the Horne. (low

The Plummers will dine at the Fountaine,
The Cookes at the holly Lambe:
The Drunkerds by noone to the Man in the Moon,
And the Cuckolds to the Ramme.

The Rearers will dine at the Lyon.
The Water men at the old Swan:
And Bawdes will to the Negro goe,
And Whores to the naked Man.

The Vsurers will to the white Hart,
The Marchants vnto the Shippe:
The Beggers they must take their way
To the Egge shell and the Whippe.

The Farryers will to the Horse,
The Blacke smith vnto the Locke:
The Butchers vnto the Bull will goe
And the Carmen to Bridewell docke.

The Fish mongers vnto the Dolphin,
The Barbers to the Cheat loafe:
The Turners vnto the Ladle will goe
Where they may merrily quaffe.

The Taylors will dine at the Sheeres,
The Shooe makers will to the Boote:
The Welshmen they will take their way
And dine at the signe of the Gote.

The Second part. To the ſame Tune.



The Hoſiers will dine at the Legge,
The Drapers at the ſigne of the Buſh:
The Fletchers to Robin hood will goe
And the Spendthrift to Beggers Buſh:

The Pewterers to the Quarte pot,
The Coopers will dine at the Hoope:
The Coblers to the Laſt will goe
And the Barge men to the Scoope.

The Carpenters will to the Axe,
The Colliers will dine at the Sacke:
Your Fruterer he to the Cherry tree
Good fellowes no liquor will lacke.

The Gold ſmith will to the three Cups,
For money they hold it as droſſe:
Your Puritan to the Pewter can
And your Papiſts to the Croſſe.

The Weauers will dine at the Shuttele,
The Glouers will vnto the Gloue:
The Maydens all to the Mayden head
And true Louers vnto the Doue.

The Sadlers will dine at the Saddle,
The Painters will to the greene Dragon:
The Dutchmen will goe to the Froe,
Where each man will drinke his Flagon.

The Chandlers will dine at the Skales,
The Salters at the ſigne of the Bagge:
The Potters take paine at the Labour in vaine
And the Horſe courſer to the white Nagge.

Thus euery man in his humour,
That comes from the North or the South:
But he that hath no money in his purſe,
May dine at the ſine of the Mouth,

The Swaggerers will dine at the Fences,
But thoſe that haue loſt their wits:
With Bedlam Tom let that be their home,
And the Drumme the drummers beſt fits.

The Cheter will dine at the Checker,
The Picke pockets in a blind Ale houſe:
Tel on and tride then vp Holborne they ride
And they their end at the Gallowes.

Printed at London by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke. Finis.

The little Barly-Corne.

Whoſe Properties and Vertues here,
Shall plainly to the world appeare:
To make you merry all the yeere.

To the tune of *Stingo*.

138.



COme, and doe not muſing ſtand,
if thou the truth diſcerne,
But take a full cup in thy hand,
and thus begin to learne,
Not of the earth, nor of the ayre,
at euening or at morne,
But ioviall boyes your Chriſtmas keep
with the little Barly-Corne.

It is the cunningſt Alchymiſt,
that ere was in the Land,
Twill change your mettle when it liſt,
in turning of a hand,
Your blushing Gold to Siluer wan,
your Siluer into Braſſe,
Twill turne a Taylor to a man,
and a man into an aſſe.

Twill make a poore man rich to hang
a ſigne before his doore,
And thoſe that doe the Pitcher bang,
though rich twill make them poore;
Twill make the ſilliеſt poorеſt Snake,
the Kings great Porter ſcorne,
Twill make the ſtouteſt Lubber weak,
this little Barly-Corne.

It hath more ſhifts then Lambe ere had,
or Hocus Pocus tw,
It will good fellowes ſhew more ſport,
then Bankes his horſe could doe:
Twill play you faire aboue the boord,
vnleſſe you take good heed,
And fell you though you were a Lord,
and iuſtifie the deed.

It lends more yéres vnto old age,
than ere was lent by nature,
It makes the Poets fancy rage,
more than Caſtalian water:
Twill make a Huntſman chaſe a For,
and neuer winde his horne,
Twill chéere a Tinker in the ſtockes,
this little Barly-Corne.

It is the only Will oth'wiſpe,
which leades men from the way,
Twil make the tongue-ti'd Lawyer liſp
and nought but (hic vp) ſay,
Twill make the Steward droope & ſtop,
his Bils he then will ſcorne,
And at each poſt caſt his reckning vp,
this little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a man grow iealous ſoone,
whoſe pretty Wife goes trim,
And raile at the deceiuing Moone,
for making hornes at him:
Twill make the Maidens trimly dance,
and take it in no ſcorne,
And helpe them to a friend by chance;
this little Barly-Corne.

It is the neateſt Seruingman,
to entertaine a friend,
It will doe more than money can,
all iarring ſuits to end:
There's life in it, and it is here,
'tis here within this cup,
Then take your liquor doe not ſpare,
but cleare carouſe it vp.

The ſecond part of the little Barly-Corne, That cheareth the heart both euening and morne.

To the ſame Tune.



IF ſickneſſe come, this Phyſick take,
it from your heart will ſet it,
If feare incroach, take more of it,
your heart will ſone forget it,
Apollo and the Muſes nine,
doe take it in no ſcorne,
There's no ſuch ſtuffe to paſſe the time
as the little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a weeping Widdow laugh,
and ſone incline to pleaſure:
Twill make an old man leaue his ſtaffe
and dance a youthfull meaſure;
And though your clothes be nere ſo bad,
all ragged, rent, and torne,
Againſt the cold you may be clad,
with the little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a Coward not to ſhrinke,
but be as ſtout as may be;
Twill make a man that he ſhall thinke,
that Ione's as good as my Lady:
It will inrich the paleſt face,
and with Rubies it adorne,
Yet you ſhall thinke it no diſgrace,
this little Barly-Corne.

Twill make your Goſſips merry,
when they their liquour ſee,
Hey we ſhall nere be weary,
ſweet Goſſip here's to thee;
Twill make the Country Yeoman,
the Courtier for to ſcorne,
And talke of Law-ſuits ore a Can,
with this little Barly-Corne.

It makes a man that write cannot,
to make you large Indentures,
When as he rideth home at night,
vpon the Watch he ventures,
He cares not for the Candlelight,
that ſhineth in the horne,
Yet he will ſtumble the way aright,
this little Barly-Corne.

Twill make a Pizer prodigall,
and ſhew himſelfe kind hearted,
Twill make him neuer grieue at all,
that from his Coyne hath parted,
Twill make the Shepheard to miſtake
his Sheepe before a ſtorme:
Twill make the Poſt to excell,
this little Barly-Corne.

It will make young Lads to call
moſt freely for their liquor,
Twill make a young Laſſe take a fall,
and riſe againe the quicker:
Twill make a man that he
ſhall ſleepe all night profoundly,
And make a man what ere he be,
goe about his buſineſſe roundly.

Thus the Barly-Corne hath power,
euen for to change our nature,
And make a Shrew within an houre,
proue a kind-hearted creature:
And therefore here I ſay againe,
let no man tak't in ſcorne,
That I the vertues doe proclaime,
of the little Barly-Corne.

Printed at London for E. B.

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The Lamentation of a new married man, briefely declaring the sorrow and griefe that comes by marrying a young wanton wife

To the tune of, Where is my true Loue,

YOu Batchelors that haue it
So gallant in the stréet,
With Muske & with Role water,
Smelling all so sweet:
With shooes of Spanish leather,
So trimly to your feet,
Behold me a married man.

Before that I was wedded,
I liued in delight,
I went unto the dancing schoole,
I learnd at Fence to fight:
With twenty other pleasures,
That now are banisht quite,
I being a &c.

When I liued single,
I knew no cause of strife,
I had my heart in quiet,
I led a pleasant life:
But now my chiefest study
Is how to please my Wife,
I being a married man,

Quoth she, You do not loue me,
To leaue me all alone,
You must goe a gadding,
And I must bide at home,
While you among your minions,
Spend more then is your owne:
This life leads a &c.

Do you think to keep me
So like a drudge each day,
To toile and moile so sadly
And lame me euery way:
Ile haue a Maid, by Lady,
Shall worke while I do play,
This life &c,

Then must I giue attendance
Upon my Mistris heeles,
I must wait before her,
While she doth walk the Fields,
She'l eat no meat but Lobsters,
And pretty Girgs and Eeles,
This life &c

Then must I get her Cherries,
And dainty Rathern Peares,
And then longs for Codlings,
She breedeth Childe she sweares
When God knowes tis a cushion
That she about her beares,
This life &c.

She must haue Rabbet suckers,
Without spot or specke,
I must buy her Pescods
At sixteen groats the Pecke
She must haue Egs & white wine
To wash her face and neck:
This life &c.

If once to passe it commeth,
That she is brought to bed,
Why then with many dainties
She must be daily fed,
A hundred topes and trifles
Comes then within her head:
This life &c.

Against that she is churched,
A new Gowne she must haue:
A daintie fine Rebato
About her neck so braue:
Frech bódies, with a Farthingale
She neuer linnes to craue
This life &c.

Abroad ameng her Gossips
Then must she daily go:
Requesting of this fauour
A man must not say no,
Least that an unkinde quarrell
About this matter grow
This life &c.

To offerings and to Weddings
Abroad that she must prance,
Whereas with lusty youngsters
This gallant dame must dance:
Her husband must say nothing,
What hap soeuer chance:
This life &c.

And then there is no remedy,
She must go to a play,
To purge abounding Cholley,
And driue sad dumps away:
She tarries out till midnight,
She sweares she will not stay,
This life &c.

When home at last she commeth,
To bed she gets her soone,
And there she sleeps full soundly,
Till the next day at noon,
Then must she eat a Candle
With a siluer spoone
This life &c.

Therefore my friends be warned,
You that vnwedded be,
The troubles of a married man
You do most plainly see.
Who likes not of his liuing,
Would he would change with me,
That now am a &c.

Where I was wont full often
Good companie to keepe.
Now I must rocke the Cradle,
And hush the childe asleep,
I had no time nor leasure
Out of my doores to peep,
Since I was a married man,

The Second part. To the same Tune.

An answer sent to the young married man.
Written most friendly by his gentle Wife Nan.



ALacke wherefore lament you,
your happy wedded state;
Therein you shew great folly,
repentance come to late (stock
To make your self a mocking
with every scoffing mate
Now you are a married young mã.

In youth, do well remember,
Your minde was all on pride:
Decreming sport and pleasure,
your lustie thoughts did guide,
'Tis time such foolish fancies
should now be laid aside,
Now you are &c.

When you lived single,
Your time you vainely spent:
Unto vain still pastime.
Your youngling wits were bent
But now you must learn wisedõe,
discredit to preuent,
Sith you are &c.

An alas to estimation,
Longs to a single life,
What were you but Skip Jacke,
Before you had a wife,
A mate for euery madcap,
a stirrer up of strife,
Till you were &c.

A Wife hath won you credit,
A Wife makes you esteem'd
An honest man through marriage
Now are you surely deem'd.
And you shall finde at all times,
a wife your dearest friend,
Now you are &c.

Then is it right and reason,
Your wife should pleased be;
It is a happy household
Where couples do agree,
It doth delight the Angels,
such Concord for to see,
Then blest is the &c.

If I do blame your gadding
It is for loue, be sure,
Bad company doth alwaies
Ill counsell still procure
The man that will be thrifty,
must at his worke endure,
While he is &c.

This works his commendations
Amongst the very best.
The chiefe men of the Parish,
his quaintance will request,
And then he shall be called
To office with the rest
When he is a &c.

He shall be made a Headborough
Unto his credit great,
At what time all the neighbours,
His friendship will entreat,
And then it is most decent,
he should goe fine and neat.
When he is a married young mã.

Then bareheaded unto him,
A number daily flocks:
To help him by his office,
from many stumbling blocks:
Then comes he to be Constable,
and set knaues in the stocks:
Thus riseth &c.

His wife shall then be seated
in Church at her desire,
Her husband he is Iuryman,
and sits within the Quire,
Then he is made Churchwarden
and placed some what hier,
Great ioy to &c.

Then seeing all this credit
by marriage you do finde,
Unto your wife tis reason,
you should be good and kinde
And sometimes wait upon her
according to her minde
As best fits &c.

Friendly you go with her
to walke out of the Towne,
Why thẽ you may haue pleasure,
to giue her a green Gowne,
To haue so great a fauour,
some men would giue a crowne
Which is not &c.

As for the Peares and Apples,
you giue me in the street,
The Cherries or the Codlings,
for pretty women meet,
At night I giue you kindely
a thousand kisses sweet
Great ioyes &c.

A hundred other pleasures,
I do you then beside,
In bringing forth your Children
great sorrow I doe hide.
For twentie Gownes & Kirtles,
the like would not be tride,
By any fine young married men.

Why should you scorn the Cradle
I tell you sir most plaine,
There is not any pleasure,
but sometimes breedeth paine,
If you will not be troubled,
why then good sir refraine
to play like a married young man

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock. FINIS.

Love in a MAZE; or, The Young-man put to his Dumps.

Here in this Song you may behold and see
A gallant Girl obtain'd by Wit and Honesty;
All you that hear my Song, and mark it but aright,
Will say true Love's worth Gold, and breeds delight.

To a pleasant New tune, called, the true Lovers delight; or, the Cambridge Horn.





LAte in the morning, as I abroad was walking,
All in a Meadow green, I heard two Lovers talking;
With kisses sweet the young-man her Saluted,
Then I drew near to hear what they disputed:
Then I drew near to hear what they disputed.

Young-man.

Fair Maid, quoth he, this merry morning,
Present one smile to me, and be no longer scorning;
Him who hath vow'd to be thine own for ever,
O say but to me, Our loves shall never sever:
O say, &c. Maid.

Indeed Sir, quoth she, it is a nasty morning,
But I would have you to know I alwaies hated scorning,
And as for love, as yet I mean to smother,
I know not one as yet I love better than another:
I know not, &c. Young-man.

Try love, sweet-heart, qd. he, if e're you chance to know it,
It cannot smothered be, but at last you'll show it;
The first time I beheld thy sweet and comely carriage,
I ever since desired that we were joyn'd in marriage:
I ever, &c. Maid.

Love Sir, quoth she, is like a Fishers Angle,
Which oft hath golden baits fair Maidens to intangle,
Are cunningly cast out by young-mens false inventions,
Then marriage they'll pretend where 'tis not their intentions
Then marriage, &c. Young-man.

O 'tis so, my dear, true love is like a fountain
That cast out water clear out of a Rocky mountain,
Whose stream for to stop you'll say it is a wonder,
Likewise 'tis as strange to cleave the Rocks in sunder:
Likewise 'tis as, &c.

Such is my love to thee, and shall be ever,
No unconstant thoughts or fickle mind can sever
My heart from thee, which alwaies shall be bringing
Fountains clear & fresh, that from true love is springing,
Fountains clear and fresh, &c.

Maid.

Your compassion, said she, I must confess is witty,
To stay the stream of love it were a pitty;
But your heart you compare indeed to rocky mountains,
For stony oft they are, and cast out several fountains.
For stony, &c.

As from some fountain several streams are running,
So many feigned loves you oft have by your cunning;
'Tis hard to pierce your flinty heart asunder,
and stop your fickle streams, it is a wonder:
And stop, &c. Young-man.

Fie, fie, sweet-heart, your wit doth over-match me,
No words I can impart but presently you catch me:
You maidens now each day do grow so coy and witty,
Let Young-men beg and pray, you'll take of them no pity.
let Young-men, &c. Maid.

Fie, away for shame, you young-men can dissemble,
Your wits are ripe, your tongues are quick and nimble,
Indeed you'll beg and pray sometimes to get your pleasure,
Then leave us in the lurch, and we may repent at leisure:
Then leave, &c. Young-man.

Confest it is, there's many are so minded,
But if thou wouldst prove my Constancy, thou'lt find it,
Do thou but command, through danger I will enter,
and for to gain thy love, through an army I would venter:
And for to gain, &c.





SWeet-heart I'd have you know I never could dissemble,
and my complements are slow, my tongue was never (nimble;
'Tis none but loyal love makes me come unto thee,
'Tis not for thy wealth but vertue that I love thee.
For it is not for, &c.

With that a bush of May this lovely maid espyed,
Near to a bank of Thime, whereto she quickly hyed,
Down she pluckt the May that was so green and tender,
And up she pluckt the time with her pretty arms so slender:
Then up she, &c.

She stuck the bush of may in time, and did present it
Unto this Young-man, which was soon discontented;
Here, Sir, quoth she, if that you will be eased,
Read but this Riddle, Sir, perhaps you may be pleased.
Read but, &c. Young-man.

He took it from her hand and receiv'd it as a token,
Then in a dump did stand, & never a word was spoken;
Nothing, then at last he modestly replyed,
Your Riddle I can read, love, and shall not be denied,
Your Riddle, &c.

This may stuck in time, which is to me presenting,
Shews that I may in time gain your love & not contenting
Which if I may, I'll stay your time and leisure,
No time I'll think too long, so at last I gain the treasure.
No time, &c.

He took her by the hand and lovingly they walked,
At tied in Cupids bands most amorously they talked,
Then on each other smil'd with interchanging kisses,
O 'tis pitty time beguiled such lovers of their blisses.
O 'tis pitty, &c.

Perhaps, Sweet Sir, you by this Riddle reading,
May think you gained me by little or no perswading,
Which if you did, it is yet at my pleasure,
I am not bound to you yet, but you must stay my leisure.
I am not, &c.

Then let this heart within this breast lie panting,
No happiness e're see, but let joys be ever wanting;
If e're I think an evil thought upon thee,
Let mirth be banisht quite, and sorrow wait upon me.
Let mirth, &c.

If it be so, quoth she, thou bearest such true affection,
Hereafter I'll agree to be rul'd by thy direction;
No friend shall sever or break our loves asunder,
For loyal loving hearts will be the worlds wonder.
for Loyal, &c.

The time that late was mine to thee shall be presented,
all that I have is thine, then rest thy self contented;
Thy gallant wit, thy modesty and carriage,
Hath won my heart, we will be joined in marriage,
Hath won, &c. Young-man.

He took her at her word, and modestly replyed,
Short time I will afford, long time shall be denied:
This being the first of *May*, our hearts being join'd and
before the fifth day in wedlock we'll be bedded. (wedded.
before the, &c.

Nine hundred pound with this maiden he obtained,
On marriage day was paid, which by his wit he gained;
altho' no means he had, she never a whit repented,
He was a gallant lad, and she was well contented.
He was, &c.

Now all you pretty maids that live in town or city,
The author you perswades to learn from this his ditty,
If a Young-man you love, look not then for his treasure,
For if he honest prove in him is wealth and pleasure:
for if, &c.

You Young men I'll perswade to hear my motion,
For if you affect a maid, regard not then her portion;
Hang ten pounds, give me the lass that loves me,
If a good wife thou'lt found, no joy on Earths above her.
if a good, &c.

Young-men and maids that lately went a *Maying*,
Mark the Nightingale, one tune he's alwaies playing,
Jug, jug, jug, sweet, is all the note she singeth
as when loyal lovers meet, no double tongues they bringeth.
as when, &c.

all you pretty maids that are civil in your carriage,
This Song is sent to you to be warie in your marriage:
Try before you trust, be careful in consenting,
That when the knot is tied, there may be no repenting,
that when the Knot is, &c.

FINIS.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

A Lamentable Ballad of the Tragical end of a Gallant Lord and a Vertuous Lady, with the unheard end of their two Children, wickedly performed by a Heathenish Blackamoor their servant: the like never heard of.
The Tune is, The Ladys Fall.



IN Rome a Noble man did wed,
a Virgin of great fame.
Fairer creature never did
dame nature ther frame;
By whom he had two Children faire,
whose beauty did excel:
They were their parents only joy,
they loved them both so well.

The Lord he loved to hunt the buck,
the tyger and the bear:
And still for swiftness always took
with him a Blackamoor:
Which Blackamoor within the wood,
his Lord he did offend,
For which he did him then correct,
in hopes he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end,
then homewards he did haste,
Where with his Lady he did rest,
until the night was past:
Then in the morning he did rise,
and did his servants call;
A hunting he provides to go,
straight they were ready all.

To Counsel he will the Lady did
intreat him not to go;
Alas good Lady, then quoth he,
why art thou grieved so?
Content thy self I will return
with speed to thee again:
Good Father (quoth the little Babes)
with us here still remain.

Farewel dear Children, I will go
a fine thing for to buy:
But they therewith nothing content,
aloud began to cry:
The Mother takes them by the hand,
saying, come go with me
Unto the highest Tower, where
your Father you shall see.

The Blackamoor perceiving now
(who then did stay behind)
His Lord to be a hunting gone,
began to call to mind:
My Master he did me correct,
my fault not being great:
Now of his wife I'le be reveng'd,
she shall not me intreat.

The place was moted round about,
the bridge he up did draw;
The gates he bolted very fast,
of none he stood in awe:
He up into the Tower went,
the Lady being there:
Who when she saw his countenance grim
she straight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart it quakes
to think what I must write;
My senses all begin to fail,
my soul it doth affright:
Yet I must make an end of this
which here I have begun,
Which will make sad the hardest heart,
before that I have done.

This wretch unto the Lady went,
and her with speed did will,
His lust forthwith to satisfie,
his mind for to fulfill:
The Lady she amazed was,
to hear the Villain speak,
Alas (quoth she) what shall I do?
with grief my heart will break.

With that he took her in his arms,
she straight for help did cry:
Content your self Lady (she said)
your Husband is not nigh.
The bridge is drawn, the gates are shut
therefore come lie with me,
Or else I do protest and vow
thy Butcher I will be.

The Chrystal tears ran down her face,
her children cryed amain,
And sought to help their Mother dear,
but all it was in vain:
For that outragious filthy Rogue,
her hands behind her bound,
And then perforce with all his might,
he threw her on the ground.

With that she shrieke, her children cry'd
and such a noise did make,
That towns-folks, hearing her lament
did seek their parts to take:
But all in vain no way was found
to help the Ladies need:
Who cried to them most pitcously,
oh help, oh help with speed.

Some run into the Forrest wide,
her Lord home for to call,
And they that knew still did lament
this gallant Ladies fall.
With speed her love came posting home
he could not enter in,
His Ladies cries did pierce his heart,
to call he did begin.

O hold thy hand thou savage Moor,
to hurt her do forbear,
Or else believe it I do live,
wild Horses shall thee tare:
With that the Rogue ran to the wall,
he hading had his will,
And brought one child under his arm
his dearest blood to spill.

The Child seeing his Father there,
to him for help did call:
O Father help my Mother dear,
we shall be killed all:
Then fell the Lord upon his knee,
and did the Moor intreat,
To save the life of his poor child.
whose fear as then was great.

But this vile wretch the little Child
by both the heels did take,
And dasht his brains against the wall,
whilst Parents hearts did ake:
That being done straightway he ran
the other child to fetch,
And pluckt it from the Mothers breast
most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,
the Child within the other;
And holding it over the wall,
saying, thus dye shall thy mother:
With that he cut the throat of it,
then to the Father he did call:
To look how he the head had cut,
and down the head did fall.

This done he threw it down the wall,
into the Moat so deep,
which made the father wring his hands
and grievously to weep.
Then to the lady went this Rogue,
who was near dead with fear:
Yet this vile wretch most cruelly
did drag her by the hair.

And drew her to the very wall,
which when the Lord did see,
Then presently he cryed out,
and fell upon his knee:
Quoth he, If thou wilt save her life,
whom I do love so dear:
I will forgive thee all is past,
though they concern me near.

O save her life I thee beseech,
O save her I thee pray,
And I will grant thee what thou wilt
demand of me this day:
Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard
the moan that thou dost make:
If thou wilt grant me what I ask,
I'll save her for thy sake.

O save her life and then demand
of me what thing thou wilt:
Cut off thy Nose, and not one drop
of her blood shall be spilt:
With that the Lord presently took
a knife within his hand;
And then his Nose he quite cut off,
in place where he did stand.

Now I have bought the Ladys life,
then to the Moor did call:
Then take her, qd. this wicked rogue,
and down he let her fall:
Which when her gallant Lord did see,
his senses all did fail:
Yet many fought to save his life
yet nothing could prevail.

When as the Moor did see him dead,
then did he laugh amain
At them who for their gallant Lord
and Lady did complain:
Quoth he, I know you'll torture me,
if that you can me get,
But all your threats I do not fear,
nor yet regard one whit.

Wild Horses shall my body tear,
I know it to be true,
But I'll prevent you of that pain,
and down himself he threw:
too good a death for such a wretch,
a Villain void of fear,
And thus doth end as sad a tale,
as ever man did hear.

Printed by and for [illegible] Gilbourn, and
sold by the Booksellers of London.

A Pretty Ballad of the Lord of *Lorn*, and the False Steward.

Tune is, Green Sleeves.



IT was a worthy Lord of Lorn,
he was a Lord of high degree,
He sent his Son unto the School
to learn some Civility.
He learned more in one day,
than other Children did in three:
And thus bespake the School-master,
to him tenderly:
In faith thou art the honestest boy,
as e're I blinkt on with my eye:
I hope thou art some Easterling born,
the Holy Ghost is with thee:
He said he was no Easterling born,
the Child thus answered courteously,
My Father is the Lord of Lorn,
and I his Son perdye.
The School-master turned round about,
his angry mood he could not swage,
He marvel'd the Child could speak so wise,
he being of so tender Age.
He girt the Saddle to the Steed,
the Bridle of the best Gold stolen,
He took his leave of his fellows all,
and quickly he was gone.
And when he came to his Father dear,
he kneeled down on his knee,
I am come to you Father he said,
God's blessing give to me:
Thou art welcome my Son, he said,
God's blessing I thee give:
What tydings hast thou brought my Son,
being come so hastily?
I have brought tydings, Father, he said,
and so like it may be:
There's ne'r a Doctor in all the Realm,
for all he goes in rich Array,
I can write him a Lesson soon,
to learn in seven years day.

That is good tydings, said the Lord,
all in the place where I do stand,
My Son thou shalt into France go,
to learn the Speeches of each Land:
Who shall go with him? said the Lady,
Husband we have none but he;
Madam, he said, my head Steward,
he hath been true to me.
He call'd the Steward to an account,
a thousand pound he gave him anon,
says good Sir Steward be good to my child,
while he is far from home.
If I be false to my young Lord,
may God justly punish me indeed.
And now to France they both are gone,
and God be their good speed.
They had not been in France land,
not three weeks to an end,
But meat and drink the Child got none,
nor money in Purse to spend:
The Child run to the River side,
he was fain to drink the water then,
And after followed the false Steward,
to put the Child therein:
But nay marry, said the Child,
—he asked mercy pittifully,
God Steward let me have my life,
what e're betide my body:
Now put off thy fair Cloathing,
and give it me anon,
So put thee off thy silking shirt,
with many a golden seam.
But when the child was stript naked,
his body as white as the Lilly flower,
He might have been seen for his body,
a Princes Paramour,
He put him on an old kelter Coat,
and Hose of the same above the knee,
He bid him go to the shepherds house,
to keep sheep on a love lovely.
The child said, what shall be my name?
good Steward tell to me;
Thy name shall be poor dost thou wear,
that thy name shall be.
The child came to the shepherds house,
and asked mercy pittifully;
says, good shepherd take me in,
to keep sheep on a love lovely:
But when the shepherd saw the child,
he was so pleasant in the eye,
I have no child, I'll make thee my heir,
thou shalt have my goods perdye.
And then bespake the shepherds wife,
unto the child so tenderly,
Thou must take the sheep, and go to field,
and keep them on a love lovely.
Now let us leave talking of the Child,
that is keeping sheep on the love lovely,
And we'll talk more of the false Steward,
and of his false treachery.

He bought himself three suits of Apparel,
that a Lord might have seem'd to wear,
He went a wooing to the Dukes daughter,
and called himself the Lord of Lorn.
The Duke he welcomed the young Lord,
with three baked Stags anon,
If he had wist him the false Steward,
to the devil he should have gone:
But when they were at supper set,
with dainty delicates that were there,
The D. said, if you will wed my daughter,
I'le give thee a thousand pounds a year:
The Lady would see the red Buck run,
and also for to hunt the Doe,
And with an hundred lusty men
the Lady did a hunting go:
The Lady is a hunting gone
over franker that is so high,
There was she aware of a shepherds boy,
with sheep on a love lovely:
And ever he sighed & made moan,
& cryed out pittifully,
My father is the Lord of Lorn,
& knows not what's become of me:
And then bespake the Lady gay,
unto her Maid anon,
Go fetch me hither the shepherds boy,
why maketh he all this moan?
But when he came before the Lady,
he was not to learn his Courtesie,
O Where wast thou born, thou bonny child,
for whose sake makest thou all this moan?
My dearest friend Lady, he said,
is Dead many years agon.
Tell thou me, thou bonny child,
tell me the truth & do not lie,
Knowest thou not the young Lord of Lorn
he is come a Wooing unto me:
Yes forsooth, saith the child.
I now the Lord right verily,
The young Lord is a valiant Lord,
at home in his own Country.
Wilt leave thy sheep, thou bonny child,
and come in service unto me?
Yes forsooth then said the child,
at your bidding will I be.
When the Steward lookt upon the child,
he bewailed him villanously,
Where wast thou born thou Vagabond?
or where is thy country?
Ha down, ha down, said the Lady,
she called the Steward then presently,
Without you bear him more good-will
you get no love of me.
Then bespake the false Steward
unto the Lady hastily,
At Aberdine beyond the Seas
his Father Robbed three lands true.



BUt then bespake the Lady gay,
unto her father courteously,
Saying, I have found a bonny child
my Chamberlain to be.
Not so, not so, then said the Duke,
for so it may not be,
For the Lord of Lorn that comes a woing
will think no good of thee nor me.
When the Duke lookt upon the child,
he seemed so pleasant in the eye,
Child, because thou lovest Horses well,
my Groom of Stable thou shalt be.
The child ply'd the Horses well,
a twelve month to an end,
He was so courteous & so true,
every man became his friend:
He led a fair Gelding to the water,
where he might drink verily,
The Gelding up with his heel
and hit the child above the eye;
Wo worth thee horse, then said the child,
that ever Mare foled thee,
Thou little knowest what thou hast done,
thou hast stricken a Lord of high degree
The Duke daughter was in her garden green
she heard the child make great moan,
She ran to the child all weeping,
and left her Maidens all alone:
Sing on thy song, thou bonny child,
I will release thee of thy pain,
I have made an Oath, Lady, he said,
I dare not tell my tale again.
Tell the horse thy tale, thou bonny child,
and so thy Oath shall saved be,
But when he told the Horse his tale,
the Lady wept most tenderly,
I'll do for thee, my bonny child,
in faith I will do more for thee,
And for thy sake, my bonny child,
I'll put my wedding off months three.
The Lady did write a letter then,
full pitifully with her own hand,
She sent it to the Lord of Lorn.
whereas he dwelt in fair Scotland,
But when the Lord had read the letter,
his Lady wept most tenderly,
I knew what would become of my child,
in such a far Country.
The old Lord called up his merry men,
and all that he gave cloath and fee,
With seven Lords by his side,
and into France rides he.
The wind serv'd and they did sail
so far into France land,
They were ware of the Lord of Lorn,
with a Porters staff in his hand,
The Lord they mo'ed hat and hand,
the serving men fell on their knee,
What folks be yonder, said the Steward,
that makes the Porter Courtesie?
Thou art a false thief, qd. the L. of Lorn,
no longer might I bear with thee,
By the Law of France thou shalt be judg'd
whether it be to live or dye.
A Quest of Lords there chosen was,
to bench they come hastily,
But when the Quest was ended,
the false Steward must dye.
First they did him half hang,
and then they took him down anon,
And then put him in boyling lead,
& then was sodden breast and bone.
And then bespake the Lord of Lorn,
with many other Lords mo.
Sir Duke if you be as willing as we,
we'll have a Marriage before we go:
These children both they did rejoyce,
to hear the Lord his tale so ended.
They had rather to day than to morrow,
so he would not be offended.
But when the wedding ended was,
there was delicate dainty cheer,
I'll tell you how long the wedding did last,
full three quarters of a year:
Such a banquet there was wrought,
the like was never seen,
The K. of France brought with him then,
a hundred tun of good red wine:
Five set of Musitians were to be keen,
that never rested night nor day.
Also Italians there did sing,
full pleasantly with great joy.
Thus have you heard how troubles great,
unto successive joys did turn,
And happy News amongst the rest,
unto the worthy Lord of Lorn.
Let Rebels therefore warned be,
how mischief once they do pretend,
For God may suffer for a time,
but will disclose it in the end.

FINIS.

Printed by and for *A. M.* and sold by the Booksellers of *London.*

A Louer forſaken,

Of his beſt Beloued.

To an excellent new Court Tune.





I Dy to the perſon of my Loue
Although that ſhe doth me diſdaine,
Fixt are my thoughts,
And cannot remoue:
But yet I loue in vaine.
Shall I loſe the ſight,
Of my ioy and hearts delight,
Or ſhall I ceaſe my ſuit;
Shall I ſtriue to touch;
Oh no, that were too much,
She is forbidden fruit.
Ah woe is me,
That euer I did ſee
The beauty that did me bewitch,
But now alas I muſt forgoe
The treaſure I eſteemd ſo much.

Oh whither ſhall my ſad heart go;
Or whither ſhall I flie;
Sad eccho ſhall reſound my plaint
Or elſe alacke I needs muſt dye.
Shall I by her liue,
That no life to me will giue,
But deadly wounds my heart;
If I flie away,
Or will ſhe not cry ſtay,
My ſorrow to conuert;
Oh, no, no, no,
She will not doe ſo,
But comfortleſſe I muſt be gone:
But ere I goe,
To friend or foe,
Ile loue her, or I will loue none.

A thouſand good fortunes fall to her ſhare
Although ſhe hath forſaken me,
Fild my ſad heart full of deſpaire,
Yet euer will I conſtant be,
For ſhe is the Dame,
My tongue ſhall euer name,
For branch of modeſtie.
Chaſt in heart and minde,
Oh were ſhe kinde ſo kinde,
Then would ſhe pitty me.
Oh turne againe,
Be kinde as thou art faire,
And let me in thy boſome dwell,
So ſhall I gaine
The treaſure of loues paine,
Till then, my deareſt Loue, farewell.

FINIS.

Printed by the Aſſignes of
Thomas Symcocke

The lamentable fall of Queene *Elnor*, who for her pride and wickednesse by Gods iudgement, sunke into the ground at Charing-crosse, and rose up at Queene Hive.

To the tune of Gentle and Courteous.

WHen Edward was in England
the first of all that name: (king
Proud Elnor he made his Queene,
a stately Spanish Dame,
Whose wicked life and sinfull pride,
through England did excell:
To dainty Dames and gallant Maides,
this Queene was knowne full well.

She was the first that did inuent
in Coaches braue to ride,
She was the first that brought this land
the deadly sinne of pride.
No English Taylor here could serue
to make her rich attyre:
But sent for Taylors into Spaine,
to feed her vaine desire.

They brought in fashions strange and
with golden garments bright: (new
The farthingale, and mighty cuffes,
with gownes of rare delight
Our London dames in Spanish pride,
did flourish every where,
Our English men like women then,
did weare long locks of haire.

Both man and childe, both maid & wife,
were drown'd in Pride of Spaine,
And thought the Spanish Tailors then
our English men did staine:
Whereat the Queene did much despite
to see our English men,
In doublets clad, as braue to see,
as any Spaniard then.

She craud the King that every man,
that wore long locks of haire,
Might then be cut and powled all,
or shaven very neare.
Whereat the King did seem content,
and soon thereto agreed,
And first commanded that his owne
should then be cut with speed,

And after that to please his Queene,
proclaimed through the land,
That euerie man that wore long haire,
should powle him out of hand.
But yet this Spaniard not content,
to women bore a spight:
And then requested of the King,
against all law and right,

That euerie womankinde should have
her right breast cut away:
And then with burning Irons sear'd,
the blood to stench and stay.
King Edward then perceiuing wel,
her spight to women kinde:
Deuised soon by policy,
to turne her bloudie minde.

He sent for burning Irons straight,
all sparkling hot to see:
And said, O Queene come on thy way,
I wil begin with thee.
Which words did much displease the
that penance to begin. (Queen
But askt him pardon on her knees,
who gaue her grace therein.

But afterward they chanst to passe
along braue London streets,
Whereas the Maior of Londons wife,
in stately sort she meets.
With musicke, mirth and melody
vnto the Church that went,
To give God thanks, that to Lo. Maior
a noble Sonne had sent.

It grieued much this spightful Queen,
to see that any one,
Should so exceed in mirth and ioy,
except her selfe alone:
For which she after did deuise,
within her bloudy minde,
And practis'd still most secretly,
to kill that Ladie kinde.

Vnto Lord Maior of London then,
she sent he Letters straight,
To send his Lady to the Court,
vpon her Grace to wait:
But when the London Lady came
before proud Elnors face,
She stript her from her rich array,
and kept her vile and base,

She sent her into wales with speed,
and kept her secret there,
And vsed her still more cruelly,
then euer man did heare:
She made her wash she made her starch
she made her drudge alway:
She made her nurse up children small,
and labour night and day.

But this contented not the Queen,
but she'ad her more despight:
She bound this Lady to a post:
at twelue at lock at night,
And as (poore Lady) she stood bound,
the Queene in angry mood,
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
that suckt away her blood.

Thus died the Maior of Londons wife
most grieuous for to heare: (proud,
Which made the Spaniard grow more
as after shall appeare.

The wheat that dayly made her bread
was bolted twenty times,
The food that fed this stately Dame,
was boild in cooly wines.

The water that did spring from ground
she would not touch at all,
But wash her hands with dew of heaven
that on sweet Roses fall,
She bathd her body manie a time,
in fountaines filled with milke,
And every day did change attire,
in cooly Median silke.

But comming then to London backe,
within her coach of gold,
A tempest strange within the skies,
this Queene did there behold:
Out of which storme she could not goe,
but there remaind a space,
Foure horses could not stirre her Coach
a foot out of that place.

A iudgement surely sent from heaven,
for shedding guiltlesse bloud,
Vpon this sinful Queene, that slew
the London Lady good.
King Edward then (as wisedome wild)
accus'd her for that deede,
But she denied, and wisht that God
would send his wrath with speed,

If that upon so vile a thing
her heart did ever thinke,
She wisht the ground might open wide,
and therein she might sinke:
With that at Charing-Crosse she sunke,
into the ground aliue,
And after rose with life againe,
in London at Queene-Hiue.

Where after that she languisht sore,
full twentie daies in paine:
At last confest, the Ladies blood
her guilty hands did staine:
And likewise how that by a Frier
she had a base borne childe,
Whose sinful lust and wickednesse,
her marriage bed defilde.

Thus you haue heard the fall of pride,
a iust reward of sinne:
For those that wil forsweare themselues
Gods vengeance daily winne.
Beware of pride ye London Dames,
both Wiues and Maidens all,
Beare this imprinted in your minde,
that pride must haue a fall.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocke. FINIS.

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A moſt notable example of an vngracious Son, who in the pride of his heart denyed his owne Father, and how God for his offence, turned his meat into loathſome Toades. To the Tune of *Lord Darley*.



IN ſearching famous Chronicles,
it was my chance to reade
A worthy Story ſtrange and true,
whereto I tooke good heed:
Betwixt a Farmer and his Son,
this rare example ſtands,
Which wel may moue the hardeſt hearts
to weepe and wring their hands.

The Farmer in the Countrey lin'd,
whoſe ſubſtance did excell;
He ſent therefore his eldeſt Sonne,
in Paris for to dwell,
Where he became a Marchant man,
and Trafficke great he vſed,
So that he was exceeding rich,
till he himſelfe abuſed.

For having now the World at will,
his mind was wholly bent
To gaming, wine, and wantonneſſe,
till all his goods were ſpent.
Yea, ſuch exceſſiue Riotouſneſſe
by him was ſhewed forth,
That he was three times more in debt
then all his wealth was worth.

At length his credit cleane was crackt,
and he in Priſon caſt,
And euery man againſt him then
did ſet his action faſt.
There lay he lockt in Irons ſtrong,
for euer and for aye,
Vnable while his life did laſt,
his grieuous debt to pay.

And liuing in this wofull caſe,
his eyes with teares he ſpent:
The lewdneſſe of his former life,
too late he did repent:
And being void of all releefe,
of helpe and comfort quite;
Vnto his father at the laſt,
he thus began to write.

Bow downe a while your heedfull eares,
my louing Father deare;
And grant I pray in gracious ſort,
my piteous plaint to heare.
Forgiue the foule offences all
of your vnthrifty Son;
Which through the lewdneſſe of his life,
hath now himſelfe vndone.

O my good Father, take remorſe
on this my extreme need,
And ſuccour his diſtreſſed ſtate,
whoſe heart for woe doth bleed.
In direfull dungeon here I lye,
my feet in fetters faſt:
Whom my moſt cruell Creditors
in Priſon ſo haue caſt.

Let pity therefore pierce your breſt,
and mercie moue your mind:
And to releaſe my miſerie,
ſome ſhift, ſweet Father find.
My cheefeſt cheere is bread full browne,
the boords my ſofteſt bed:
And flinty ſtones my pillowes ſerue
to reſt my troubled head.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.



My garments all are worne to rags,
my body ſtarues with cold:
And crabbed Wermine eats my fleſh,
moſt grieuous to behold.
Deare Father come, therfore with ſpéed,
and rid me out of thrall,
And let me not in Priſon dye,
ſith for your helpe I call.

The good old man no ſooner had
perus'd this written ſcrowle,
But trickling teares along his cheekes
moſt plenteouſly did rowle.
Alas, my Sonne, my Sonne, quoth he,
in whom I ioyed moſt,
Thou ſhalt not long in Priſon be,
whatener it me coſt.

Two hundred heads of welfed Weales,
he changed into gold:
Foure hundred quarters of good Corne,
for ſiluer eke he ſold.
But all the ſame could not ſuffice,
this hainous fact to pay,
Till at the laſt conſtrain'd he was
to ſell his Land away.

Then was his Sonne releaſed quite,
his debt diſcharged cleane,
And he likewiſe as well to liue,
as he before had beene.
Then went his loding Father home,
who for to helpe his Sonne
Had ſold his Liuing quite away,
and eke himſelfe vndone.

So that he lined poore and bare
and in ſuch extreame need,
That many times he wanted food,
his hungry Corps to feed.

His Son mean time in wealth did ſwim
whoſe ſubſtance now was ſuch,
That ſure within the Citie then,
few men were found ſo rich.

But as his goods did ſtill increaſe,
and riches in did ſlide:
So more and more his hardened heart
did ſwell in hatefull pride:
But it fell out vpon a time,
when ten yeares woe was paſt,
Vnto his Sonne he did repaire
for ſome reliefe at laſt.

And being come vnto his houſe
in very poore array:
It chanced ſo that with his Sonne,
great States ſhould dine that day.
The poore old man with hat in hand
did then the Porter pray,
To ſhew his Sonne that at the gate
his Father there did ſtay.

Whereat this proud diſdainefull wretch,
with taunting ſpeeches ſaid,
That long agoe his Fathers bones
within the Graue were laid:
What raſcall then is that quoth he,
that ſtaineth ſo my ſtate?
I charge thee Porter preſently
to driue him from my gate.

Which anſwer, when the old man heard
he was in minde diſmaid:
He wept, he waild, he wrung his hands,
and thus at length he ſaid:
O curſed wretch, and moſt vnkind,
and worker of my woe,
Thou monſter of humanitie,
and eke thy Fathers foe:

Haue I beene carefull of thy eaſe,
maintaining ſtill thy ſtate,
And doſt thou now ſo doggedly,
inforce me from thy gate:
And haue I wrongd thy brethren all
from thrall to ſet thee free:
And brought my ſelfe to beggers ſtaf
and all to ſuccour thee?

Woe worth the time when firſt of all
thy body I eſpy'd,
Which hath in haroneſſe of thy heart
thy Fathers face deny'd.
But now behold how God that time
did ſhew a wonder great;
Euen where his Son with all his friends
were ſetled downe to meat.

For when the fayreſt Pye was cut,
a ſtrange and dreadfull caſe,
Moſt vgly Toades came crawling out
and leaped at his face.
Then did this wretch his fault confeſſe,
and for his father ſent,
And for his great ingratitude,
full ſore he did repent.

All vertuous Children learne by this
obedient hearts to ſhow,
And honour ſtill your Parents deare,
for God commanded ſo:
And thinke how he did turne his meat
to poyſoned Toads indeed,
Which did his Fathers face deny,
becauſe he ſtood in need.

FINIS.

London Printed by *M. P.* for *Henry Gosſon*, on London Bridge.

09 ℔ 391

A pleasant new Ballad of the Miller of Mansfield, in Sherwood and of King Henry the second, and how he was lodged in the Millers house, and of their pleasant communication.

To the Tune of, *The French Lavolta.*

HEnry our royall King would ride a hunting,
To the greene forrest so pleasant and faire,
To have the hart chased and daintie Does tripping,
Unto merry Sherwod his Nobles repaire:
Hawk and hound was unbound, all things prepar'd
for the same to the game, with good regard.
All a long Summers day, rod the King pleasantly,
With all his Princes and Nobles each one,
Chasing the Hart and Hinde, and the Buck gallantly,
Till the darke evening enforcst them turne home:
then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite,
all his Lords in the wood, late in darke night.
Wandring thus wearily all alone up and downe,
With a rude Miller he met at the last,
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham,
Sir (quoth the Miller) your way you have lost,
yet I thinke, what I thinke, truth for to say,
you doe not likely ride out of your way.
Why what dost thou think of me, quoth our King merrily
Passing thy judgement upon me so briefe?
Good faith (quoth the Miller) I meannot to flatter thee,
I ghesse thee to be but some Gentleman thiefe:
stand thee backe in the dark light thee not downe,
lest that I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.
Thou dost abuse me much (quoth our King) saying thus
I am a Gentleman, and lodging I lacke:
Thou hast not (quoth the Miller) one groat in thy purse,
All thy inheritance hangs on thy backe:
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
if it be forty pence I will pay all.
If thou be'st a true man, then (said the Miller)
I sweare by my tole-dish I le lodge thee all night,
Here's my hand (quoth our King) that was I ever,
Nay soft (quoth the Miller) thou maist be a spright:
better I le know thee ere hands I doe shake,
with none but honest men hands will I take.
Thus they went all along unto the Millers house,
Where they were seething of Puddings and Souse,
The Miller first entred in, then after him the King,
Never came he in so smoaky a house:
now (quoth he) let me see, here what you are,
quoth our King looke your fill and doe not spare.
I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face,
With my sonne Richard this night thou shalt lye,
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet it is best (quoth his wife) for to deale warily,
art not a run away I pray thee youth tell,
shew me thy Pasport and all shall be well.
Then our King presently making low courtesie,
With his hat in his hand, thus he did say,
I have no Pasport, nor never was set vitour,
But a poore Courtier rode out of my way.
and for your kindnesse here offered to me,
I will requite it in every degree.
Then to the Miller his wife whispered secretly,
saying it seemeth this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparell, and eke by his manners,
To turne him out certainely it were a great sinne:
ye (quoth he) you may see he hath some grace,
when he doth speake to his betters in place.
Well qd. the Millers wife) young man welcome here;
And though I say it, well lodg'd thou shalt be.
Fresh straw I will have laid on your bed so brave,
Good browne hempen sheetes like wise (quoth she)
I (quoth the goodman) and when that is done,
you shall lye with no worse than our owne sonne.
Nay first quoth Richard, good fellow tell me true,
Hast any creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the Scabado?
I pray you (quoth the King) what things are those?
art thou not lowse, nor scabby (quoth he)
if thou be'st surely thou lyest not with me.
This caus'd the King suddenly to laugh most heartily
Till the teares trickled downe from his eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderly,
With a hot hag-pudding and good apple-pies:
nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle:
which hold about the bord merrily trowle.
Here (quoth the Miller) good fellow I drinke to thee,
And to all the Courtnols that courteous be.
I pledge (quoth our King) and thanke you heartily,
For your good welcome in every degree:
and here in like manner I le drinke to your sonne,
nay so (quoth Richard) but quicke let it come.
Wife (quoth the Miller) fetch me forth light-foot,
That we of his sweetmeate a little may taste,
A faire Venison pasty then brought she forth presently,
Eate of (quoth the Miller) but sir make no waste:
here's dainty Light-foot in faith then said our King,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.
I wis (said Richard) no dainty at all it is,
For wee doe eat of it every day,
In what place (said our King) may be bought like this,
We never pay penny for it by my fay:
from merry Sherwood we fet it home here,
now and then we make bold with our Kings Deere.
Then I thinke (said our King) that it is Venison,
Each whole, said Richard, full well may see that,
Never are we without two or three in the roofe,
Very well fleshed and excellent fat:
but pray thee say nothing, where ere thou dost goe,
we would not for two pence the King should it know.
Doubt not then, said our King, my promised secrecy,
The King shall never know more on't for me,
A cup of Lambs-wooll they dranke unto him then,
And then to bed they passed presently:
the Nobles next morning went all up and downe,
for to seeke out the King in every Towne.
At last at the Millers house soone they espyed him plain
As he was mounting upon his faire steed, (knees
To whom they came presently, falling downe on their
Which made the Millers heart wofully bleed:
shaking and quaking before him he stood,
thinking he should have bin hang'd by the rood.
The King perceiving him fearefull and trembling,
Drew forth his sword but nothing he said,
The Miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the King would have cut off his head:
but his kinde courtesie there to requite,
gave him a great living and made him a Knight.

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The second part of the Miller and the King: Shewing how he came to the Court with his wife and Sonne: and what merry conceits passed betweene the King and him.

When as our Noble King came home from Notting-
And with his Nobles in Westminster lay, (ham,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had tane,
In this late progresse along by the way:
of them all, great and small, this did he protest,
the Miller of Pansfields sport liked him best.
And now my Lords quoth the King I am determined
Against Saint Geoges next sumptuous feast,
That this old Miller our last confirmed knight,
With his sonne Richard shall both be my guest,
for in this merriment 'tis my desire,
to talke with the jolly Knight and the brave Squire.
When as the Noblemen saw the Kings pleasantnes,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts,
A Pursivant their was sent straight on the businesse,
The which had many times beene in those parts,
when he came to the place where he did dwell,
his message orderly then he did tell.
God save your worship then said the Messenger,
And grant your Lady her hearts desire:
And to your son Richard good fortune and happinesse,
That sweet yong Gentleman and gallant yong Squire
our King greets you all and thus he doth say,
you must come to the Court on S. Georges day.
Therefore in any case, faile not to be in place,
I wis (quoth the Miller) this is one odde jest, (braid,
What should he doe there he said, saith I am halfe a-
I doubt quoth Richard be hang'd at the least:
nay quoth the Messenger you doe mistake,
our King prepares a great feast for your sake.
Then said the Miller now by my troth Messenger,
Thou hast contented my worship full well,
Hold here's three farthings to quit thy great gentlenes
For these happy tydings which thou dost me tell:
let me see hear'st thou me, tell to our King,
wee'l wait on his matterships in every thing.
The Pursevant smiled at their simplicity,
And making many legs tooke their reward,
And taking then his leave with great humility,
To the Kings Court, againe he repair'd,
shewing unto his Grace in each degree,
the Knights most liberall gift and bounty.
When as he was gone away, thus did the Miller say,
Here comes expences and charges indeed, (have,
Now we must needs be brave, though we spend all we
For of new garments we have great need,
of horses and serbingmen we must have store,
with bridles and saddles and twenty things more,
Nath sir (Iohn quoth his wife) neither do fret nor frowne
you shall be at no more charges for me:
For I will turne and trim up my old Russet gowne,
With every thing as fine as may be:
and on our fill horses full swift we will ride,
with pillowes and pannels as we shall provide,
In this most stately sort, rode they unto the Court,
Their lusty sonne Richard formost of all:
Who set up by good hap, a Cocks feather in his Cap,
And so they tetted downe towards the Kings Hall,
the merry old Miller with his hand on his side,
his wife like Maid-marrian did mince at that tide,

The King and his Nobles, that heard of their comming
Greeting this gallant Knight with his brave traine,
Welcome sir Knight (quoth he) with this your gay Lady,
Good sir Iohn Cockle, once welcome againe:
and so is this Squire of courage so free,
quoth Dicke about on you, doe you know me?
Quoth our King gently, how should I forget thee,
Thou wast mine owne bedfellow well that I wot,
But I doe thinke on a tricke tell me that prethe Dicke
How we with farting did make the bed hot,
thou whorson happy knave, then quoth the Knight,
speake cleanely to our King, or else goe thite.
The King and his Counsellors heartily laught at this,
While the King tooke them both by the hand,
With Ladies their maids, like to the Queen of spades,
The Millers wife did so orderly stand,
a milke-maids curtesie at every word,
and downe the folks were set at the side board,
Where the King Royally, in princely Majesty,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight:
When he had eaten well, to talking then they fell,
Taking a bowle of wine drank to the Knight,
here's to you both he said, in wine ale, and beere,
thanking you all for your Countrey cheere.
Quoth sir Iohn Cockle Ile pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottingham-shire,
But then said our King, I thinke of a thing,
Some of your Light-foot I would we had here:
ho, ho, quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
tis knavery to eat it and then to be wray it.
Why art thou angry quoth our King merrily:
In faith I take it very unkind,
I thought thou wouldst pledg me in ale & wine heartily
y'are like to stay, quoth Dicke, till I have dinde:
you fed us with twatling dishes so small,
Zounds a blacke pudding is better than all.
I marry, quoth our King, that were a daintie thing,
If a man could get one here for to eate, (hole
With that Dicke straight arose, & pluckt one out of his
Which with heat of his breech began to sweat:
the King made proffer to snatch it away,
'tis meat for your Master, good sir you must stay.
Thus with great merriment, was the time wholy spent
And then the Ladies prepared to dance,
Old sir John Cockle and Richard incontinent,
Unto this practice the King did advance:
here with the Ladies, such sport they did make,
the Nobles with laughing did make their hearts ake
Many thanks for their pains did the King give them then,
Asking young Richard if he would wed,
Amongst these Ladies free, tell me which liketh thee,
Quoth he, Jugge Grumball with the red head:
she's my Lobe, she's my life, she will I wed,
she hath sworne I shall have her Maiden-head.
Then sir John Cockle, the King called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him Overseer,
And gave him out of hand, three hundred pound yearely,
But now take heed you steale no more of my Deere,
and once a quarter let's here have your view,
and thus sir John Cockle I bid you adieu.

Printed at London for *E. Wright*, dwelling at Christ-Church Gate. FINIS.

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The mad-merry prankes of Robbin Good-fellow.

To the tune of *Dulcina.*

206.



FRom Oberon in Fairy Land
the King of Ghoſts and Shadowes there,
Mad Robbin I at his command,
am ſent to view the night ſports here.
What reuell rout
Is kept about
In euery corner where I goe,
I will ore ſee,
And merry be,
And make good ſport with ho ho ho.

More ſwift then lightning can I flye,
and round about this ayrie welkin ſoone,
And in a minutes ſpace deſcry
each thing that's done beneath the Moone:
There's not a Hag
Nor Ghoſt ſhall wag,
Nor cry Goblin where I do goe,
But Robin I
Their feats will ſpye
And feare them home with ho ho ho.

If any wanderers I meet
that from their night ſports doe trudge home
With counterfeiting voyce I greet,
and cauſe them on with me to roame
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes
Or buſh and brier with them I goe,
I call vpon
Them to come on,
And wend me laughing ho ho ho.

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
ſometimes an ore, ſometimes a hound,
And to a horſe I turne me can,
to trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My backe they ſtride,
More ſwift then winde away I goe,
Ore hedge and lands,
Through pooles and ponds,
I whirry laughing ho ho ho.

When Ladds and Laſſes merry be,
With poſſets and with iunkets fine,
Unſeene of all the Company,
I eate their cates and ſip their wine:
and to make ſport,
I fart and ſnort,
And out the candles I doe blow,
The maids I hille,
They ſhrieke who's this
I anſwer nought but ho ho ho.

Yet now and then the maids to pleaſe,
I card at midnight up their wooll:
And while they ſleep ſnort, fart, and eaſe,
with wheele to threds their flaxe I pull:
I grind at Mill
Their Malt up ſtill,
I dreſſe their hemp, I ſpin their towe
If any wake,
And would me take
I wend me laughing ho ho ho.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



When houſe or harth doth ſluttiſh lie,
I pinch the Maids there blacke & blew,
And from the bed the bed-cloathes I
pull off, and lay them naked to view:
twirt ſleepe, and wake
I doe them take
And on the key cold floore them throw,
If out they cry
Then forth flye I,
And loudly laugh I ho ho ho.

When any need to borrow ought,
we lend them what they doe require,
And for the uſe demaund we nought,
our owne is all we doe deſire:
If to repay
They doe delay
Abroad amongſt them then I goe,
And night by night
I them affright
With pinching, dreames, and ho ho ho.

When lazie queanes haue naught to doe,
but ſtudy how to cogge and lie,
To make debate and miſchiefe too
twixt one another ſecretly:
I marke their gloſe
And doe diſcloſe
To them that they had wronged ſo,
When I haue done
I get me gone
And leaue them ſcolding ho ho ho.

When men doe traps and engins ſet
in loope-holes where the vermine crepe,
That from their foulds and houſes fet
their ducks and geeſe, their lambs and ſheepe,
I ſpy the gin
And enter in,
And ſeemes a vermin taken ſo
But when they there
approach me neare
I leape out laughing ho ho ho.

By Wels and Gils in medowes greene
we nightly dance our heyday guiſe,
And to our fairy king and queene
wee chant our roundelaies in harmonies
When larkes gin ſing
Away we fling
And babes new borne ſteale as we goe,
An elfe in bed
We leaue in ſtead,
And wend us laughing ho ho ho.

From Hag-bred Merlins time haue I
thus nightly reueld to and fro:
And for my pranks men call me by
the name of Robin Good-fellow:
Fiends, ghoſts, and ſpirites
That haunt the nights,
The Hags and Goblins doe me know,
And Beldams old
My feats haue told,
So Vale, Vale, ho ho ho.

FINIS.

London, Printed for H. G.

57.

The Merchants Daughter of Bristow.

To the Tune of *The Maidens Ioy.*

BEhold the Touch-stone of true loue,
Maudlin the Marchants daughter of Bristow towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could moue:
This fauour beares the louelie browne.
A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeeres had borne this Lady great good will,
Shee loued him so faithfully,
But all her friends withstood it still.
The young man now perceiuing well,
He could not get nor win the fauour of her friends,
The force of sorrow to expell,
To view strange Countreys hee intends,
And now to take his last farewell,
Of his true loue, his faire and constant Maudlin,
With musicke sweete that did excell,
Hee plaies vnder her window then.
Farewell quoth he, mine owne true loue,
Farewell my deere and chiefest treasure of my heart,
Through fortunes spight that false did proue,
I am inforc'd from thee to part:
Into the land of Italy:
There will I waste and weary out my dayes in woe,
Seeing my true Loue is kept from mee,
I hold my life a mortall foe.
Faire Bristow towne therefore adieu,
For Padua shall bee my habitation now,
Although my loue doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my heart I vow.
With trickling teares this hee did sing,
With sighs and sobs descending from his heart full sore,
Hee said when he his hands did wring,
Farewell sweet loue for euermore.
Faire Maudlin from a window nigh,
Beholding her true Loue with Passicke where hee stood,
But not a word shee durst reply,
Fearing her Parents angry mood.
In teares shee spent this dolefull night,
Wishing (though naked) with her faithfull friend,
She blames her friends and fortunes spight,
That wrought their loues such luckelesse end.
And in her heart shee made a vow,
Cleane to forsake her Country and her kinsfolkes all,
And for to follow her true Loue,
To hide all chance that might befall.
The night is gone and the day is come,
And in the morning very early shee did rise:
Shee gets her downe in a lower roome,
Where sundrie Seamen shee espies.
A gallant Master amongst them all,
(The Master of a faire and goodlie ship was he,)
Who there stood waiting in the Hall,
To speake with her Father if it might be.
Shee kindly takes him by the hand,
Good sir (said shee) and would you speake with any heere,
Quoth he, faire Maid therefore I stand,
Then gentle sir I pray you draw neere,
Into a pleasant Parlour by,
With hand in hand shee brings the Seaman all alone,
Sighing to him most piteously
She thus to him did make her mone,
Shee falls vpon her tender knee,
Good sir (the said) now pittie you a womans woe,
And proue a faithfull friend to me,
That I my griefe to you may shew.
Sith you repose your trust, he said,
To me that am vnknowne, and eke a stranger heere,
Be you assur'd most proper maid,
Most faithfull still I will appeare.
I haue a Brother then quoth shee,
Whom as my life I loue, and fauour tenderlie,
In Padua (alas) is he,
Full sicke God wot, and like to die.
And faine I would my Brother see,
But that my Father will not yeeld to let me goe:
Wherefore good sir be good to me,
And vnto me this fauour shew.
Some ship-boyes garment bring to mee,
That I disguis'd may goe away from hence vnknowne,
And vnto Sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much fauour may be showne.
Faire Maid (quoth he) take heere my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that you desire,
And for your sake in that same Land,
And in that place that you require.
Shee gaue him then a tender kisse,
And saith, your seruant gallant Master will I be,
And proue your faithfull friend for this,
Sweete Master then forget not me.
This done as they had both decreed,
Soone after (early) before the breake of day,
Shee brings her garments then with speed,
Wherein shee dais her selfe array,
And ere her Father did arise,
Shee meets her Master as he walkes in the Hall,
Shee did attend on him likewise,
Euen till her Father did him call.
But ere the Merchant made an end,
Of all the matters to the master hee could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our Daughter is gone away.
The Merchant thus amaz'd in mind,
Ponder vile wretch intic'd away my child, quoth he,
But well I wot I shall him find,
At Padua in Italy.
With that he spake the Master braue,
Worshipfull Master thither goes this pretty youth,
And any thing that you would haue,
He will performe it, and write the truth.
Sweet youth (quoth hee) if it be so,
Beare me a letter to the English Marchants there,
And gold on thee I will bestow,
My Daughters welfare I doe feare,
Her Father takes her by the hand,
Faire youth (qd. he) if there thou dost my daughter see,
Let me thereof soone vnderstand,
And there is twenty Crownes for thee.
Thus through the Daughters strange disguise,
The Mother knew not when shee spake vnto her Child,
And after her Master straight shee hies,
Taking her leaue with countenance milde.
Thus to the Sea faire Maudlin is gone,
With her gentle Master, God send them a merry wind,
Where wee a while must let them alone,
Till you the second part doe find.

The second part,

WElcome sweete Maudlin from the Sea,
Where bitter stormes and tempests doe arise,
The pleasant bankes of Italy,
Wee may behold with mortal eyes.
Thankes gentle Master then quoth shee,
A faithfull friend in sorrow hast thou beene,
If fortune once doth smile on mee,
My thankfull heart shall well bee seene.
Blest be the Land that feedes my Love,
Blest be the place whereas his person doth abide,
No triall will I sticke to prove,
Whereby my true Love may be tride.
Nowe will I walke with joyfull heart,
To viewe the Town whereas my darlinge doth remaine
And seeke him out in everie part,
Untill I doe his sight attaine.
And I quoth he will not forsake,
Sweete Maudlin in her sorrow up and downe,
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take
And bringe thee safe to Padua towne.
And after many wearie steps,
In Padua they safely arrive at last,
For very joy her heart it leapes,
She thinkes not of her sorrowes past,
Condemned to dye hee was alas,
Except hee would from his Religion turne,
But rather then hee would to Masse,
In fiery flames hee vow'd to burne.
Now doth Maudlin weepe and waile,
Her joy is chang'd to weeping, sorrow greife, and care,
But nothing could her plaints prevaile,
For death alone must be his share
Shee walkes under the prison walls,
Where her true love doth lie and languish in distresse,
Most wofully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppresse.
He sighs and sobs and makes great moane,
Farewell bee said sweete England now for ever more,
And all my friends that have me knowne,
In Bristow towne with wealth and store.
But most of all farewell quoth hee,
My owne true Love, sweet Maudlin, whom I left behind,
For never more I shall see thee,
Woe to thy Father, most unkind.
How well were I if thou wert here,
With thy faire hands to close up these wretched eyes,
My torments easie would appeare,
My soule with joy shall scale the skies.
When Maudlin heard her Lovers moane,
Her eyes with teares, her heart with sorrow filled,
To speake with him no meanes is knowne,
Such grievous doome on him did passe.
Then shee cast off her lads attire,
A Maidens weed upon her back shee seemely set,
To the Judges house shee did enquire.
And there shee did a service get.
She did her duty there so well,
And eke so prudently she did her selfe behaue,
With her in love her Master fell,
His servants favour hee doth crave.
Maudlin quoth hee, my hearts delight,
To whom my heart in affection is tied,
Breed not my death through thy despight
A faithfull friend I will be tryed.
Grant me thy love faire maid quoth hee,
And at my hands require what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
Whereby thy credit may arise,

To the same tune.

I have a Brother, sir, shee said,
For his Religion is now condemned to Die,
In loathsome prison hee is layd,
Oppress with griefe and misery.
Grant me my Brothers life, shee said,
And to you my love and liking will I give,
That may not be quoth hee faire maid,
Except he turne, he cannot live.
An English Frier there is shee said,
Of Learning great, and passing pure of Life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
And he will knitt soone the strife.
Her Master hearing this request,
The Mariner in Friers weed shee did array,
And to her Love that lay distrest,
Shee did a letter straight convey.
When hee had read these gentle lines,
His heart was ravished with sudden joy,
Where now shee was full well hee knew,
The Frier likewise was not coy,
But did declare to him at large,
The enterprise his Love for him had taken in hand:
The young man did the Frier charge,
His Love should straight depart the Land:
Here is no place for her hee said,
But wofull death, and danger of her harmelesse life,
Professing Truth, I was betraid,
And fearefull flames must end my strife:
For ere I will my Faith denye,
And sweare my selfe to follow damned Antichrist,
Ile peeld my body for to die,
To live in heaven with the Highest,
O sir, the gentle Frier said,
For your sweet Love, recant and save your withed
A wofull match quoth hee is made,
Where Christ is lost to win a Wife.
When shee had wrought all meanes that might,
To save her friend and that shee saw it would not b
Then of the Judge shee claimed her right,
To die the death as well as hee.
When no perswasion could prevaile,
Nor change her mind in any thing that shee had said
She was with him condemned to die.
And for them both one fire was made,
And arme in arme most joyfully,
These Lovers twaine unto the fire they did goe,
The Mariner most faithfully.
Was likewise partner of their woe.
But when the Judges understoode,
The faithfull friendship did in them remaine,
They saved their lives, and afterward,
To England sent them home againe.
Now was their sorrow turned to joy,
And faithfull Lovers had now their hearts desire,
Their paines so well they did employ,
Gods granted that they did require.
And when they were to England come,
And in merry Bristow arrived at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some,
That heard the dangers they had past.
Her Gentle Master shee desired,
To be her Father, and at the Church to give her then,
It was fulfilled, as shee required,
Unto the joy of all good men.

The Maidens complaint of her Loves inconſtancie,
Shewing it forth in every degree:
Shee being left as one forlorne,
With ſorrowes ſhee her ſelfe to adorne,
And ſeemes for to lament and mourne.

To a delicate new tune.





YOu Maids and wiues, and women kind,
Giue eare, and you ſhall heare my mind,
Wherein Ile ſhew moſt perfectly,
A falſe Young-mans inconſtancie:
For which I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

I loue where I haue cauſe to haſe,
Such is my foolish fickle ſtate,
My time I ſpend in griefe and woe,
Which, ſure will be my ouerthrow:
I ſigh, and ſob, and then doe weepe,
For that falſe men no faith can keepe.

My Loue to me doth proue vntrue,
And ſeemes to bid me now adieu:
O hatefull wretch, and moſt vnkind,
To beare ſo falſe and wicked mind:
It makes me ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

Hee's fled and gone, for which I grieue,
I wiſh no Maiden him beleiue,
For he with tempting ſpeeches will
Seeke others now for to beguile:
That they with me may ſigh and weepe,
And ſay that men no faith can keepe.

Shall I be bound that may be free:
Shall I loue them that loue not me?
Why ſhould I thus ſeeme to complaine?
I ſee I cannot him obtaine.
Which makes me ſob, and ſigh, and weep,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

Shall I weepe, or ſhall I ſing?
I know not which will fit mourning:
If that I weepe twill breed me paine,
If that I ſing twill eaſe my braine:
Therefore Ile ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

The Jewel's loſt, the thiefe is fled,
And I lie wounded in my bed:
If to repent I ſhould begin,
They'l ſay twas I that let him in:
Therefore Ile ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

My mind to him was alwaies true,
For which I now haue cauſe to rue:
Would I had neuer ſeene his face,
Nor trode the pathes of Cupids race:
For now I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





VVHat hap hath any bee or thee,
That can but liue at libertie,
And not be troubled as I am,
As by my Song you vnderſtand,
It makes me ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

I cannot take my quiet reſt,
To thinke on him that I lou'd beſt:
Sometimes when I doe thinke to ſleepe,
Then thought of him makes me to weep:
I cannot chooſe but ſigh, and ſob,
To thinke of him that doth me rob.

'Tis true indeed he robbeth me,
Of my content and libertie:
My heart can now no comfort find,
To thinke on him that proues vnkind:
I cannot chuſe but ſigh and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

My head doth ake, mine eyes are ſore,
And I can find no helpe therefore:
My body's faint, and I am weake,
My tongue is tyed I cannot ſpeake:
Yet ſtill I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

My daies are ſhort, my life's not long,
I cannot well declare my wrong:
Yet in ſome part, I here doe ſhow,
That you the cauſe hereof may know:
Wherefore I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

His tempting eies, and ſmiling lookes,
Now ſeeme to me like baited hookes,
Which are but laid for to betray
The Fiſh that's greedy of his prey:
Therefore I ſob, and ſigh, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

When firſt with me he came in place,
He did me with his armes imbrace:
He kiſt me on't, and ſwore that he
Would neuer haue no one but me:
Yet now he makes me ſob and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

With words moſt faire he did intreat,
Vntill my fauour he did get:
But him vncertaine I doe find,
And changing like the wauering wind:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

He vow'd to beare a faithfull mind,
But he is otherwiſe inclin'd:
He now doth ſeeme as ſtrange to me,
I cannot haue his companie:
Which makes me ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

Thus ſeemes my Loue to doe me wrong,
Wherefore Ile here conclude my Song:
Ile neuer truſt falſe men no more,
Nor doe as I haue done before:
For which I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

Printed at London for *E. W.* dwelling at Chriſts-Church Gate. FINIS.

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A mery nevv Iigge.

Or, the pleaſant wooing betwixt *Kit* and *Pegge*.

109.

To the tune of Strawberry leaues make Maidens faire.



M. WEll met faire Maid, my cheieſt ioy.
W. Alas blinde fole, deceiu'd art thou.
M. I prethee ſweet Peg be not ſo coy.
W. I ſcorne to fancy ſuch a Cow.

M. Thy beauty ſweet Peg, hath won my heart.
W. For ſhame leaue off thy flattery.
M. From thee I neuer meane to part.
W. God lacke how thou canſt cog and lie!

M. For Peggies loue proze Kit will dye.
W. In faith what colour then ſhall it bee?
M. In time my conſtant heart will try.
W. Then pluck it out, that I may ſee.

M. My life I will ſpend to doe thee good:
W. Alas good ſir, that ſhall not need.
M. For thee I will not ſpare my blood.
W. God ſend your Gallings well to ſpeed.

M. Yet faine would I be thy wedded mate.
W. Alas good ſir I am already ſped.
M. What lucke had I to come ſo late?
W. Becauſe thou brought'ſt a calfe from bed.

M. O pitty me, ſweet Peg I thee pray.
W. So I haue done long time God wot.
M. Why doſt thou then my loue denay?
W. Becauſe I ſee thou art a ſot.

Printed at London for H. Goſſon.

6. 28.
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Now here doth follow a pleaſant new Song
Betweene two young Louers that laſted not long.
OR,
The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



M. WHy Ich haue wealth
and treaſure ſtoze.
W. And wit as ſmall,
as ſmall may be.
M. A chaine of Gold
I might haue wozne.
W. A Cocks-combe fitter had
it beene foz thee.

M. Thou lou'ſt the Miller
of the Glen.
W. What if I doe,
what is that to thee?
M. I will bang the Millers
lone from him.
And therefoze wend,
and gang with me.

W. Great boaſt ſmall roaſt
ſuch bzags will make:
But if Tom Miller
he were nie,
He would bang thee well
foz Peggies ſake,
And like a Puppy
make thee cry.

M. Pet kiſſe me now
foz my good will,
And if any life
thou meanſt to ſaue.

W. To giue a kiſſe,
I thinke it beſt,
To rid me from
a pzating knaue.

Be packing hence
you Ruſticke clowne.
M. No haſte but good
I hope there be.
W. Take heed leſt that
I cracke your crowne
Foz bulling Pegge
ſo ſawcily.

M. Nay in friendly ſoꝛt
now let vs part,
I pzay thee ſweet Loue
ſo let it be.
W. Adue kind Kit
with all my heart,
I am glad I am rid
of thy company.

M. All you young men
take heed by me,
That vnto women
ſet your minde.
See that your Louers
conſtant be,
Leſt you be ſerued
in like kinde.

Written by Valentine Hamduleun.

83.

The merry Careleſſe Lover:

OR,

A pleaſant new Ditty, called, I love a Laſſe ſince yeſterday, And yet I cannot get her.

To the tune of, *The Mother beguilde the Daughter.*



Oft have I heard of many men,
which love have ſore tormented,
With griefe of heart, and bitter ſmart,
and minds much diſcontented.
Such love to me ſhall never be
diſaſtefull, grievous bitter.
I have loved a Laſſe ſince yeſterday,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, if ſhe refuſe,
and goe to take another:
I will not grieve, but ſtill will be
the merry careleſſe Lover.

I will no ſolish Lover be,
to waſte my meanes upon her:
But if ſhe doe prove firme to me,
in heart I will her honour.
And if ſhe ſcorne my part to take,
I know a way to fit her,
My heart with griefe ſhall never ake,
what man ſoe'ver get her.
Then let her chuſe, if ſhe refuſe,
and goe to take another, &c.

And yet I know not what to thinke,
ſhe makes a ſhew ſhe loves me,
What need I feare from me ſhe'l ſhrinke,
ſome foolish paſſion moves me,
Sometimes to hope, ſometimes to feare,
it hangs upon a Twitter,
Whether ſhe hates or loves me deare,
to loſe her, or to get her.
But let her chuſe, if ſhe refuſe &c.

Some women they are in ſtreme in love,
and ſome they are uncertaine
Scarce one in twenty loyall prove,
yet if it were my fortune
To get this Laſſe unto my wife,
I know not one more fitter,
In lawfull love to leade our lives,
if 'twere my hap to get her.
But let her chuſe, &c.

I am a man indifferent,
whether ſhe will or will not
My Sweet-heart be for to love me,
if ſhe do's not, it skills not.
If ſhe fancy me, Ile conſtant be,
this Laſſe ſhe is a Knitter.
And I have her loved ſince yeſterday,
but yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, if ſhe refuſe,
and goe to take another,
Ile never grieve, but ſtill will be
the merry careleſſe Lover.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





THis Laſſe ſhe doth in Yorkeſhire live,
there in a Towne call'd Forſet,
Her minde to labour ſhe doth give,
ſhe can knit Silke or Worſet.
I know not well what I ſhould ſay,
in ſpeech ſhe's ſometimes bitter,
And I have her loved ſince yeſterday,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, if ſhe refuſe,
And goe to take another,
Ile never grieve, but ſtill will be
the merry careleſſe Lover.

Sometimes ſhe will upon me ſmile,
and ſometimes ſhe is ſullen,
As ſhe doth ſit, and Stockins knits,
of Jarſie and of Wollen,
Shegets the praiſe above the reſt,
to be a curious Knitter:
She loves me, as ſhe doth proteſte,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, &c.

Her Portion is not very much,
but for the ſame what care I,
So ſhe with me will but keepe touch,
and not in minde will vary,
For pelfe I doe not paſſe a ſtraw,
her beauty likes me better,
For I have her loved ſince yeſterday,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, &c.

I will bethinke me what is beſt
a way for to be taken,
Her love to gaine, and her obtaine,
I would not be forſaken,
Nor would I have her ſay me nay,
nor give me ſpeeches bitter,
For I have her loved ſines yeſterday,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, &c.

I have her Fathers free conſent,
that ſhe with me ſhould marry:
Her Mother likewiſe is content,
and grieves that ſhe ſhould carry
So proude a minde, or be unkinde
to me in ſpeeches bitter,
For I beare to her a loving minde,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, &c.

With her I at a Wedding was,
where we did dance together,
She is a curious handſome Laſſe,
and yet like winds and weather,
Her minde doth change, ſhe's kinde, ſhe's (ſtrange,
milde, gentle, cruell, bitter,
Yet howſoere I love her deare,
and yet I cannot get her.
But let her chuſe, &c.

Yet will I hope upon the beſt,
all ſwith feares excluding,
And at her faithfull ſervice reſt,
thus here in briefe concluding,
With ſome deare friend to her Ile ſend,
a kind and loving letter,
And hope in time her love to gaine,
and for my Wife to get her.
And then Ile ſing with merry cheere,
this Ditty and no other,
Whil'ſt breath doth laſt, and life be paſt,
I will be a faithfull Lover.

FINIS.

By Robert Guy.
Printed at London for F. Coules.

The merry conceited Lasse,

64. VVhose hearts desire was set on fire,
A husband for to have:
In hope that he would certainly,
Maintaine her fine and brave.

To a pleasant new Northerne tune.





I Am a young woman and faine I would haue,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
A husband that will maintaine me braue,
His that which my heart doth wish and craue,
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if I haue a husband kind,
te rala tal da rat de ra do,
What giues content vnto my mind,
A courteous wife he shall me find.
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

But if my husband froward be,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
The same bread he doth breake to me,
He shall eat part out presently.
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband die to roue,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
He shall not keepe me like a moue,
He were better to stay with me at home.
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband keepes me bare,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
With thred bare cloathes and hungry fare,
The worst will fall to his owne share.
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband die me kill,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
Of his deserts my tongue shall tell,
How that in loue he doth excell,
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

If he buy me new hat and gowne,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
That I may flaunt it vp and downe,
With some of the brauest in the towne.
te ra la la te ra la la tal da rat de ra do.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





And if he doth abuſe my name,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
I will not greatly his words blame,
For I am as like to doe the ſame.
te ra la la, te ra la la, tal da rat de ra do.

But if he ply the good ale pot,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
And haue no money to pay the ſcott,
But comes home like a drunken ſott,
te ra la la, te ra la la, tal de rat de ra do.

And if he chance to bang my coat,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
So that he do not hurt my throat,
Then will I ſing a pleaſant note,
te ra la la, te ra la la, tal da rat de ra do.

But if he come home ſort to bed,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
I will not ſtriue to wrong his head,
Though by the ſore-top he is led,
te ra la la, te ra la la, tal da rat de ra do,

And if my husband catch a fall,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
I hope he will keepe him from the wall,
If he haue a ſtaffe to hold withall.
te ra la la, te ra la la, tal da rat de ra do.

And if my husband will be drunk,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
And loues the company of a punke,
Untill he be in liquor ſunke.
te ra la la, te ra la la, tal da rat de ra do,

If any young man be weary of his life,
te ra la tal da rat de ra do,
Let him make choice of me for his wife,
And there is an end of all the ſtrife.
te ra la la, te ra la la, tal da rat de ra do.

FINIS. L.P.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſ-ſhoo in Smithfield.

The Maids Comfort:

OR,

The kinde young Man, who, as many haue said,
Sweet comfort did yeeld to a comfortlesse Maid.

To a pleasant new Tune.





DOwne in a Garden sate my dearest Loue,
Her skin more white then is the Downe of Swan,
More remorse-hearted then the Turtle-Doue,
Was euer more kinde then is the Pellican:
I courted her the blossom, rose and said,
Why was I borne to liue and dye a Maid?

If that be all your griefe, my Sweet, said I,
I soone shall ease you of your care and paine,
Yeelding a meane to cure your miserie,
That you no more shall cause haue to complaine:
Then be content, Sweeting, to her I said,
Be ruld by me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

A Medicine for thy griefe I can procure,
When wayle no more (my Sweet) in discontent,
My loue to thee for euer shall endure,
Assuring no cause whereby thou should'st repent
The match we make: for I will constant proue
To thee my Sweeting, and my dearest Loue.

Then sigh no more, but wipe thy watry eyes,
Leaue perplext my Honey, at the heart,
Thy beauty hath my heart and thoughts surprise,
Then yeeld me loue, to end my burning smart:
Shrinke not from me, my bonny Loue, I said,
For I haue vow'd, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

Pitty it were, so faire a one as you,
Adorn'd with Natures chiefest Ornaments,
Should languish thus in paine, I tell you true;
Yeelding in loue, all danger still preuents:
Then seeme not coy, nor Loue be not afraid,
But yeeld to me, thou shalt not dye a Maid.

Yeeld me some comfort, Sweeting, I entreat,
For I am now tormented at the heart,
My affection's pure, my loue to thee is great,
Which makes me thus my thoughts to thee impart:
I loue thee deare, and shall doe euermore,
O pitty me, for loue I now implore.

For her I pluckt a pretty Marigold,
Whose leaues shut vp euen with the Euening Sunne,
Saying, Sweet-heart, looke now and doe behold
A pretty Riddle here in't to be showne:
This Leafe shut in, euen like a Cloystred Nunne,
Yet will it open, when it feeles the Sunne.

What meane you by this Riddle, Sir, she said?
I pray expound it. Then he thus began:
Women were made for Men, and Men for Maids:
With that, she chang'd her colour, and look't wan,
Since you this Riddle to me so well haue told,
Be you my Sunne, Ile be your Marigold.

45. b. 28. 240.

The Second part. To the ſame Tune.



I Gaue conſent, and thereto did agree
To ſport with her within that louely Bower:
I pleaſed her, and ſhe likewiſe pleaſ'd mee,
Ioue found ſuch pleaſures in a Golden Shower.
Our Sports being ended, then ſhe blushing, ſaid,
I haue my wiſh, for now I am no Maid.

But, Sir (quoth ſhe) from me you muſt not part,
Your companie ſo well I doe affect,
My loue you haue, now you haue won my heart,
Your louing ſelfe for euer I reſpect:
Then goe not from me, gentle Sir, quoth ſhee,
'Tis death to part, my gentle Loue, from thee.

The kindneſſe you, good Sir, to me haue ſhowne,
Shall neuer be forgot, whiles Life remaines:
Grant me thy loue, and I will be thine owne,
Yeeld her reliefe, that now for loue complaines:
O leaue me not, to languiſh in deſpaire,
But ſtay with me, to eaſe my heart of care.

Your Marigold for euer I will be,
Be you my Sunne, 'tis all I doe deſire,
Your heating Beames yeeld comfort vnto me,
My loue to you is feruent and entire:
Let yours, good Sir, I pray be ſo to me,
For I hold you my chiefe felicitie.

Content within your companie I finde,
Yeeld me ſome comfort, gentle Sir, I pray,
To eaſe my griefe and my tormented minde;
My loue is firme, and neuer ſhall decay:
So conſtant ſtill (my Sweet) Ile proue to you,
Loyall in thoughts, my loue ſhall ſtill be true.

Content thy ſelfe (quoth he) my onely Deare,
In loue to thee I will remaine as pure
As Turtle to her Mate; to thee I ſweare,
My conſtant loue for euer ſhall endure:
Then weepe no more, ſweet comfort Ile thee yeeld,
Thy beauteous Face my heart with loue hath fill'd.

Comfort ſhe found, and ſtraight was made a Wife,
It was the onely thing ſhe did deſire:
And ſhe enioyes a Man loues her as Life,
And will doe euer, till his date expire.
And this for truth, report hath to me told,
He is her Sunne, and ſhe his Marigold.

FINIS.

Printed by the Aſſignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

The Milke-maids life:

OR,

A pretty new Ditty, Compoſed and pend, The praiſe of the Milking paile to defend.

To a curious new tune called, *The Milke-maids Dumps.*



YOu Rurall goddeſſes
that woods and fields poſſeſſe
Aſſiſt me with your skill,
That may direct my quill
more ſocundly to expreſſe
The mirth and delight,
Both morning and night,
on mountaine or in dale,
Of them who chuſe
This trade to uſe,
And through cold dewes
Doe never refuſe
to carry the milking payle.

Their hearts are free from care,
they never will deſpaire:
What ever them befall,
They bravely beare out all
e Fortunes frowns out-dare.
They pleaſantly ſing
To welcome the ſpring,
'gainſt heaven they never
If graſſe wel grow (raple:
Their thankes they ſhow,
And froſt or ſnow
They merrily goe
along with the milking paile.

The bravest Laſſes gay,
live not ſo merry as they,
In honeſt civill ſort,
They make each other ſport,
as they trudge on their way:
Come faire or foule weather
They're fearefull of neither,
their courages never quaile:
In wet and dry
Though winds be hye
And darke's the sky,
They nere deny
to carry the milking paile.

Baſe idleneſſe they doe ſcorne,
they riſe very early i'th morn,
And walke into the field,
Where pretty birds doe yéld
brave muſick on every thorn.
The Linet and Thruſh
Doe ſing on each buſh,
and the dulcid Nightingale
Her note doth straine
In a iocund vaine,
To entertaine
That worthy traine
which carry the milking paile.

45. b. 2 241.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





THeir labor doth health preſerue
no Doctors rules they obſerue,
While others too nice
In takingtheir aduice,
look alwaies as though they would
Their meat is digeſted, (ſtarue,
They nere are moleſted,
no ſickneſſe doth them aſſaile:
Their time is ſpent
In merryment,
While limbs are lent
They are content
to carry the milking paile.

Thoſe Ladies nice and ſtrange,
that keep ſhops in the Exchange
Sit pricking of clouts,
And giuing of flouts,
they ſeldome abroad doe range:
Then comes the green ſickneſſe,
And changeth their likeneſſe,
all this is for want of good ſale:
But tis not ſo
As proofe doth ſhow
By them that goe
In froſt and ſnow
to carry the milking paile.

If they any ſweet-hearts haue,
that doe their affection craue,
Their priuiledge is this,
Which many others miſſe,
they can giue the welcome braue
With them they may walke,
And pleaſantly talke
with a bottle of Wine or Ale;

The gentle Cow
Doth them allow
As they know how,
God ſpeed the plow,
and bleſſe the milking paile.

Vpon the firſt of May,
with garlands freſh and gay,
With mirth and muſick ſweet
For ſuch a ſeaſon meet
they paſſe the time away:
They dance away ſorrow,
And all the day thorow,
their legs doe never faile:
They nimbly
Their feet doe ply,
And bravely try
The victory,
in honour o'th milking paile.

If any thinke that I
doe practice flattery,
In ſeeking thus to raiſe
The merry Milkmaids praiſe
ile to them thus reply,
It is their deſert.
Inuiteth my Art
to ſtudy this pleaſant tale,
In their defence,
Whoſe innocence
And prouidence,
Gets honeſt pence
out of the milking paile. *M.P.*

Printed at London for *T. Lambert*

FINIS.

A mad kinde of wooing.

Or, a Dialogue betweene *Will* the ſimple, and *Nan* the ſubtill,
With their louing agreement.

To the tune of the new dance at the Red Bull Play-houſe.





SWeet Nancie I do loue thee deare,
Beleeue me if thou can,
And ſhall I do proteſt and ſweare,
while thy name is Nan.
I cannot court with eloquence,
As many Courtiers do:
But I do loue entirely wench,
and nault enioy thee too.
Spight of friends that contends
To ſeparate our loue:
If thou loue me as I loue thee,
my minde ſhall neer remoue.

Nan.

Peace goodman clowne you are to briefe,
In proffering loue to me:
And if thou uſe ſuch ruſticke ſpeech,
wee two ſhall ne're agree
Doſt think my fortunes Ile forſake,
To marry with a clowne,
When I haue choice inough to take,
of Gallants in the towne.
The Eagles eye doth ſcorne the flie,
Sheele finde a better prey:
Therefore leaue of thy dotiſh ſute,
away fond foole away.

Will.

Why prethe Nan ne're ſcorne my loue,
Although I be but plaine:
Where Will doth once but ſet his loue,
he muſt not loue in vaine.
For all you ſpeake ſo Scholler like
And talke of Eagles eyes:
I know I am come a woing wench
and not a catching flies.
Then nere reply nor yet deny,
I will not be denaid:
I would not haue the world report,
I twice did woe a maid,

Nan.

But twice and thrice and twentie times
Poule wooe before you winne,
To match with ignorance mongſt maids
is held a ſottiſh ſin,
Therefore Ile match if ere I match,
One equall to my ſpirit:
And ſuch a one or elſe no one,
ſhall my beſt loue inherit.
A man of wit beſt doth fit
A Mayden for to take,
Then ſuch a man if that I can:
my huſband I will make.

Will

Why Nan I hope thou doſt not take,
Thy Will to be a foole:
Thou knowſt my Father for thy ſake,
three yeares kept me at ſchoole.
And if that thou haſt ſpirit enough,
To yeeld to be my ioy,
I warrant I haue ſpirit enough,
to get a chopping boy
Then nere deny, yeeld and try
Or try before you truſt:
Let who will ſeeke for to enioy,
for Will both will and muſt.

45 L. 28. 243.

The Second Part. To the same tune.



WHy I haue those that seek my loue,
That are too stout to yeeld:
And rather then they'd lose my loue,
they'd win me in the field,
Their skill in martiall exercise,
So much do thine surpasse,
That should they here thee sue for loue,
they'd count thee but an asse,
Then be mute thy foolish suite
Is all but spent in vaine:
'Tis an impossibility
thou shouldst my loue obtaine.

Will.

Dost heare me Nan what ere he be,
Doth challenge loue of thee,
Ile make him like to Cupid blinde,
he shall haue no eyes to see,
I think I have a little skill,
My armes be strong and tuffe:
And I will warrant they shall serue
to baste him well enuffe:
If he but starts to touch thy skirts
Or in the least offends:
By all the hopes I haue of loue,
Ile cut off his fingers ends.

Nan.

How should I grant to fancy thee,
Whom others do disdaine.
If thou shouldst chance to marry me,
how wouldst thou me maintaine:
Thou knowest not how to vse a wife,
Thou art so homely bred:
And soon I doubt to iealousie,
thy fancie might be led:
Many feares urge my cares,
That I should carefull be:
I feare I match a crabbed peece,
if I should marry thee.

Will,

Nan I am plaine and cannot cog,
Nor promise wondrous faire:
When all my promises shall proue
like Castles built in th Aire:
My true performance shall be all,
My word shall be my deed:
And honest Nan if I haue thee,
you shall haue all you need.
Clap hands, be bold, say and hold,
Let us make quick dispatch:
If thou loue me, as I loue thee,
weele straight make up the match,

Nan.

Then Will here is both hand and heart,
Ile loue thee till I die:
The world may iudge I match for loue,
and not all for the eye.
I had rather match a lusty youth.
Whose strength is not at full,
Then match a small weak timbred man,
whose strength hath had a pull
Maidens all both great and small,
That hope to marry at length,
Do not marry for bravery:
but unto strength adde strength.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

The Maidens complaint of her Loves inconſtancie.
Shewing it forth in everydegree,
Shee being left as one forlorne,
With ſorrowes ſhe her ſelfe to adorne,
And ſeemes for to lament and mourne.

To a delicate new tune.





YOu maides and wiues and women kind,
Giue eare, and you ſhall heare my minde,
Wherein Ile ſhew you moſt perfectly,
A falſe young mans inconſtancy.
For which I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

I loue where I haue cauſe to hate,
Such is my fooliſh fickle ſtate,
My time I ſpend in griefe and woe,
Which ſure will be mine ouerthrow.
I ſigh, and ſob, and then doe weepe,
For that falſe men no faith can keepe.

My Loue to me doth proue vntrue,
And ſeemes to bid me now adue,
O hateful wretch, and moſt vnkinde,
To beare ſo falſe and wicked minde.
It makes me ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

He's fled and gone, for which I grieue,
I wiſh no maiden him beleeue,
For he with tempting ſpeeches will
Seeke others now for to beguile.
That they with me may ſigh and weepe,
And ſay that men no faith can keepe.

Shall I be bound that may be free,
Shall I loue them that loue not me?
Why ſhould I thus ſeeme to complaine?
I ſee I cannot him obtaine.
Which makes me ſob, and ſigh, and weepe
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

O ſhall I weepe, or ſhall I ſing?
I know not which will fit mourning:
If that I weepe it will breede me paine,
If that I ſing 'twill eaſe my braine.
Therefore Ile ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

The Iewel's loſt, the thiefe is fled,
And I lye wounded in my bed:
If to repent I ſhould begin,
Ile ſay 'twas I that let him in.
Therefore Ile ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

My minde to him was alwayes true,
For which I now haue cauſe to rue,
Would I had never ſeene his face,
Nor trod the paths of Cupids race.
For now I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

45. l. 22. 23

The ſecond part; To the ſame tune.





WHat hap hath any hée or ſhé,
That can but live at libertie
And not be troubled as I am,
As by my ſong you underſtand,
It makes me ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

I cannot take my quiet reſt,
To thinke on him that I lou'd beſt:
Sometimes when I doe thinke to ſléepe,
Then thought of him makes me to Wéepe.
I cannot chooſe but ſigh, and ſob,
To thinke of him that doth me rob.

'Tis true indéed he robbeth me,
Of my content and libertie:
My heart can now no comfort finde,
To thinke on him that proves unkinde.
I cannot chooſe but ſigh, and weepe,
To ſee falſe men no faith can keepe.

My head doth ake, my eyes are ſore,
And I can find no helpe therefore:
My body's ſainte, and I am weake,
My tongue is tyed I cannot ſpeake:
Yet ſtill I ſigh and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

My dayes are ſhort, my life's not long,
I cannot well declare my wrong:
Yet in ſome part, I here doe ſhow,
That you the cauſe hereof may know:
Wherefore I ſigh and ſob and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

His tempting eyes, and ſmiling lookes,
Now ſéeme to me like bayted hookes,
Which are but layd for to betray
The fiſh that's gréedy of his préy.
Therefore I ſob, and ſigh, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

When firſt with me he came in place,
He did me with his armes imbrace,
He kiſt me on't, and ſwore that he
Would never have no one but me.
Yet now he makes me ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

With words moſt faire he did intreat,
Untill my favour he did get:
But him uncertaine I doe finde,
And changing like the wavering wind.
Which makes me ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

He vow'd to beare a faithfull mind,
But he is otherwiſe inclind:
Hée now doth ſéeme as ſtrange to me,
I cannot have his company.
Which makes me ſob, and ſigh, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

Thus ſéemes my love to doe me wrong,
Wherefore I'le here conclude my ſong:
I'le never truſt falſe men no more,
Nor doe as I have done before.
For which I ſigh, and ſob, and weepe,
To ſee that men no faith can keepe.

London printed for H. G.

A merry new Ballad, both pleaſant and ſweete,
In praiſe of the *Black-ſmith*, which is very meete.

To the tune of *Greene ſleeves, &c.*



OF all the Trades that euer I ſee, (may be,
There is none vō the Blackſmith compar'd
For with ſo many ſeuerall tooles Workes he,
Which no body can deny.

The firſt that euer thunder-bolt made,
Was a Cyclops of the Black-ſmiths Trade,
As in an anctent Poet is ſaid,
Which no body can deny.

When thunderingly we lay about,
The fire like lightning flatheth out,
Which ſuddenly with water we doute,
Which no body can deny.

The faireſt goddeſſe in the skies,
To marry with Vulcan did deuiſe,
Who was a Black-ſmith graue and wiſe,
Which no body can deny.

Mulciber to doe her all the right,
Did build her a Tower by day and by night,
Which after he did Hammerſmith hight,
Which no body can deny.

And that no enemie might wrong her,
He gaue her a Fort, ſhe needs no ſtronger
Then is the lane of Ironmonger,
Which no body can deny.

Vulcan farther did acquaint her,
A pretty eſtate he would appoint her,
And leaue her Seacole lane for a Joynter,
Which no body, &c.

Smith-field he did free from durt,
And ſure he had great reaſon for't:
For there he meant ſhe ſhould keepe her Court
Which no &c.

But after in good time and tide
It was to the Black-ſmith ratified,
And giuen by Edmund Ironſide,
Which no body, &c.

Vulcan he did make a traine,
In which the god of Warre was ſlaine,
Which euer ſince was call'd Pauls chaine,
Which no body, &c.

And Ninus bred himſelfe much ſtrife,
For which he ſurely loſt his life,
For doting on a Black-ſmiths wife,
Which no body, &c.

There is a law in merry England,
In which the Smith hath ſome command,
When any man is burnt in the hand,
Which no body, &c.

Banbury-ale a two-yard pot,
The diuell a Tinker dare ſtand to't,
If once the toſt be hiſſing hot,
Which no body, &c.

The common Prouerb as we read,
That we ſhould hit the nayle on the head,
Without the Black-ſmith cannot be ſaid
Which no body, &c.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

ANother Prouerb muſt not be forgot,
For it falls into the Black-ſmiths lot,
That we ſhould ſtrike while the Iron's hot,
Which no body can deny.

A third lies in the Black-ſmiths way,
When things are as ſafe as old wiues ſay,
We haue them vnder locke and key,
Which no body,&c.

There's yet another which makes me laugh,
Becauſe the Smith can challenge but halfe,
When things are as plaine as a pike-ſtaffe,
Which no body,&c.

Another halfe to him doth belong,
And therefore do the Smith no wrong,
When one is held too't buckle and thong,
Which no body,&c.

There is one more doth ſeldome faile,
When we meet with naughty Beere or Ale,
We ſay it is as dead as a doore-naile,
Which no body,&c.

A ſullen woman needs no leech, (ſpeech,
Your Black-ſmiths bellowes reſtores her
And will fetch againe with winde in her breech,
Which no body,&c.

There's neuer a ſlut if filth ouer-ſmuch her,
But owes to the Black-ſmith for her lether:
For without a paire of tongs no man wil touch
Which no body,&c. (her,

If you cleaue to your friend when fortunes
Doth make him any miſchances feele, (wheele
We ſay ſuch a friend is as true as ſteele,
Which no body,&c.

There's that's in the Black-ſmiths bookes,
Who ſuddenly for remedy lookes,
When any man is off the hookes,
Which no body,&c.

Among the Sectaries there are thoſe, (poſe,
That without the Black-ſmiths helpe do ſup-
St. Dunſton had ne're tane ỳ diuell by the noſe,
Which no body, &c.

The roaring boy whom euery one quailes,
And nothing but fights, & ſweares, & railes,
Could neuer yet make ỳ Smith eate his nailes,
Which no body,&c.

Though Sergeants at Law grow richer farre,
And by their good counſell can end a iarre:
Yet your Black-ſmith takes more paines at the
Which no body,&c. (barre,

And though lawes puniſh ſeuerely ſtill
Such as counterfeit deeds, and thereby do ill,
Yet your ſmith may forge what he will,
Which no body,&c.

Though bankrouts lye lurking in their holes,
And laugh at their creditors & the catchpoles,
Yet the Smith can fetch them ouer the coales,
Which no body,&c.

Though playing ỳ Jocky is thought a fine feat,
As to train up a horſe & preſcribe him his meat,
Yet the Smith knows beſt how to giue him a
Which no body,&c. (heate,

Though ſoldiers haue traueld a thouſand miles,
And thinke they haue all the crafts & ỳ wiles,
Yet your Smith can ſooner double his files,
Which no body,&c.

And though he hath no Commanders looke,
Nor can brag of thoſe he hath ſlaine or tooke,
Yet is he as good as euer ſtrooke,
Which no body,&c.

Then if to know him men did deſire,
They would not ſcorne but ranke him higher
For what he gets is out of the fire,
Which no body,&c.

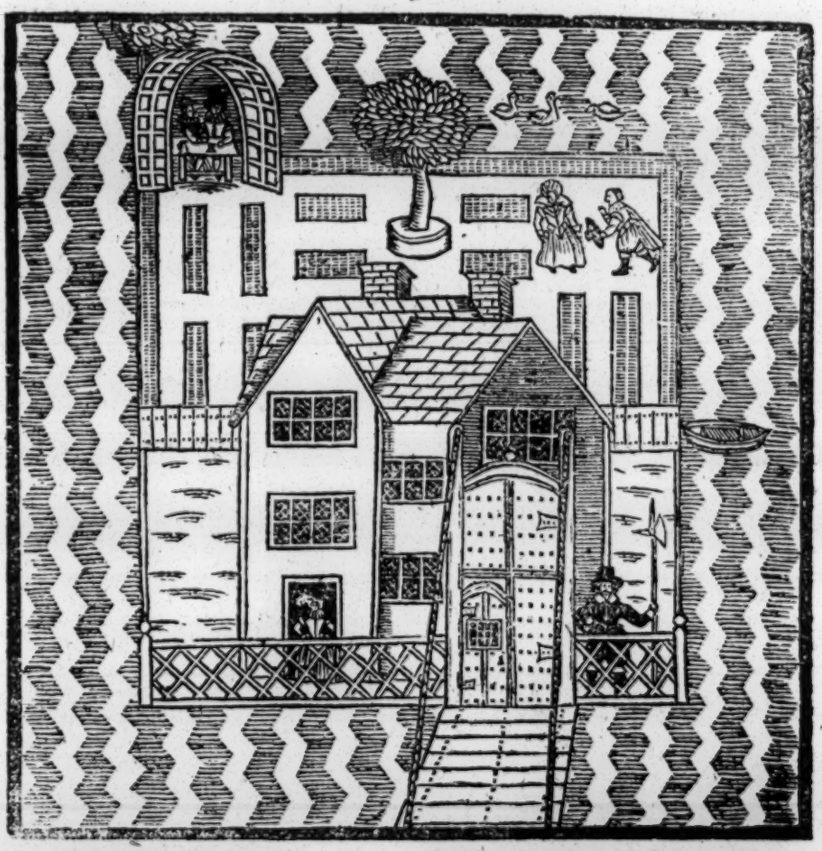
Then here's a health to the Black-ſmiths all,
And let it goe round as round as a ball,
Let's take it though it coſt us a fall,
Which no body can deny.

FINIS.

227

The Map of Mock-begger Hall, with his ſcituation in the ſpacious Countrey, called, *Any where.*

To the tune of *It is not your Northerne Nanny*: or *Sweet is the Laſſe that Loues mee.*



I Reade in ancient times of yore,
That men of worthy calling
Build almes houſes and Spittles ſtore,
Which now are all downe falling:
And few men ſeeke them to repaire,
Nor is there one among twenty,
That for good deeds will take any care,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Their fathers went in homely frees,
And good plaine broad-cloath breeches.
Their ſtockings with the ſame agrees,
Sow'd on with good ſtrong ſtitches.
They were not than call'd Gentlemen,
Though they had wealth great plenty,
Now every gul's growne worſhipfull,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Farme houſes which their fathers built,
And Land well kept by tillage,
Their Prodigall ſons haue ſold for gilt,
In every Towne and village.
To th'City and Court they doe reſort
With gold and ſilver plenty,
And there they ſpend their time in ſport,
While mock beggers hall ſtands empty.

No gold nor ſilver parchment lace
Was worne but by our Nobles,
Nor would the honeſt harmleſſe face,
Weare Ruffes with ſo many doubles,
Our bands were to our ſhirts ſowne then,
Yet cloath was full as plenty,
Now one band hath more cloath than ten,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Young Landlords when to age they come,
Their rents they will be racking,
The tenant muſt giue a golden ſum,
Or elſe he is turn'd packing,
Great fines and double rent beſide,
Or elſe they'l not content be,
It is to maintaine their monſtrous pride,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Now we are Apes in imitation,
The more indeed's the pitty,
The City followes the Strangers faſhion,
The Country followes the City,
And ere one faſhion is knowne throughout,
Another they will inuent yet,
'Tis all your gallants ſtudy about,
While mock beggers hall ſtands empty.

554.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



Me thinks it is a great reproach
To thoſe that are nobly deſcended,
When for their pleaſures cannot haue a Coach,
Wherewith they might be attended,
But euery beggerly Iacke and Gill
That eate ſcant a good meale in twenty,
Muſt thorow the ſtréets be toſſed ſtill,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

There's ſome are ratled thorow the ſtréts,
Probatum eſt, I tell it,
Whoſe names are wrapt in parchment ſhéts,
It grieues their hearts to ſpell it,
They are not able two men to kéepe,
With a coachman they muſt content be,
Which at playhouſe doores in his box lies aſléep,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Our Gentlewomen whoſe meanes is nothing
To that which they make ſhew of,
Muſt vſe all the faſhions in their cloathing,
Which they can heare or know of,
They take ſuch care themſelues to decke,
That money is oft ſo ſcanty,
The belly is forc'd to complaine of the backe,
While mock begger hall ſtands empty.

It may well be that ſome will muſe,
Wherefore in this relation,
The name of Mocke begger I doe vſe,
Without any explanation,
To cleare which doubt before I end,
Becauſe they ſhall all content be,
To ſhew the meaning I doe intend,
Of mock begger hall ſtill empty.

Some Gentlemen and Citizens haue
In diuers eminent places,
Erected houſes rich and braue,
Which ſtood for the owners graces,
Let any poore to ſuch a doore
Come, they expecting plenty,
They there may aſk till their throats are ſore,
For mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Thus in theſe times we can perceiue
Small charity conſcept yielding,
For pride doth men of grace bereaue,
Not onely in cloathes but in building,
Man makes the ſenſeleſſe ſtones and bricke
Which by heauens goodneſſe lent be,
Expreſſe his pride by theſe vaine tricks,
Thus mock begger hall ſtands empty.

Printed at London for *Richard Harper*, neere to the Hoſpitall gate in Smithfield. FINIS.

A merry Iest of *Iohn Tomson*, and *Iakaman* his VVife: VVhose Iealousie was justly, the cause all their strife.

To the Tune of *Pegge of Ramsey*.





VVHen I was a Batcheloar
I liu'd a merry life:
But now I am a married man,
and troubled with a wife,
I cannot doe as I haue done,
because I liue in feare:
If I goe but to Islington,
my wife is watching there.
Give me my yellow Hose againe,
give me my yellow hose:
For now my wife she watcheth me,
see yonder where she goes.

But when I was a prentice bound,
and my Indentures made:
In many faults I haue beene found,
yet neuer thus afraid.
For if I chance now by the way,
a woman for to kisse:
The rest are ready for to say,
thy wife shall know of this.
Give me my yellow hose,&c.

Thus when I come in company,
I passe my mirth in feare:
For one or other merrily,
will say my wife is there.
And then my look doth make them laugh,
to see my woefull case:
How I stand like Iohn hold my staffe,
and dare not shew my face.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Then comes a handsome woman in,
and takes me by the hand:
But how my wife she did begin,
now you shall vnderstand.

Faire dame (quoth she) why dost thou so,
he gaue his hand to me:
And thou shalt know before thou goe,
he is no man for thee.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Good wife (quoth she) now doe not scould,
I will doe so no more:
I thought I might haue beene so bolde,
I knowing him before,
With that my wife was almost mad,
yet many did intreat her:
And I, God knowes, was very sad,
for feare she would haue beat her.
Give me my yellow hose,&c.

Thus marriage is an enterprise,
Experience doth show:
But scolding is an exercise,
that married men doe know.
For all this while there was no blowes,
yet still their tongues was talking:
And very faine would yellow hose,
haue had her fists a walking.
Give me my yellow, &c.

In comes a neighbour of our towne,
an honest man, God wot:
And he must needes goe sit him downe,
and call in for his pot.
And said to me, I am the man,
which gaue to you your wife:
And I will doe the best I can,
to mend this wicked life.
Give me my yellow hose againe,
give me my yellow hose:
For now my wife she watcheth me,
see yonder where she goes.

The second Part, to the same Tune.



I Gaue him thankes, and bad him goe,
and so he did indeed:
And told my wife the was a shrow,
but that was more then need.
Saith he thou hast an honest man,
and one that loues thee well:
Said she you are a foole good sir,
Its more then you can tell.
Give me my yellow hose,&c.

And yet in truth he loueth me,
but many more beside:
And I may say good sir to thee,
that cannot I abide.
For though he loues me as his life,
yet now sir wot you what:
They say he loues his neighbours wife,
I pray you how like you that.
Give me my yellow hose,&c.

Saith he I hope it neuer shall,
seeke fancy fond to follow:
For loue is lawfull vnto all,
except it be too yellow.
Which lyeth like the Iaundies so,
In these our womens faces:
That watch their husbands where they go,
and hunt them out in places.
Give me my yellow hose,&c.

Now comes my Neighbours wife apace,
to talke a word or two:
My wife then meets her face to face,
and saith Dame is it you.
That makes so much of my good man,
as if he were your owne?
Then clamp as closely as you can,
I know it will be knowne.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Now when I saw the woman gone,
I call'd my wife aside,
And said why art thou such a one,
that thou canst not abide
A woman for to talke with mee,
this is a wofull case:
That I must keepe no company,
except you be in place.

This maketh Batchelers to woe,
so long before they wed;
Because they beare that women now,
will be their Husbands head.
And seuen yeare long I tarried,
for Iakaman my wife:
But now that I am married,
I am weary of my life.
Give me my yellow hose,&c.

For yellow loue is too too bad,
without all wit or policie:
And too much loue hath made her mad,
and fill'd her full of Iealousie.
Shee thinkes I am in loue with those,
I speake to passing by:
That makes her weare the yellow hose,
I gaue her for to dye.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

But now I see thee is so hot,
and liues so much at ease:
I will goe get a Souldiers coate,
and saile beyond the Seas:
To serue my Captaine where and when,
though it be to my paine:
Thus farewell gentle Iakaman,
till we two meet againe.
Giue me my yellow hose,&c.

Quoth she good husband doe not deale,
thus hardly now with me,
And of a truth I will reueale,
my cause of Iealousie:
You know I alwaies paid the score,
you put me still in trust:
I saued twenty pound and more,
confesse it needes I must.
Give me my yellow hose,&c.

But now my saying of the same,
For ought that I doe know:
Made Iealousie to fire her frame,
to weaue this web of woe:
And thus this foolish loue of mine,
was very fondly bent:
But now my gold and goods are thine,
good husband be content.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

And thus to leade my life a new,
I fully now purpose:
That thou maist change thy coat of blew,
and I my yellow hose.
This being done our Country wiues
may warning take by me,
How they doe liue such iealous liues,
as I haue done with thee.
Give me my yellow hose againe,
give me my yellow hose:
For now my wife shee watcheth me,
see yonder where she goes.

FINIS. *M. L.*

Imprinted at London for *Edward Wright.*

The Merry Cuckold.

Who frolickly taking what chance doth befall,
Is very well pleased with Wife, Hornes and all.

To the tune of, The merry Cuckold.



YOu married men
whom Fate hath alsign'd,
To marry with them
that are too much kind,
Learn as I do,
to beare with your wiues,
All you that doe so,
shall liue merry liues.

I haue a Wife
so wanton and so free,
That she as her life,
loues one besides me,
What if she doe,
I care not a pin,
Abroad I will goe,
when my riuall comes in.

I can be merry
and drinke away care,
With Claret and Sherry
and delicate fare.
My Wife has a Trade,
that will maintain me,
What though it be said,
that a Cuckold I be.

While she at home
is taking her pleasure,
Abroad I do rome,
consuming her treasure.
Of all that she gets.
I share a good share,
She payes all my debts,
then for what should I care.

She keepes me braue,
and gallant in cloathing.
All things I haue,
I do want for nothing.
Therefore I conniue,
and winke at her faults,
And daily I striue,
against iealous assaults.

While for small gaines:
my neighbours worke hard,
I liue (by her meanes)
and neuer regard.
The troubles and cares,
that belong to this life,
I spend what few dares:
gramercy good Wife.

Should I be iealous,
as other men are,
My breath like to bellowes,
the fire of care
Would blow and augment,
therefore I thinke it best.
To be well content,
though I were Vulcans crest.

Many a time
vpbraided I am,
Some say I must dine,
at the Mill or the Ramme:
Those that do iere
cannot do as I may,
In Wine, Ale and Beere,
spend a noble a day.

The Second part. To the ſame Tune.





I By experience,
righely do know:
That no ſtrife or variance,
(cauſes of woe)
Can make a wife
ſo bent to lite chaſt,
Thou in ſtead of ſtrife,
let patie nce be plac't,

If a man had
all Argus his eyes,
A wife that is bad,
will ſomething deuiſe,
To gull him to's face,
then what booyes miſtruſt,
The hoynes to diſgrace,
though weare it I muſt.

Ile be content
with this my hard chance,
And in merryment
my head Ile aduance.
Wiſhing I were
but as rich as ſome men,
Whoſe wiues thall appeare,
yet they'l kiſſe now and then.

One trying to me,
a great comfort is,
Still quiet is ſhe,
though I do amiſſe,
She dares do no other,
becauſe ſhe knowes well,
That gently I ſmoother,
what moſt men would tell.

If I ſhould raue,
her minde would not alter
Her ſwing ſhe will haue.
though't be in a halter.
Then ſith that I get
good gaines by her vice,
I will not her let,
but take ſhare of the price.

Why ſhould I vere,
and pine in diſpaire,
I know that her chere,
are all bzittle ware,
And he that gets one
who conſtant abides,
Obtaines that which none,
or but few haue beſides.

Yet will I not,
accuſe my wife,
For nothing is got,
by railing, but ſtrife.
I act mine owne ſence.
intending no wzong,
No Cuckold nor Queane
will care for this ſong.

But a merry Wife,
that's honeſt I know it,
As deare as her life,
will ſure loue the Poet:
And he thats no Cuckold
in Countrey or City,
Howeuer if lucke hold,
will buy this our Ditty.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas ſymcock. FINIS.

A moſt godly and comfortable Ballad of the glorious Reſurrection of our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, how he triumphed over death, hell, and ſinne, whereby we are certainly perſwaded of our riſing againe from the dead. To the tune of *Rogero*.



VVHat faithleſſe froward ſinfull man,
ſo farre from grace is fled,
That doth not in his heart beléeve
the riſing from the dead:
Or why do wicked mortall men,
their lives on earth ſo frame:
That being dead they do ſuppoſe,
they ſhall not riſe again?

For why, if that the dead indéed,
which now conſuming lies,
Shall not by God be raiſ'd againe,
then Chriſt did never riſe:
And if ſo be our Saviour ſwéet,
did not ariſe from death:
Our preaching is of no effect,
and vaine is hope on earth.

If Chriſt roſe not againe, I ſay,
then are we yet in ſinne:
And they that fall aſléep in him,
no part of joy ſhall winne:
Of all the creatures living then,
which God on earth did frame,
Moſt wretched are the ſtate of men,
which ſpend their time in vaine.

But Chriſt is riſen up from death,
as it was right and méet:
And thereby trod down death and Hell,
and ſinne under his féet:
And that the ſame to ſimple men,
the plainer might appeare:
The glorious riſing of the Lord,
his Word declareth héere.

When he within the Grave was laid,
the Iewes did watchmen ſet,
Leſt by his friends his corps from thence
ſhould ſecretly be fet:
A mighty ſtone likewiſe they did
on his Sepulchre role,
And all for fear his body ſhould
away from thence be ſtole.

And in the dead time of the night,
a mighty earthquake came,
The which did ſhake both Sea and Land,
and all within the ſame.
And then the Angell of the Lord,
came down from Heaven ſo high,
And rold away the mighty ſtone,
which on the grave did lye.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

His face did ſhine like flaming fire,
his cloathes were white as ſnow,
Which put the watchmen in great feare,
who ran away for woe:
And told unto the high Prieſt plaine,
what I do now rehearſe:
Who hired them for money ſtraight,
that they ſhould hold their peace.

And ſay, quoth they, his ſervants came,
which he ſometimes did keepe:
And ſecretly ſtole him away,
while we were ſound aſleepe.
And if that Herod heare thereof,
we will perſwade him ſo:
That you ſhall have no hurt at all,
where-ever you do goe.

But faithfull Mary Magdalen,
and Iames his Mother too,
Had brought great ſtore of oyntmẽt ſweet,
as Iewes were wont to doe:
Who roſe up early in the morne,
before that it was day:
The body of the Lord to noynt,
in grave whereas he lay.

And when unto the grave they ranne,
they were in wondrous feare:
They ſaw a young man in the ſame,
but Chriſt they ſaw not there:
Then ſaid the Angell unto them,
why are you ſo afraid?
The Lord whom you do ſeek, I know,
is riſen up, he ſaid.

Then went the Women both away,
who told theſe tidings than:
To Iohn and Peter, who in haſte,
to the Sepulchre ran,
Who found it as the Women ſaid,
and then away did goe:
But Mary ſtayed weeping ſtill,
whoſe teares declar'd her woe.

Who looking down into the grave,
two Angells there did ſee,
Quoth they, why weepes this woman ſo:
even for my Lord, quoth ſhe.
And turning then her ſelfe aſide,
as ſhe ſtood weeping ſo,
The Lord was ſtanding at her back,
but him ſhe did not know.

Why doth this woman weepe, he ſaid,
whom ſeekes ſhe in this place?
She thought he had a gardner beẽn,
and thus ſhe ſhewes her caſe:
If thou haſt born him hence, ſhe ſaid,
then tell me where he is,
And for to fetch him back againe,
be ſure I will not miſſe.

What, Mary, then our Saviour ſaid,
doſt thou lament for me?
O Maſter, liveſt thou againe?
my ſoule doth joy in thee:
O Mary, touch me not, he ſaid,
ere I have beẽn above:
Even with my God, the onely God,
and Father whom we love.

And oftentimes did Chriſt appeare,
to his diſciples all:
But Thomas would not yet beleeve,
his faith it was ſo ſmall:
Except that he might thruſt his hand
into the wound ſo wide,
And put his finger where the Speare
did pierce his tender ſide.

Then Chriſt which knew all ſecret thoughts,
to them againe came he;
Who ſaid to Thomas here I am,
as plainly thou maiſt ſee.
See here the hands which nailes did pierce,
and feel thou here my ſide:
And be not faithleſſe, O thou man,
for whom theſe paines I bide.

Thus ſundry times Chriſt ſhewd himſelf,
when he did riſe againe:
And then aſcended he to Heaven,
in glory for to raigne:
Where he prepares a place for thoſe,
whom he ſhall raiſe likewiſe,
To live with him in heavenly bliſſe,
above the lofty skies.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *Francis Coules* dwelling at the lower end of the Old Bayley.

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A Meſſe of good Fellows:

OR,

The generous ſpark who roundly,
doth call, and ſayes for his part,
Tuſh, we have and ſhall have abundance,
come fill us the other od quart.

To the tune of, *Ragged and torne.*





WEll met my ioniall blades,
Tom, Anthony, Dick, & James
We haue bẽn all merry Comrades,
as all our acquaintance proclaims:
Now ſith we are all met here,
We'l be merry before we goe,
For paying let's neuer feare,
our credit is good we know.
Here's 4 or fiue ſhillings good round
ile ſpend them before we part, (ones
Tuſh, we have & ſhal have abundance
come fill us the other od quart.

We'l laugh and make good ſport,
and cry a fig for care,
What though our means grows ſhort,
the world has enough to ſpare:
When either of us was borne,
we had as much wealth about vs
As thoſe that are rich (Ile be ſworne)
why then ſhould they ieer and flout vs?
& though they haue ſince got ground on's
it doth not much grieue my heart:
Tuſh, we have &c.

Let's ſing and make a noiſe,
as beſt the time befits,
Wee ſhew our ſelues merry good boyes,
when the world is beſide her wits:
The Vſurer with all his bags,
is not ſo content in mind,
As honeſt good fellows in rags,
that are to each other kind.
Our hearts are all perfect & ſound ones,
we ſcorn from our friends to ſtart,
Tuſh, we have and ſhall have abundance,
come fill us the other od quart.

The Vſurer doth daily plod
how he may his riches increaſe,
He maketh his gold his God,
but we liue at better hearts eaſe:
Let fortune frowne or ſmile,
we do not for that much paſſe,
The world ſhall not vs beguile,
with her proſpective glaſſe,
If pouerty ſeeke to wound vs,
we'l cure't with the Vintners art,
Tuſh, we have &c:

He that doth inioy his health,
and a competent means withall,
What need he to pine for wealth,
but take what to him doth befall?
A contented mind is worth gold,
it is but a folly to ſtriue,
We all were at firſt of one mould,
yet all are not borne to thriue,
Then let no ill thoughts confound vs,
let every one bear a good heart,
Tuſh, we have and ſhall have abundance,
come fill us the other od quart.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





WE ſcorn to ſpend mony on queanes,
though ſometimes we hunt the for,
For he that ſo waſteth his means,
at laſt will be paid with a p——
No ſurgeon nor any Phyſitian,
for mony their aid ſhall lend vs,
When drinking hath chang'd our condi-
a hair o'th old dog will mend vs. tion
Grim ſorrow can neuer wound vs,
which maketh curmudgeons to ſmart,
Tuſh, we have, and ſhall have abundance,
Come fill us the tother odd quart.

'Tis better far to be poore,
and haue a contented mind,
Then to haue abundance of ſtore,
and with it no reſt can find:
The couetous man is not rich,
he neuer is ſatisfide,
His mony doth him bewitch,
he thinks vpon nothing beſide:
Such puddles ſhall neuer drowne vs,
wee'l be well content with our part,
Tuſh, we have &c.

Some idle companions there be,
that rather then they will worke,
Vpon ſuch good fellows as we,
the Raſcals will liue by the ſhirk,
At laſt they are tane in the nicke,
(for cheating can nere come to good)
And then they are taught a fine trick,
to look through a peece of wood:
And oftentimes when they are found
with pain they do follow the cart (thus
Tuſh, we have &c.

He that hath a generous mind,
will take any laudable courſe,
What fortune to him hath aſſigned,
he takes it for better for worſe:
And to recreate his ſenſes,
when labour hath tane off the edge,
They weigh not a little expences,
each other like us they will pledge.
Let our hearts be true and ſound ones,
tho fortune our meanings doth thwart,
Tuſh, we have, &c.

Such merry vagaries wee'l play,
when liquor hath captiu'd our wits,
We thinke not how hard the next day
we muſt worke for theſe mad merry fits:
Yet wee'l neyther quarrell nor chide,
as fools in theſe humours do vſe,
Such folly wee cannot abide,
if any way we can chuſe.
And if any man ſeek to wrong us,
wee'l one take anothers part.
Tuſh we have, &c.

But amongſt all our merry cheare,
- t'were pity of all our liues,
If all the while wee are here,
wee neglect to drink to our wiues.
Faith that was remembred well,
tis better at laſt then never,
Though my ſhare doe the reſt excell,
it ſhall go about howſoever.
Now leſt too much liquor ſhold drowne us
let's know what's oth ſcore ere depart,
Tuſh we have, and ſhall have abundance,
come give us the other odd quart.

M.P.

FINIS.

Printed for *Thomas Lambert* neare the Hoſpitall-gate in Smithfield.

Mondayes VVorke.

OR

The two honeſt neigbours both birds of a feather Who are at the Ale-houſe both merry together.

127.

To the tune of, *I owe my Hoſteſſe money.*



GOod morow neigbour Gamble,
Come let you and I goe ramble,
Laſt night I was ſhot
Through the braines with a Pot,
and now my ſtomacke doth wamble:
Your Pockets and your Caudles,
Are fit for babes in Cradles:
A piece of ſalt Pogge,
And a haire of the old Dogge
is good to cure our drunken Noddies.
Come hither mine Hoſt, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Hoſt
With a Pot and a Toſt,
and let vs be merry together.

I roſe in the morning early,
To take this Juice of barly,
But if my wife ſone
Knew where I were gone,
ſhe'd call me to a Parley.
By bones I doe not fauour,
But honeſtly doe labour:
But when I am out,
I muſt make a mad bout
come here's halfe a pot to thee neigbour.
Come hither, &c.

Gramarcy neighbour Iinkin,
I ſee thou loueſt no drinking,
And I for my part,
From thee will not ſtart,
come fill vs a little more drinke in.

If th weeke we aske but one day,
And that's next after Sunday,
Our cuſtome we'le hold,
Although our Wiues ſcold,
the Pauſeman comes a Monday.
Come hither, &c.

Come let's haue our Liquor about vs,
Mine Hoſt doe not miſdoubt vs,
Yet if we ſhould call,
And pay none at all,
you were better be without vs:
But we are no ſuch fellowes,
Though ſome in clothes excell vs,
And yet haue no coyne,
For Liquor to Ioyne.
yet we haue both whites and yellowes.
Come hither, &c.

We ſcorne thoſe toking Rogers,
That are ſuch common ſcogers,
No coyne they can ſpare,
Becauſe they are
ſuch Dicers and ſuch Whoremongers:
But we doe hate ſuch doing,
We'le waſt no meanes in wooing,
Yet ſuch as they be
Make you thinke that we
will not pay what is owing.
Come hither mine Hoſt, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Hoſt
With a pot and a Toſt,
and let vs be merry together.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame Tune.



COme ply your worke my Maſters,
Let vs not be time waſters,
To worke or to play
Very hard (as ſome ſay)
is a ſigne of good fore-caſters.
Much prate to me is loathing
To cumber the houſe for nothing,
I hate a long tale,
Give me ſome more Ale,
which is meate, drinke, and cloathing,
Come hither mine Hoſt, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Hoſt
With a Pot and a Toſt,
and let vs be merry together

Slicked Will the Weaver,
Or True the Taylor either,
Were here with vs now,
To part we knew not how,
till we were drunke together:
Or Tom the neate Shoomaker,
Or Kit the Jouiall Baker,
If any one of theſe
Come hither and ſee's,
with vs heele be a Partaker.
Come hither mine Hoſt, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Hoſt
With a Pot and a Toſt,
and let vs be merry together.

But ſith there is no more here
Wee'le ſay as we did before here,
Betweene vs wee'le call,
And pay for it all,
for we ſeeme to goe on the ſcore here,
Let's take off our Liquor roundly,
And though we doe drinke ſoundly,
Our humour is ſuch,
Wee'le not drinke ſo much,
vntill we both on the ground lye.
Come hither mine Hoſt, come hither,
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Hoſt
With a Pot and a Toſt,
and let vs be merry together.

Now leſt our Wiues ſhould find vs,
Tis fit we ſhould look behinde vs,
Let's ſee what is done,
Then pay and be gone.
as honeſty hath aſſign'd vs.
Tis ſtrong Ale I conceiue it,
Tis good in time to leaue it,
Or elſe it will make,
Our foreheads to ake,
tis vanity to out braue it.
Come hither mine Hoſt, come hither
Here's two birds of a feather,
Come hither mine Hoſt
With a Pot and a Toſt,
and let vs be merry together.

London Printed for F. Grove.

FINIS.

The Mad-Mans Morrice.

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Wherin you ſhall finde
His trouble and grief, and diſcontent of his minde,
A warning to yong men to have a care,
How they in love intangled are.

To a pleaſant new Tune.



HEard you not lately of a man,
That went beſide his wits,
And naked through the ſtreets he ran,
Wrapt in his frantick fits?
My honeſt neighbours it is I,
Mark how the people flout me:
See where the mad man comes they cry,
With all the Boyes about me.

Into a pond ſtark naked I ran
And caſt my clothes away Sir,
Without the help of any man
Made ſhift to run away Sir.
How I got out, I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Or whether it was cold or hot,
In June, or in December.

Tom Bedlam's but a Sage to me,
I ſpeak in ſober ſadneſſe,
For more ſtrange viſions do I ſee,
Then he in all his madneſſe.
When firſt this chance to me befell,
About the market walkt I,
With Capons feathers in my cap,
And to my ſelf thus talkt I.

Did you not ſee my Love of late,
Like Titan in her glory?
Do you not know ſhe is my mate,
And I muſt write her ſtory,
With pen of gold on ſilver leafe,
I will ſo much befriend her;
For why, I am of this beliefe,
None can ſo well commend her.

Saw you not Angels in her eyes,
While that ſhe was a ſpeaking.
Smelt you not ſmels like Paradiſe,
Between two Rubies breaking?
Is not her hair more pure then gold,
Or fineſt Spiders ſpinning?
Me thinks, in her I do behold,
My joys and woes beginning.

Is not a dimple in her chark,
Each eye a ſtar that ſtarting,
Is not all grace inſtall'd in her,
Each ſtep all joys imparting?
Me thinks I ſee her in a Cloud,
With graces round about her:
To them I cry and call aloud
I cannot live without her.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.





WHen raging towards the Skie I roze,
Thinking to catch her hand,
O then to love I call and cry,
To let me by her ſtand,
I look behind and there I ſée
My ſhadow me beguile,
And with ſhe were as nére to mée,
Which makes my worſhip ſmile.

There is no creature can compare
With my beloved Nancy.
Thus I build caſtles in the aire,
This is the traits of fancy:
My thoughts mount high above the Skie,
Of none I ſtand in aw,
Although my body here do lie
Upon a pad of ſtraw.

I was as god a harmleſſe youth
Before baſe Cupid caught me,
Or his own mother with her charms
Into this cage had brought me,
Stript and whipt now muſt I be
In Bedlam bound with chains:
Good people all, now you may ſée
What love hath for his pains.

When I was yong as others are
With Gallants did I flouriſh,
O then was I the propereſt Lad
That was in all the Pariſh!
The bracelets which I uſ'd to weare
About my arme ſo tender
Are turned now to iron plates,
About my body ſlender.

My ſilken Suites do now decay,
My caps of gold are vaniſht,
And all my friends do wear away,
As I from them were baniſht,
My ſilver cups are turn'd to earth,
I'm ſcar'd by every Clown,
I was a better man by birth,
Till Fortune call me down.

I'm out of frame and temper too,
Though I am ſomthing chéarfull,
Oh this can love and fancy do,
If that you be not carefull!
O ſet a watch before your eyes,
Leſt they betray your heart,
And make you ſlaves to vanities,
To act a mad mans part.

Declare this to each mothers ſonne,
Unto each honeſt Lad,
Let them not doos I have done,
Leſt they like me grow mad,
If Cupid ſtrike, be ſure of this,
Let reaſon rule affection,
So ſhalt thou never do amiſſe,
By reaſons good direction.

I have no more to ſay to you,
My keéper now doth chide me,
Now muſt I bid you all adew,
God knows what will betide me,
To picking ſtraws now muſt I go,
My time in Bedlam ſpending,
Good folks you your beginning know
But do not know your ending.

Humfrey Crowch.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper* in Smithfield.

A merry Dialogue betwixt a married man and his wife, concerning the affaires of this carefull life.

115.

To an excellent Tune.





I Have for all good wives a Song,
I doe lament the womens wrong,
And I doe pittie them with my heart,
to think upon the womens smart,
Their labours great and full of paine,
ye for the same they have small gaine.

In that you say cannot be true,
for men doe take more paines then you,
We toile, we moile, we grieve and care,
when you sit on a stoole or chaire,
Yet let us do all what we can,
your tongues will get the upper hand.

We women in the morning rise,
as soone as day breaks in the skies,
And then to please you with desire,
the first we doe, is, make a fire,
Then other worke we straight begin,
to sweep the house, to card, or spin.

Why men doe worke at Plough and Cart,
which soone would breake a womans hart:
They sow, they mow, and reape the corne,
and many times doe weare the horne.
In praise of wives speake you no more,
for these were lies you told before.

We women here do beare the blame,
but men would seeme to have the fame:
But trust me, I will never yeeld,
my tongues mine owne, I thereon build,
Men may not in this case compare
with women for their toyle and care.

Fie, idle women how you prate,
tis men that get you all your state,
You know tis true in what I say,
therefore you must give men the way,
And not presume to grow too hie,
your speeches are not worth a fly.

You men could not tell how to shift,
if you of women were bereft,
We wash your cloathes, & dresse your diet,
and all to keep your mindes in quiet,
Our work's not done at morne nor night,
to pleasure men is our delight.

Women are called a house of care:
they bring poore men unto dispaire,
That man is blest that hath not bin
inlured by a womans sin,
They'l cause a man, if heele give way,
to bring him to his lives decay.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





IF we poore women were as bad
as men report being drunk or mad,
We might compare with many men,
and count our ſelves as bad as them.
Some oft are drunk and beat their wives,
and make them weary of their lives.

Why, women they muſt rule their tongues
that bring them to ſo many wrongs,
Sometimes their huſbands to diſgrace,
they'l call him knaue and rogue to's face
Nay, worſe then that they'l tell him plain,
his will he ſhall not well obtaine,

We women in childbed take great care,
I hope the like ſorrow will fal to your ſhare
Then would you thinke of womens ſmart,
and ſeeme to pity them with your heart.
So many things to us belong,
we oftentimes doe ſuffer wrong.

Though you in childbed bide ſome paine,
your Babes renue your ioyes againe,
Your Goſſips comes unto your ioy.
and ſay, God bleſſe your little Boy,
They ſay, the childe is like the Dad
when he but little ſhare in't had.

You talke like an aſſe you are a Cuckoldy
Ile break thy head with a three legd ſtool (fool,
Will you poore Women thus abuſe:
our tongues and hands we need to uſe.

You ſay our tongues do make men fight,
our hands muſt ſerue to do us right.

Then I to you muſt giue the way,
and yeeld to women in what they ſay,
All you that are to chuſe a wife,
be carefull of it as your life.
You ſee that women will no yeeld,
in any thing to be compeld.

You Maides, I ſpeak the like to you,
there's many dangers doe enſue:
But howſoever fortunes ſerue,
ſee that my rules you doe obſerue,
If men once have the upper hand,
they'l keepe you downe do what you can,

I will not ſeeme to urge no more,
good wiues, what I did ſay before,
Was for your good, and ſo it take,
I loue all women for my wives ſake.
And I pray you when you are ſick and die,
call at my houſe and take my wife wye.

Well, come ſweete heart let us agree
content, ſweet wife ſo let it be,
Where man and wife doth liue at hate,
the curſe of God hangs ore the gate.
But I will loue thee as my life,
as every man ſhould loue his wife.

Printed by the Aſſignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

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The merry Old VVoman :

OR,

This is a good Old Woman,
This is a merry Old Woman,
Her counſell is good Ile warrant,
For ſhee doth wiſh ill to no Man.

To the tune, This is my Grannams deedle.





COme hither good-fellowes, come hither,
God counſell if you will learne it,
I heere in a Song will ſhew it,
If you have but wit to diſcerne it.
O this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old Woman,
Her counſell is good Ile warrant,
For ſhe doth wiſh ill to no man.

He that doth woo a Maiden,
Muſt uſe ſometimes to flatter,
And he that would woo a Widdow,
Muſt ſeriouſly ſpeake good matter.
O this is a good old Woman,&c.

He that would have a Woman
Officious unto his humour,
Muſt alwaies be loving unto her,
And be no vaine conſumer.
O this is a good old Woman,&c.

She that would please her Parents,
Muſt her affections bridle,
And ſtill have a care howe'er,
To ſhun all company idle.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And ſhe that would have a Husband,
Merry to ſing, with a fadding,
No cauſe of diſtaſte muſt give him
Abroad for to goe gadding.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would gaine true honour,
Muſt hate to be a coward :
And he that would live in quiet,
Muſt marry no Widdow that's froward.
O this is a good old Woman,&c.

And he that would eate, muſt labour,
And carefully follow his calling :
And he that a Scold doth marry,
Shee'll ber him all day with her brawling.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

She that would faine be married,
And wants both portion and beauty,
Muſt unto her Maſter and Miſtreſſe
Owe good reſpect and duty,
O this is a good old Woman,&c.

To gaine their loves and favour,
Then may ſhe hope the better,
To get a kinde Husband will love her,
To toyle then, he will not let her.
O this is a good old Woman,&c.

He that would ſeeke preferment,
Muſt neatly uſher a Lady,
And weare good cloathes for his credit,
And ſtill at a call be ready.
O this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old Woman,
Her counſell is good Ile warrant,
For ſhe doth wiſh ill to no man.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune





AND he that would be a Courtier,
Muſt be with good parts adorned,
To pleaſe his Maſters humour,
Or elſe he ſhall be ſcorned.
O this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old woman,
Her counſell is good Ile warrant,
For ſhee doth wiſh ill to no man.

She that would have no ſcandall
Or imputation on her,
Muſt not frequent a Burdello,
But chaſte Diana honour.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

Brave Girles, there be a many
Goe richly in their apparell,
Which makes the roaring Gallants,
About them ſo to quarrell.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would be no Cuckold,
Then let him never marry,
It were a heyne-plague unto him,
A jealous minde to carry.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And he that would raiſe his fortunes,
Being poore left by his Dady:
He muſt be ſtout and valiant,
Faint heart ne'r won faire Lady.
O this is a good old Woman.

He that would be a Scholler,
Muſt hate your drinks that is muddy:
But a cup of good Canary
Will make him the better to ſtudy.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And he that would be a Poet,
Muſt no wayes be ſlocke-pated:
His ignorance if he ſhew it,
He ſhall of all Schollers be hated.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would be a Goodfellow,
Of meanes muſt be prepared:
If that he love drinke and Tobacco,
Or elſe he ſhall be feared.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would be a Taylor,
Muſt active be and nimble:
And he that would be a good liver,
Muſt hate to lye and diſſemble.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

He that would be a Muſician,
Muſt neatly run diviſion,
To humour each jobiall Gallant,
Or elſe he is held in deriſion.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And he that would ſtrive for riches,
Or how to get a good marriage,
Muſt ſtill in his carriage be wary,
That nothing his credit diſparage.
O this is a good old Woman, &c.

And he that would learne true goodneſſe,
Muſt daily himſelfe endeavour,
To hate all wicked lewdneſſe,
And ſtill in all grace perſever.
Oh this is a good old Woman,
O this is a merry old Woman,
Her counſell is good Ile warrant,
For ſhe doth wiſh ill to no man.

FINIS. Robert Gny.

Printed at London for F. Coules dwelling in the Old Baily.

A merry Diſcourſe betweene Norfolke *Thomas*, and *Siſly Standtoo't* his Wife; Togethe with their thankleſſe journey from *Norfolk* to *London*, onely to ſee their friends, and how they doe reſpect and entertaine 'um for their love and labour.

Which ſhewes that this ſame Age moſt certaine true,
Is onely for to aske yee how ye doe.

To the tune of the Spaniſh Pavin.





Thomas.

TO London is mad Thomas come,
With Siſly here, his Wife alone,
To ſee ſome friends, I hear are gone,
to heaven a while ago.
But I do hope it is a lye,
As I ſhall find it by and by.
Or elſe poore Tom and Siſſe ſhould cry,
till Doomes-day.
For though they be none of the beſt,
I ſhould be loath I do proteſt,
To hear that they are gone to reſt,
and never take their leave.
For I do love 'um all ſo well,
A little thing would make me dwell,
Within the ſounding of Bow-bell,
Siſly. at London.
Nay husband do not you ſay ſo,
Our Cottage poore we'l not forgo,
For the beſt houſe that ſtands aroe,
'twixt Cheap and Charing Croſſe.
For though our houſe be thatch't with Straw,
We do not live as ſome in awe,
For 'tis our own by Common law,
in Norfolke.
Beſides we live at hearts content,
We take no care to pay our Rent,
For that is done incontinent
or twinkling of an eye.
When here at London as they ſay,
They brawle and brable every day,
And few or none but finds a way
Thomas. to Hogdſdon.
Mum Siſly kéep your Clapper ſtill
There's them can hear at Hygat hill,
There's Kits has béen in Peggies Mill,
or elſe ſhe lies her ſelfe.
What if the world be vilde and bad,
Shall I be ſuch a fooliſh Lad
To blaze and noyſe it all abroad,
I ſcorn it.
Although, indéed I muſt confeſſe,
Thou ſpeak'ſt but truth my honeſt Siſſe,
Yet ever while you live, marke this,
and take it for a rule.
That every Chimney muſt not ſmoake,
Nor every Begger weare a Cloake,
Nor every truth muſt not be ſpoke,
in ſadneſſe.
But hang that Cobler and his Ends,
That lives too well and never mends,
Would they were whipt that were offends,
peace Chuck, I mean not thée.
For thou wilt ſcold ſometime I know,
The more is Thomas Standtoots two,
But hang it; come lets trip and go
to Fléetſtréet.
And thus they trudg'd along the ſtréet,
With many a ſuttle they did méet,
Which put poore Thomas in a ſweat,
and ſomething angry to.
Which made him think they told a lye
That ſaid there did ſo many dye,
When as he could not go hardly,
Siſly. for people.
At length quoth ſhe, good husband ſtay
And tell me what this place is pray,
Where things are carried as they may,
I never ſaw the like.
For yonders one doth ride in ſtate,
And heares a Begger at a gate
And there's a woman that will prate
for nothing.
See here is one that ſoundly beats,
And thumps his Hemp untill he ſweats,
And there's another greedy eats,
I fear hee'l choak himſelfe.
And yonder goes a gallant bilk,
And there's a woman winding ſilk,
And heares another fetches milk
at Hackney.
But here's the prettieſt ſight of all,
A woman that is mighty tall,
And yet her Spouſe a little ſquall,
I wonder how they met.
And heres a man in Armour ſtands,
That has it ſeemes loſt both his hands,
'Tis pitty that he has no lands
to keep him.

Now you muſt by this time ſuppoſe them about the Exchange.

The second part. 224 To the same tune.





ANd heres a world of people fine,
That do in Silks and Satins shine,
I wood that Suite and Cloak were mine,
I hope I wish no harme.
And here hangs Pictures two or three,
The best that ever I did see,
I thinke one looks full butt at me,
and laughs too.
And heres a man hath many a Rat,
Both in his hand, and on his Hat,
He thinks he keeps 'um very fat,
O strange what tailes they have.
And heres a Gentlewomen too,
That hides her face from me and you,
I wonder what she meanes to do
in Summer.
And heres an empty Church I see,
Great pitty 'tis most certainly,
It should indeed no fuller be,
and all these people here.
And there's an old man carries wood,
And heres a yong man doth no good,
And heres a woman wears a hood,
Thomas. hey Dazie.
Come Sisly let us go along
And not stand gaping hear among
A sort of people that do throng,
I never saw the like.
But let us to our brother go,
That will us welcome well I know,
For he himselfe did tell me so,
at Norfolke.
Soft, let us knock for heres the doore,
But if because our cloathes be poore,
They should not let us in therefore,
t'wod make a dog to laugh.
For I have heard my mother say,
That if a man fall to decay,
There's few or none will bid him stay,
y'are welcome.
But silence, not a word but mum,
For see our brother now doth come,
He thinks he looks as he were dum,
what makes him not to speake.
God brother we our loves unfold,
For though my Sister and I am old,
Yet we have made a little bold
Brother. to see you.
And truly I do thank you for't,
Ye're welcome both with all my heart,
We'l drink a Cup before we part,
and please you but to stay.
For I have friends within truly,
That if they should a stranger see,
They strait wod very fearfull be
of danger.

Thomas.
Why Brother we no sickneſſe have,
Nor are we started from our grave,
Your love is all that we do crave,
what need you then to feare,
We do not come to eat your roast
Nor yet to put you unto cost,
But now I see our labours lost
Brother. poore Sisly.
Pray do not think the fault is mine,
For if you'l drink a Pint of wine,
Ile give it you, and here repine,
hang mony what care I.
And had I not so many Cheese,
Indeed I seriously profeſſe,
Your welcome should be more or leſſe,
Thomas. good Brother.
No thank you Brother, one farewell,
A blind man now with ease may smell,
That all things is not carried well,
what love pray call you this.
Come now unto thy Sister we
will go with all celerity,
No doubt that she shall kinder be,
unto us.
They condescend and were content
So to their Sister straight they went,
But all in vain their time was spent
for when they thither came.
Their Sister did her Maid compell,
And bid her thus much to them tell,
Indeed she was not very well,
at that time.
From thence they to their cozen go,
Being much desirous for to know,
Whether that she wood serve 'um so.
or use 'um in that kind.
But being there this newes was brought,
That she a smock had newly bought,
And she was gone to have it wrought
with Wrought.
Well now sayes Thomas to his Dear,
What say'st thou Sisly to this gear,
We far have gone, yet nere the near,
We thank our kindred for't.
But if that brothers be so kind
What favour shall a stranger find,
Protest it troubles much my mind,
Sisly. to think on't.
Nay Husband let us not do so,
The best is we can homewards go,
And yet not trouble friend nor foe,
what need we then to care.
For now each one I tell you true,
Will only ask you how do you,
I am glad to see you well, Sir Hugh,
Thomas. good morrow.
Why then old Sisly then and I,
Will back again to Norfolke hie,
And bid a fig for company:
our Dog is sport enough.
But when we come to London next,
Our friends shall have a better Text,
I swear and vow I am sounely vext,
who cares for't.

Printed by *M.P.* for *F.C. Finn. Ed. Ford.*

Match me this VVedding.

OR,

A health that was drunke in Sider and Perrie. And good ſtrong Beere to, which did make the lads mery.

To a new Court tune.





OF late there was a wedding,
kept in faire Gloſter towne,
Where lads to drinke their Laſſes health,
did brauely ſit them downe,
And firſt beſpake the Bride-groome,
here's a health vnto my Bride,
And to all the ſweet-hearts en'ry one,
young men you haue beſide.

Then firſt ſpake kind Toby,
a Welch-man I proteſt,
Here's vnto young Guintlin,
a Laſſe that I loue beſt,
Theres not her like for beauty,
ſearch all your Engliſh ſhires,
And he that dares denie it,
wee'l haue him by the eares.

With that beſpake young Samuel,
pretty Beſſee is my deare,
For true loue and for conſtancy,
none can my Loue come neere,
And therefore kind Toby,
if thou'lt maintaine thy word,
Weare witneſſe all that heares me ſpeake,
I'le make thee eate my ſword.

With that beſpake honeſt John,
my Nan's of beauty free,
Though not ſo faire as others are,
yet that ne'r troubles me,
Her loue was euer conſtant,
and ſo ſhall mine be ſtill,
Therefore my Nannies health Ile pledge,
with hone and true good will.

Then Thomas he tooke vp the cup,
being the fourth in place,
My turne is come quoth he to drinke,
a health to my ſweets Grace,
Her friends did euer loue me,
as if I were their owne,
Therefore my conſtant loue to her,
for euer ſhall be ſhowne.

Then William tooke the cup in hand,
and thus began to ſay,
Faire Bridget I haue wooed oft,
but ſtill ſhe ſayes me nay.
Her friends were euer willing
that married we ſhould be,
Therefore my Bridgets health Ile drink
in hope ſhe will loue me.

With that ſpake bould Joſeph,
if a man had houſe and land,
A Woman to conſume it,
would helpe him out of hand,
And for to get a ſweet-heart,
I neuer tooke no care:
Therefore braue gallants of your healthes
I meane to drinke no ſhare.

With that ſpake truſty Roger,
this man's not of my minde,
For I haue ſweet-hearts three or foure,
of nature good and kinde,
But yet my peereleſſe Peggy is
a Diamond in my eye,
Therefore my Peggies health Ile drinke,
and louelier till I dye.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





Then Philip tooke the cup in hand,
quoth he as others doe,
With all my heart this health I'le drinke,
unto my owne ſweete Sue.
For beauty and for conſtancy,
I know ſhe has a ſhare,
But for her huſwifery,
my Suſan ſhall with' beſt compare.

Then Francis tooke the cup in hand,
and ſaid, friends doe you heare,
This health is to faire Maudlin,
a laſſe that I lone deare,
Not London, nor faire Briſtow,
nor Yorke that merry towne,
For true lone and for conſtancy,
can put my Maudlin downe.

Then Henry tooke the cup in hand,
and then theſe words he ſaid,
Here's a health unto my Mary,
but truth is ſhe's no maid,
She is a widdow gallants,
that hath both houſe and land,
Beſides a handſome woman too,
I doe haue you underſtand.

Then Charles tooke up the cup,
and ſaid theſe words moſt bold,
Here's a health unto my Rachell,
which muſt not be controld,
Though Morgan ſaid Rachell was his,
and challeng'd me the field,
Proud Morgan knowes I bravely there
made him his ſword up yeild.

Then Laurence he tooke up the cup,
quoth he to make an end,
Here's a health unto faire Iſabell,
my conſtant loving friend,
Her friends and mine haue talked,
and thereon are agreed,
Therefore faire Iſabell I intend,
to marry with all ſpeed.

When all this ſtrife was ended,
I tooke the cup in hand,
And drunke a health unto my friends,
in order as they ſtand,
Firſt to my loving Hoſtis,
that loues a pot and a toſſe,
And to her honeſt husband,
call'd my red noſe Hoſt.

Next health is to all Tailors,
where euer they doe dwell,
That neuer boild their Cabage,
within a pit cald hell.
A health unto the Baker,
that neuer was miſſed,
Nor yet put in the Pillorie,
for ſizing of his breed.

A health unto the Widow,
that ne're did braule nor ſcold,
That hath a faire young daughter,
of ninety nine yeares old.
A health to all good huſwiues,
that ne're did ſweare nor curſe,
Nor neuer did picke money,
out of their husbands purſe.

And thus they broke up company,
all friends for ought I know,
And euery one moſt willingly,
unto their home did goe.
Had not young Samuel at firſt,
aſſaid the Welchmans beat,
He would haue ſworne them cowards all,
and ſaid he did them beat.

FINIS. I. S.

Printed at London for *Tho: Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſe-ſhoo in Smithfield.

Mans Felicity and Misery:

Which is, a good Wife and a bad: or the best and the worst, discourſed in a Dialogue betweene *Edmund* and *David*.

To the tune of *I haue for all good wiues a Song.*





Edmund.

KInd Cozen Dauid ꝓthis day,
God ne wes to thee I will bewray,
Since last I saw thee I am married,
Now things with me are better carryed,
I dare say that which few men can,
I haue the best Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

I am right ioyfull Cozen Ned,
To heare that thou so well art sped:
As thou mayst thy good fortune bleſſe,
I may curſe my vnhappineſſe;
My torments none on earth can ſcan,
I haue the worſt Wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife for beautie beares the name,
From all i'th towne from whence she came,
For shape she might a Lady be,
And so all say that doe her ſee:
Her middle I can eaſily ſpan,
O ſhee's the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife is lothſome is to view,
She euery morning makes me ſpew,
For perſon shee's ſcarce good enough
To cry, maids haue any Kitchin-ſtuffe:
She's fitch'd for a Dripingpan,
O ſhe's the worſt Wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife is affable and meeke,
To please my fancy she doth ſeeke,
My humour she will neuer th'wart,
But doe my will with all her heart,
We vſe no words but Ned and Nan,
She is the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife is obſtinate and froward,
She's ſullen, peeuiſh, and vntoward;
She's glad at heart when she can finde,
Occaſion to moleſt my minde:
She'l haue her will doe what I can,
O ſhe's the worſt Wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife is carefull of her charge,
She neuer roames abroad at large,
Her buſineſſe she will neere neglect,
But brings all things to good effect:
She's to her Babes a Pellican,
O ſhee's the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife among her Goſſips doth gad,
As though nothing ill doe she had,
The children goe barefoot all day,
Vnleſſe I put on their array:
I muſe faine to make what ſhift I can,
For ſhe's the worſt wife that euer had man.

Edmund.

My wife's for conſtant chaſtity,
Like Lucrece as Penelope:
She is ſo wary in her carriage,
That if a kiſſe would wrong her marriage,
No one theirs get that fauour than,
For ſhee's the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife is full of merry tricks,
She hath borne naught with fine as ſix,
If ſhe can get me out o'th doore,
Ere I returne theres play the whoore,
Shee'l ſay though I can't others can,
O ſhee's the worſt Wife that euer had man.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





Edmund.

My wife ſo cleanely is and neate,
She adds a gentleſſe to my meate,
I eate when I no ſtomacke haue,
Becauſe 'tis done as I doe craue,
In ſickneſſe ſhe is my Phyſitian,
For ſhe's the beſt Wife that euer had man.

Dauid.

My wife is ſuch a beaſtly ſlut,
Vnleſſe it be an Egge or a Nut,
I in the houſe dare nothing eat,
For feare there's poyſon in the meate,
The Dogs doe licke both Diſh and Pan,
O ſhe's the worſt Wife, &c.

Edmund.

My wife will weare no yellow hoſe,
No wench can make her ſwell ith'noſe,
She knowes that I to her am true,
And in my faith ſhe puts her truſt;
Shee'le not be vext ſay what I can,
For ſhe's the beſt, &c.

Dauid.

If I vpon a woman looke,
My wife will ſweare vpon a booke,
That ſhe is certainely a Whore,
Though I ne're ſaw the Woman before,
Shee'le claw her eyes out if ſhe can,
O ſhe's the worſt, &c.

Edmund.

My wife will neuer follow me,
Goe where I will, at home ſtayes ſhe,
Though I from morne till night doe rome,
She ſmiling bids me welcome home,
This makes me haſte home to my Nan,
For ſhe's the beſt, &c.

Dauid.

If I vnto the Ale-houſe goe,
To drinke a Iugge of beere or ſo,
Though we're ſo faſt I thither hye,
My wife is there as ſoone as I:
At me and my friends ſhe'le curſe and ban,
For ſhe's the worſt, &c.

Edmund.

If any friends come home to me,
My wife gines entertainment free,
But out oth' doores ſhe will not ſtirre
Vnleſſe I goe along with her,
She ſtrapes and ſaues what ere ſhe can,
O ſhe's the beſt, &c.

Dauid.

My wife will at the Ale-houſe ſit,
And waſte away both money and wit,
May rather then ſhee'le liquor lacks,
Shee'l ſell the ſmocke from off her backs;
Shee'l ſteale from me all that ſhe can,
O ſhe's the worſt

Edmund.

Kind Couſen Dauid I am very ſorry,
To heare thee tell ſo ſad a ſtory,
Marriage and hanging now I ſee,
Goe as they ſay by deſtiny
I would thou couldſt ſay as I can,
I haue the beſt wife, &c.

Dauid.

I thanke you Couſen for your good will,
Long may your bleſſing continue ſtill,
My croſſe I muſt with patience beare,
Till God or the Deuill end my care,
And thus I end as I began,
I haue the worſt Wife that euer had man.

Author.

You wiues who haue heard this diſcourſe
Now ſhew who's better and who's worſe.
The beſt will freely buy this Song,
The worſt will ſhew ſhe hath a tongue.
The head's ſoone broken that is ſcald,
And Iades will kicke if they be gall'd.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for *Francis Grove.*

A Ballad Intituled, The Old Mans Complaint againſt his Wretched Son, who to Advance his Marriage, did undo himſelf.

To the ſame Tune.





All you that fathers be,
look on my miſery,
Let not affection fond
work your extremity,
For to advance my ſon
in marriage wealthily,
I have my ſelf undone
without all remedy.
I that was wont to live
uncontroul'd any way,
With many checks & taunts
am grieved every day:
Alack and woe is me
I that might late command,
Cannot have a bit of bread
but at my Childrens hand.
While I was wont to ſit
chief at the tables end,
Now like a Servant ſlave
muſt I on them attend,
I muſt not come in place
where their friends merry be,
Leſt I ſhould my ſon diſgrace
with my unreverency,
my Coughing in the night
offends my daughter in law,
my Deafneſs and ill ſight
doth much diſliking draw.
Fye on this doting ſool,
this crooked Churl (quoth ſhe)
The Chimney-corner ſtill
muſt with him troubled be,
I muſt riſe from my Chair
to give my children place.
I muſt ſpeak ſervants fair,
this is my woful caſe.
Unto their friends they tell
(I muſt not ſay they lie)
That they do keep me here
even of meer charity.
When I am ſick in bed
they will not come me nigh,
Each day they wiſh me dead
yet ſay I'll never die:
O Lord an't be thy will
look on my woful caſe,
No honeſt man before
ever took ſuch diſgrace.
This was the Old-mans plaint
every night & day,
With woe he waxed faint,
but mark what I ſhall ſay.
This rich and dainty pair,
the young man and his wife,
Tho' clog'd with golden coin,
yet led a grievous life.
Seven years they married were,
and yet in all that ſpace,
God ſent them ne'er an heir
their Riches to embrace:
Thus did their ſorrow breed,
joy was from them exil'd,
Quoth ſhe, a hundred pound
would I give for a Child,
to have a joyful Child
of my own body.
Full oft I am revil'd
of this my barren womb,
much Phyſick did ſhe take
to make a fruitful Soil,
And with acceſs thereof
her body ſhe did ſpoil.
Full of grief, full of pain,
full of ech grew ſhe then,
that ſhe cries out amain,
ſeek for ſome cunning men,
that I my health may have,
I will no money ſpare.
But that which ſhe did crave
never fell to her ſhare.
Alack alack, ſhe ſaid,
what torments I live in,
How well are they apaid
that truly eaſe can win:
So that I had my health,
and from this pain was free,
I would give all my wealth
that bleſſed day to ſee.
O that my health I had,
tho' I were ne'er ſo poor,
I car'd not tho' I went
begging from door to door,
fie on this muck, quoth ſhe,
it cannot pleaſure me,
in this my woful caſe
and great extremity.
thus lived ſhe long in pain,
all comfort from her fled,
She ſtrangled at the laſt
her ſelf within the bed.
Her husband full of grief
conſumed wofully,
His body pin'd away,
ſuddenly he did die.
E're thirteen years was paſt
dy'd he without a will,
And by this means at laſt
the Old man, living ſtill,
Enjoy'd his Land at laſt,
after much miſery,
Many years after that
liv'd he moſt happily,
far richer than before,
by this means was he known
he help't the ſick and poor,
the poor man overthrown.
But this was all his Song,
let all men underſtand,
thoſe Parents are accurſt,
lives on their childrens hand.

Printed by and for A. M. and ſold by the Booksellers of London.

An excellent Ballad of the Mercers Son of *Midhurſt*, AND The Cloathiers daughter of *Guilford*.

To the Tune of, Dainty come to me.

There was a wealthy man,
in Suſſex he did dwell,
A Mercer by his trade,
as many yet can tell:
He had a youthful Son
whom fancy did ſo move,
He cried night and day
alack I die for love.
Alack I die for love,
beauty diſdaineth me,
The Cloathiers daughter dear
works my calamity:
She hath my heart in hold
that did moſt cruel prove,
Thus cried he night and day
alack, &c.
Alack I die for love,
fortune ſo ſore doth frown,
The jewel of my heart
dwelleth in Guilford town:
There lives the lamp of life,
for whom this pain I prove,
Fair Phillis pitty me,
alack, &c.
Alack I die for love,
and can no comfort find,
The Cloathiers daughter dear,
beareth too high a mind:
Sweet beauties Paragon,
fair Venus ſilver Dove,
Fair Phillis pitty me,
alack, &c,
Alack I die for love,
whilſt thou doſt laugh and ſmile,
Let not thy pleaſure be
true love for to beguile:
My life lies in your hand,
then as it doth behove,
Slay not the Mercers Son,
alack, &c.
If that my beauty bright
doth grieve thy heart (quoth ſhe)
Then let the Mercers Son
turn ſtill his face from me:
I do no man diſdain,
nor can I cruel prove,
My heart muſt ſtill ſay nay
where my heart cannot love.
Where my heart cannot love,
lovers all muſt I ſhun,
The Clothiers daughter thus
anſwered the Mercers Son:
I bear no lofty mind,
yet pitty cannot move,
My mind to fancy him,
where my heart cannot love.
Where my heart cannot love,
I muſt his love deny,
Although I laugh and ſmile,
yet falſhood I defie:
Thou art too fond a man
life danger thus to prove,
I'll not wed god friend John
where my heart cannot love.
What god can there befall
to that new married wife,
Where goods and wealth is ſmall,
want cauſeth deadly ſtrife,
But where wealth is at will,
experience oft doth prove,
Though love at firſt is ſmall,
yet goods increaſeth love.
Yet goods increaſeth love,
and I will never wed,
But where the Key of Gold
opens the door to bed:
For ſhe may merry be
what chance ſoever hap,
Where bags of money comes
tumbling within her lap.
Tumbling within her lap,
whilſt ſhe her Gold doth tell,
With ſuch a husband ſir
I do delight to dwell,
Were he young, were he old,
deform'd or fair in ſhew,
My pleaſure ſtill ſhould be,
where pleaſure ſtill doth flow.
Where pleaſure ſtill doth flow,
is that your mind (quoth he)
My father will beſtow
as much as comes to thee:
Hadſt thou five hundred pound,
five hundred more beſide,
My Father will beſtow:
If thou wilt be my bride.
If thou wilt be my bride,
thus much I underſtand;
my father will give me,
his houſe and eke his land;
So while that he doth live,
with us he may remain,
What ſays my hearts delight,
is this a bargain plain?
This is a bargain plain,
(quoth ſhe) I am content,
So he perform this thing
I give thee my conſent,
And I will merry be
my mind ſhall not remove,
Thou ſhalt be my Sweet-heart,
i'll be thy own true love.
I'le be thy own true love,
then make no more delay,
I greatly long to ſee
our marriage happy day.
To Midhurſt in all haſte
goeth the mercers Son,
He told his father dear,
his true love he had won.
The Old man hearing this,
conveyed out of hand,
Aſſurance to his Son,
of all his houſe and land,
When he had done this deed
he wept moſt bitterly,
Saying my deareſt ſon
thou muſt be good to me:
Well worth two hundred pound
this morning was I known,
But the Cloaths of my back
now nothing is my own:
And all this I have done
dear ſon to pleaſure thee,
Think on thy Fathers love,
and deal thou well with me.
Dear father (qd, the Son)
if I do not do ſo,
God pour upon my head
hot vengeance, grief and woe:
The young-man wedded was
to his fair lovely-bride.
But wondrous grief and woe:
therefore there did betide.
As after you ſhall hear,
in the Old mans complaint,
A tale of greater grief,
cannot your heart attaint.
A warning by this thing
all men may underſtand,
Leſt they do come to live
under their Childrens hand.

FINIS.

MAUDLIN

The Merchant's Daughter of *BRISTOL.*

To the Tune of, The Maiden's Joy, &c.

BEhold the touchſtone of true love,
Maudlin the Merchant's daughter of Briſtow town,
Whoſe firm affection nothing could move,
her labour bears the lovely brown.
A gallant youth was dwelling by,
which many years had born this maiden great good will,
She loved him ſo faithfully;
but all her friends withſtood it ſtill.
The young man now perceiving well,
he could not get nor win the favour of her friends,
The ſorte of ſorrow to expel,
and view ſtrange countries he intends;
And now to take his laſt farewel
of his true love, his fair and conſtant Maudlin,
With muſick ſweet that did excel,
he plain under her window then:
Farewel (quoth he) mine own true love,
farewel my dear and cheereſt treaſure of my heart,
Though fortune's ſpight that falſe did prove,
I am inforc'd from thee to part,
Into the land of Italy:
there will I wail and weary out my life in woe,
Seeing my true love is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortal foe:
Fair Briſtow town therefore adieu,
for Padua ſhall be my habitation now,
Although my love doth reſt in thee,
to whom alone my heart I bow.
With trickling tears thus did he ſing, [ſore,
with ſighs & ſobs deſcending from his heart full
He ſaid when he his hands did wring,
Farewel ſweet love for evermore.
Fair Maudlin from a window high, [ſtood,
beholding her true love with muſick where he
But not a word ſhe did reply,
fearing her parents angry mood.
In tears ſhe ſpent that woful night, [friend,
wiſhing herſelf, though naked, with her faithful
She blames her friends and fortune's ſpight,
that wrought her love ſuch luckleſs end:
And in her heart ſhe made a vow,
clean to forſake her country and her kindred all,
And for to follow her true love,
to abide all chance that might befal.
The night is gone, and the day is come,
and in the morning very early did ſhe riſe,
She gets her down into a lower room,
where ſundry ſeamen ſhe eſpies:
A gallant maſter among them all,
the maſter of a great and goodly ſhip was he,
Who there was waiting in the hall,
to ſpeak with her father if it might be.
She kindly takes him by the hand,
Good ſir, ſaid ſhe, & would thou ſpeak with any here?
Quoth he, Fair maid, and therefore I do ſtand.
Then gentle ſir, I pray draw near;
Into a pleaſant parlor by,
both hand in hand ſhe brings the ſeaman all alone,
Sighing to him moſt pitiouſly,
ſhe thus to him did make her moan,
She falls upon her bended knee,
Good ſir, ſaid ſhe, now pity you a woman's woe,
And prove a faithful friend to me,
that I to you my grief may ſhow.
Sith you repoſe your truſt, he ſaid,
in me, who am unknown, & eke a ſtranger here,
Be you aſſur'd moſt proper Maid,
moſt faithful ſtill I will appear:
I have a brother, then (quoth ſhe)
whom as my life I love & favour tenderly,
In Padua, alas! is he,
full ſick, God wot, and like to die,
Full fain I would my brother ſee,
but that my father will not yield to let me go,
Therefore, good ſir, be good to me,
and unto me this favour ſhow:
Some ſhip-boy's garment bring to me,
that I diſguiſ'd may go unknown,
And unto ſea I'll go with thee,
if thus much favour might be ſhown.
Fair maid (quoth he) take here my hand,
I will fulfil each thing that you deſire,
And ſet you ſafe in that ſame land,
and in the place that you require.
She gave to him a tender kiſs,
and ſaith, your ſervant maſter I will be,
And prove your faithful friend for this,
ſweet maſter then forget not me.
This done as they had both agreed,
ſoon after that before the break of day,
She brings her garments then with ſpeed,
therein herſelf ſhe did array;
And e're her father did ariſe
ſhe meets her maſter as he walked in the hall,
She did attend on him likewiſe,
until her father did him call.
But e're the merchant make an end
of all his weighty matters all,
His wife came weeping in with ſpeed,
ſaying, Our daughter's gone away.
The merchant then amaz'd in mind,
wonder'd what watch intic'd away my child (qd. he)
But I well wot I ſhall him find
at Padua in Italy.
With that beſpake the maſter brave,
Worſhipful Merchant, thither goes this youth,
And any thing that you would crave,
he will perform, and write the truth.
Sweet youth (qd. he) if it be ſo,
bear me a letter to the Engliſh there,
And gold on thee I will beſtow;
my daughter's welfare I do fear.
Her mother took her by the hand, [ſir
Fair youth (qd. ſhe) if e're thou doſt my daughter
Let me ſoon thereof underſtand,
and there is twenty crowns for thee.
Thus through the daughter's ſtrange diſguiſe,
her mother knew not when ſhe ſpake unto her,
Then after her maſter ſtraight ſhe hies
taking her leave with countenance mild;
Thus to the ſea ſweet Maudlin is gone
with her gentle maſter, God ſend them
Where we a while muſt let them alone
till you the ſecond part do find.

The Second PART of Sweet *MAUDLIN*, to the same Tune.

WElcome sweet Mandlin from the seas,
where bitter storms & tempests do arise,
The pleasant banks of Italy,
you may behold with mortal eyes;
Thanks gentle master, then said she,
a faithful friend in sorrow thou hast been,
If fortune once do smile on me,
my gentle heart shall soon be seen;
Blest be the land that feeds my love,
blest be the place whereas his person doth abide,
No tryal will I stick to prove,
whereby my true love may be try'd:
Now will I walk with joyful heart, [main,
to view the town whereas my darling doth re-
And seek him out in every part,
until his sight I do obtain;
And I, quoth he, will not forsake
sweet Maudlin in her sorrows up and down,
In wealth or woe thy part i'll take,
and bring thee safe to Padua town:
And after many weary steps,
in Padua they arrived at the last,
For very joy her heart it leaps,
she thinks not on her sorrows past,
Condemn'd he was to dye, alas!
except he would from his religion turn,
But rather then he would to mass,
in fiery flames he bow'd to burn.
Now doth sweet Maudlin weep and wail,
her joy is turn'd to weeping, sorrow, grief & care,
For nothing could her plaints prevail,
for death alone must be his share,
She walks under the prison walls, [cress,
where her true love did lye & languish in di-
Then wofully for food he calls,
when hunger did his heart oppress;
He sighs and sobs, and makes great moan,
Farewel sweet-heart for evermore,
And all my friends that have me known,
in Bristow town with wealth and store.
But most of all, farewel, quoth he,
my own sweet Maudlin whom I left behind,
For never more thou shalt me see,
woe to thy father most unkind:
How well I were if thou were here, [eyes
with thy fair hands to close these my wretched
My torments easie would appear,
my soul with joy would scale the skies.
When Maudlin heard her lover's moan, [was,
her eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow filled
To speak with him no means was found,
such grievous doom did on him pass.
Then she put off her lad's attire,
her maidens weed upon her back she seemly set,
To the judge's house she did inquire,
and there she did a service get:
She did her duty there so well,
and eke so prudently she did herself behave,
With her in love her master fell
his servant's favour he doth crave:
Maudlin, quoth he, my heart's delight,
to whom my heart in affection is ty'd,
Breed not my death through thy dispight,
a faithful friend thou shalt me find.
O grant me thy love fair maid, quoth he,
and at my hands desire what thou canst devise,
And I will grant it unto thee,
whereby thy credit may arise,
I have a brother, sir, said she,
for his religion is now condemn'd to dye,
In loathsome prison he is cast,
oppress with grief and misery:
Grant me my brother's life (she said)
and now to you my love & liking will I give.
That may not be (quoth he) fair maid,
except he turn he cannot live:
An English fryer there is (she said)
of learning great, and passing pure of life,
Let him to my brother be sent,
and he will finish soon the strife.
Her master granted her request,
the marriner in fryer's weeds she did array;
And to her love that lay distrest,
she did a letter soon convey,
When he had read these gentle lines,
his heart was ravished with pleasant joy,
Where now she is full well he knew,
the fryer likewise was not coy;
But did declare to him at large,
the enterprize his love for him had taken in hand;
The young man did the fryer charge,
his love should straight depart the land.
Here is no place for her (he said)
but woful death and danger of her life,
Professing truth I was betrayd,
and fearful flames must end the strife.
For e'er I will my faith deny,
and swear myself to follow damned antichrist,
I'll yield my body for to dye,
to live in heaven with the highest.
O sir, the gentle fryer said,
consent thereto, and end the strife.
A woful match (quoth he) is made,
where Christ is left to win a wife.
When she had us'd all means she might,
to save his life, and yet all would not be,
Then of the judge she claim'd her right,
to dye the death as well as he.
When no perswasions could prevail,
nor change her mind in any thing that she had said,
She was with him condemn'd to dye,
and for them both one fire was made:
Yea, arm in arm most joyfully,
these lovers twain unto the fire did go,
The marriner most faithfully,
was likewise partner of their woe.
But when the judges understood,
the faithful friendship did in them remain,
They sav'd their lives, and afterwards,
to England sent them back again.
Now was their sorrow turn'd to joy,
and faithful lovers have their hearts desire,
Their pains so well they did employ,
God granted that they did desire.
And when they did to England come,
and in merry Bristow arrived at the last,
Great joy there was to all and some,
that heard the dangers they had past:
Her father he was dead God wot,
and eke her mother was joyful at her sight,
Their wishes she denyed not,
but wedded them to hearts delight:
Her gentle master she desired,
to be her father, and at church to give her then;
It was fulfilled as she required,
to the joys of all good men.

Printed by and for *W. O.* for *A. M.* and sold by *J. Bissel*, at the Bible and Harp in *West-Smithfield*.

A pleasant Ditty, of a Maydens Vow, That faine would Marry, and yet knew not how.

69.

To the tune of, *O no, no, no, not yet.*



THere was a lusty brave young Lad,
that lou'd a Country Lasse:
And many a sweet discourse they had,
as they alone did passe:
This Young-man he was sad to woe,
and well himselfe could carry,
The Mayd was kinde of a loving minde,
but yet she would not marry.

This Young mans heart was set on fire,
and still he did invent,
How he might compasse his desire,
and frustrate her intent:
For still this Mayde said as before,
from all thy hopes Ile barre thee:
Therefore be gone, let me alone,
in sooth I will not marry.

This answer much dismayed him,
and troubled so his minde,
That he there at look'd pale and grim,
and no content could finde:
This Mayden she was nothing mou'd,
nor from her words would vary,
But constantly she did reply,
Ile neuer yeld to marry.

My Loue quoth he is so intire,
and fixt me to thee my Deare,
Whose loue againe I much desire,
with many a weeping teare:
Therefore sweet heart be not unkinde,
nor say that thou wilt tarry,
But let me proue thy constant Loue,
and then consent to marry.

Did'st thou but know the inward griefe,
I suffer for thy Loue,
Thy flinty heart would yeld reliefe,
or more obdurate proue:
My legs are growne so weake, that they
my body scarce can carry,
Then yeld reliefe to ease my griefe,
and giue consent to marry.

No, no, quoth she thy flattring tongue,
shall ne're obtaine his suite,
Thy tempting words haue done me wrong,
therefore I pray be mute:
For I am fully purposed,
henceforth to be more wary,
Therefore away make no delay,
for in sooth I will not marry.

He asked her the reason why,
she should reiect him so:
She would not wed she did reply,
for friend nor yet for foe:
Quoth she my yeares are yet but greene,
I am young enough to tarry,
This twelue-monthes day, therefore away
'tis time enough to marry.

Quoth he it makes me half dispaire,
and troubleth much my minde,
That one so comely and so faire,
should e're proue so unkinde:
Therefore sweet heart tell me the cause,
that thou so much dost vary,
From all the mindes of Women kinde,
as to refuse to marry.

The woſull complaint of a Loue-ſicke Mayde,
She was afrayde to haue died a Mayde:
Becauſe her Loue did proue vnkinde,
She thought he was gone a new Loue to finde.

To the tune of *Come my ſweet and bonny one.*



AS't was my chance to walke abroad
one time to take the ayre,
I heard a faire Maide make great moane,
and ſhe was in great care.
Alas (quoth ſhe) now woe is me,
my Loue is from me gone,
And I am here in griefe and care,
and comfortleſſe alone.

O art thou gone away from me,
and didſt me not aduiſe?
Haſt thou forſaken thy olde true Loue,
and changed me for a new?
Being it's ſo, as I doe know,
thou bear'ſt a flattering minde:
Becauſe that thou did make a vow,
to proue both true and kinde.

Thou ſaidſt to me thou wouldſt be true,
and euer wouldſt enioye:
But now I ſee thou art not ſo,
thou ſeek'ſt for to procure
My endleſſe woe, which will I know,
in time procure my ſmart:
Becauſe that thou'kep'ſt not thy vow,
but ſeek'ſt to breake my heart.

O faithleſſe falſe & forſworne wretch,
how couldſt thou haue the heart,
To leaue a Mayden in diſtreſſe?
O tis a Iudas part:
But cruell thou, though thou didſt vow,
thou little doſt regard,
What cruell paines may be thy gaines
at laſt for thy reward.

You Maydens all example take
by me that am in griefe:
And haue beene caught in Cupids net,
which yeelds me no reliefe:
Becauſe I am ſure I'm vndone,
what ſhall I ſay or doe?
But may complaine, and all in vaine,
my heart will breake with woe.

Would God I could enioy my Loue,
though he be much vnkinde,
And that he would turne to his Vowe,
that neuer chang'd her minde.
But being he is gone from me,
and left me here in ſcorne:
I muſt decay, and waſte away,
and pine, and grieue, and mourne.

I doe expect my time is ſhort,
and ſoone will haue an end:
Becauſe my Loue is falſe in heart,
pray God he may amend,
And proue more true, to's Louer new,
then he hath been to me:
Adieu ſweet Loue, pray God aboue,
full ſafe that thou may'ſt be.

Now of my ſpeech I make an end,
and meane to ſay no more:
But well I wiſh vnto my friend,
God bleſſe him euermore:
Though I haue ſpoke, God may prouoke
his minde to turne againe,
For to loue me, moſt faithfully,
and long for to remaine.

FINIS.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





DIdſt thou but know the ſwéet delights,
that Marriage doth affoꝛd:
And how faire Ladyes, Lords and Knights
in marriage bed accoꝛd:
Thou wouldſt not fondly make reply,
th'art young enough to tarry,
But be content and giue conſent,
without delay to marry.

He that ſayes Loue is vanity,
ſhall ne're perſwade me to it,
Noꝛ yet deny a curteſie,
if any one will doe it:
Foꝛ I haue made a Vow quoth ſhée,
and ſwoꝛne by great King Harry,
That till I haue, the thing I craue,
I will not yéld to marry.

If I had knowne the cauſe quoth hée,
why thou didſt make denyall,
I quickly would haue préferred thée,
a ſwéet contenting tryall:
Which would haue made thée ſoone conſent
though thou wert ne're ſo wary,
And neuer moꝛe, ſay as beſoꝛe,
Ile neuer yéld to marry.

Then vſe your wit the Mayde reply'd,
foꝛ now you know the cauſe,
A Maydens no, préeues often I,
to yéld to Hymens lawes:
If you préeue kinde, the Mayden ſaid,
conſent and doe not tarry,
And then I ſoone, will change this tune,
and quickly yéld to marry.

With that the Youngman bad her, both
héere ſecret, and préeue kinde,
And he would verifie her Oath,
and ſatisfie her minde:
Quoth ſhée I ſhall be ſatisfied,
if that thou doſt not vary,
But yet in troth, I am very loath,
to giue my grant to marry.

With that they both concluded were,
but wote you how ſhe ſped,
By conſequence it did appeare,
that it her liking bréd:
Foꝛ when her Oath was verified,
that ſhe ſwoꝛe by King Harry,
She neuer ſtayde but quickly ſaid,
ſwéet heart now let vs marry.

This Youngmans loue, was quickly colde,
that héere betwixt them paſt,
Quoth hée I will not be ſo bolde,
leaſt I repent at laſt:
Foꝛ he that weds ſo haſtily,
had néed foꝛ to be wary,
Leaſt he repent he gaue conſent,
without aduice to marry.

Faire Maydens all take good aduice,
beſoꝛe you giue conſent,
Unto your Loues in any wiſe,
theſe follyes to préeuent:
Foꝛ ſhée that to perfoꝛme her Vow,
ſo long a time did tarry,
Was bꝛought to ſhame and much defame,
beſoꝛe that ſhe did marry.

Imprinted at London for *H. G.* FINIS.

The young mans kinde reply vnto the comfortleſſe Mayde,
He grees with his Loue in all ſhee hath ſayd,
Shewing to her a part of his minde,
That he will be alwayes moſt louing and kinde.

To the tune *Of the pride of Leiſter Shire.*



HArke, harke, me thinks I heare one ſpeake
what ſhould this Eccho meane?
I thinke it be my owne true Loue,
my faire and onely Dame:
O why ſhouldſt thou, my Philladay,
complaine that I am gone,
And knoweſt I am the onely man,
that loueth thee alone?

I am not gone away from thee,
my onely hearts delight:
But comfort thou ſhalt finde by me,
by day and eke by night:
My owne ſweet Loue, and Turtle Done,
be not diſturbd in minde:
For thou ſhalt finde, I will proue kinde,
and neuer change againe.

I promiſed thee for to be true,
and ſo I will endure,
Though I at firſt did proue thy heart,
tis good for to be ſure,
To proue thy minde, and know thee kinde,
for many falſe there be,
And ſo might'ſt thou, for ought I know,
haue proued vnto me.

Though I did make a vow to thee,
and pawned with thee my heart,
Yet thou haſt ſpoken vnto me,
as though thou would'ſt depart:

But now I find thee true and kinde,
and I the like will be:
Whilſt death doth part, my tender heart,
I will not part with thee:
All you kind hearts that haue true loues,
by me example take:
And haue a care, whereto you ſweare
for the Almighties ſake:
Doe not goe on as I haue done,
to breed a Maydens ſmart:
But turne in time, in heart and minde,
and eaſe your true Loues heart.

Would God I ne'r had wrong'd my Loue,
nor beene to her vnkinde:
Then ſhould ſhe haue no cauſe to mourne,
nor be diſturbd in minde:
But being it's ſo, I well doe know,
I muſt vnto her goe:
And ſpeake my minde, in louing kinde,
and eaſe her of her woe.

Come, come, ſweet heart, doe not repent,
nor wraſtle in deſpaire,
Though I to thee haue beene vnkind,
Ile eaſe thee of thy care:
For I will proue conſtant in loue,
as alwayes thou ſhalt finde,
I will be true, not change for new,
but alwayes will be kinde.

Come, Loue, let's ſpeake no more of this,
but faithfully let's ioyne:
And looke before what was amiſſe,
I meane for to amend:
Come let vs now, performe our vow,
and make no more adoe:
But let vs ioyne in heart and minde,
and ſo to Church let's goe.

And ſo theſe Louers made an end,
of theſe their former words:
One loued the other heartily,
not breeding no diſcords:
In peace I pray long liue they may,
and all true Louers elſe:
What ere they be, or what degree,
ſo much is ſpoke of mee.

FINIS.

London Printed for *F. Coules.*



The Mournful SUBJECTS

OR,

The whole Nations Lamentation, from the Higheſt to the Loweſt:

Who did, with briniſh Tears, (the true ſigns of Sorrow) bewail the Death of their moſt Gracious Soveraign King, *Charles* the Second; who departed this Life *Feb. 6th.* 1684. And was Interr'd in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, in King *Henry* the Seventh's Chappel, on *Saturday* Night laſt, being the 14*th.* day of the ſaid Month; To the ſollid grief and ſorrow of all his loving Subjects.

To the Tune of, *Troy Town*; Or, *The Dutcheſs of Suffolk.*



TRue Subjects mourn, & well they may,
of each degree, both Lords and Earls;
Which did behold that Diſmal Day,
the Death of Princely Pious Charles:
Some thouſand weeping Tears did fall,
At his moſt ſollid FUNERAL.

He was a Prince of Clemency,
whoſe Love and Mercy did abound,
His Death may well lamented be,
through all the Nations Europe round:
Unto the Ears of Chriſtian Kings,
His Death unwelcome Tydings brings.

All thoſe that ever thought him ill,
and did diſturb him in his Reign,
Let Horrour now their Conſcience fill,
and ſtrive ſuch actions to refrain:
For ſure they know not what they do,
The time will come when they ſhall rue.

How often Villains did deſign
by Cruelty, his Blood to ſpill,
Yet by the Providence Divine,
God would not let them have their will;
But did preſerve our Gracious King,
Under the ſhaddow of his Wing.

We griev'd his Soul while he was here,
when we wou'd not his Laws obey,
Therefore the Lord he was ſevere,
and took our Gracious Prince away:
We was not worthy to enjoy
The Prince whom Subjects would annoy.





In peace he did lay down his Head,
the Scepter and the Royal Crown,
His Soul is now to Heaven fled,
above the reach of Mortal frown:
Where joy and Glory will not ceaſe,
In preſence with the King of Peace.

Alas! we had our Liberty,
he never ſought for to devour,
By a Uſurping Tyranny,
to Rule by Arbitrary Power:
No, no, in all his bleſſed Reign,
We had no cauſe for to Complain.

Let Mourners now lament the loſs
of him that did the Scepter ſway,
And look upon it as a Croſs,
that he from us is snatcht away:
Though he is free from Care and Woe,
Yet we cannot forget him ſo.

But ſince it was thy bleſſed Will,
to call him from a ſinful Land,
O let us all be thankful ſtill,
that it was done by thine own hand:
No pitch of Honour can be free
From Death's Uſurping Tyranny.

The Fourteen day of February,
they did Interr our Gracious Charles
His Funeral Solemnity,
accompanied with Lords and Earls:
Four Dukes, I, and Prince *George* by Name,
VVent next the KING, with all his Train.

And thus they to the Abby went,
to lay him in his ſilent Tomb,
Where many inward Sighs was ſpent,
to think upon their diſmal Doom:
VVhole ſhowers of Tears afreſh there fell,
VVhen they beheld his laſt farewel.

Since it is ſo that all muſt dye,
and muſt before our God appear,
O let us have a watchful eye,
over our Converſation here:
That like Great *Charles* our King and Friend,
VVe all may have a happy end.

Let England by their Loyalty,
repair the Breach which they did make,
And let us all United be,
to Gracious Iames, for Charles his ſake:
And let there be no more Diſcord,
But Love the King, and fear the Lord.

FINIS.

Printed for *J. Deacon*, in *Guilt-ſpur-ſtreet*.

The Norfolke Gentleman his laſt VVill and Teſtament:

And how hee committed the keeping of his Children to his owne brother, who dealt moſt wickedly with them: and how God plagued him for it.

To the tune of Rogero.



NOw ponder well you parents deare,
the wordes which I ſhall write,
A dolefull ſtory you ſhall heare,
which time hath brought to light.
A Gentleman of good account,
in Norfolke liu'd of late,
Whoſe wealth and riches did ſurmount
moſt men of his eſtate,

Sore ſicke he was and like to die,
no helpe that he could haue,
His wife by him as ſicke did lie,
and both poſſeſt one graue.
No loue betweene theſe two was loſt,
each was to other kinde,
In loue they liued, in loue they dide,
and left two Babes behinde.

The one a fine and pretty Boy,
not paſſing three yeares old.
The next a Girle more young than hee,
and made of beauties mold.
This Father left his little ſonne,
as well it doth appeare,
When hee to perfect age ſhould come,
three hundred pounds a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane,
three hundred pounds in Gold,
To be paid downe at marriage day,
which might not be contrould;
But if theſe Children chance to die,
ere they to age ſhould come,
Their Uncle ſhould poſſeſſe this wealth,
and ſo the Will did runne.

Now Brother ſaid the dying man,
looke to my Children deare,
Be good unto my Boy and Girle,
no friends I elſe haue here.
To God and you I doe commend
my Children night and day,
A little time be ſure wee haue
within this world to ſtay.

You muſt be father and mother both,
and Uncle all in one,
God knowes what will become of them,
when wee are dead and gone.
With that beſpake their mother deare,
O brother mine (quoth ſhee)
You are the man muſt bring my Babes,
to wealth or miſery.

If you do kéepe them carefully,
then God will you reward,
If otherwiſe you ſeeme to deale,
your deede God will regard,
With lips as cold as any clay,
ſhee kiſt her Children ſmall,
God bleſſe you both my little lambes,
with that the teares did fall.

Theſe ſpéeches then their brother ſpoke,
to this ſick couple there,
The keeping of your Children young,
ſweet ſiſter do not feare;
God neuer proſper mée nor mine,
or ought elſe that I haue,
If I do wrong your Children ſmall,
when you are laid in graue.

Their Parents being dead and gone,
the children home hée takes,
And brings them home unto his houſe,
and much of them hée makes.
Hée had not kept theſe pretty Babes,
a twelvemonth and a day:
But for their wealth hée did deuiſe,
to make them both away.

Hée bargain'd with two Ruffians rude,
that were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take the children young,
and ſlay them in the Wood:
And told his Wife and all the reſt,
he did the Children ſend,
To be brought up in faire London,
with one that was his friend.

45.6.2.262.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



AWay then went theſe pretty Babes,
reioycing of that tide,
And ſmiling with a merry minde,
they ſhould on cockhorſe ride.
They prate and prattle pleaſantly,
as they rode on their way,
To them that ſhould their butchers bee,
and worke their liues decay.

So that the pretty ſpeech they had,
made murtherers hearts relent,
And that they tooke this deede to doe,
full ſore they did repent:
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
did vow to doe his charge,
Becauſe the wretch that hired them,
had paid them very large.

The other would not greé thereto,
ſo here they fell at ſtrife,
With one another they did fight,
about theſe Children's life.
And he that was of mildeſt mood,
did kill the other there,
Within an vnfrequented Wood,
whiles Babes did quake for feare.

He tooke the children by the hand,
when teares ſtood in their eye,
And bade them come and goe with him,
and looke they did not cry.
And two long miles hee led them thus,
when they for bread complaine,
Stay here (quoth he) Ile bring you bread
when I doe come againe.

Thoſe pretty Babes with hand in hand,
went wandering vp and downe,
But neuer more they ſaw the man,
approaching from the towne.
Their pretty lips with blackberries,
were all be-mear'd and dy'd,
And when they ſaw the darkſome night,
they ſate them downe and cry'd.

Thus wandred theſe two little Babes
till death did end their griefe.

In one anothers armes they dy'd,
as Babes wanting reliefe.
No burial theſe pretty Babes
of any man receiues,
Till Robin Redbreſt pitifully,
did couer them with leaues.

And now the heauy wrath of God,
vpon their Vncle fell:
Yea fearefull fiends did haunt his houſe
his conſcience felt an hell.
His barnes were fir'd, his goods conſum'd,
his land was barren made,
His cattle dy'd within the fields,
and nothing with him ſtaid.

And in the voyage of Portingall,
two of his ſonnes did die,
And to conclude, himſelfe was brought,
to extreame miſery.
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
ere ſeauen yeares went about.
And now at length this wicked act,
did by this meanes come out.

The fellow which did take in hand,
the Children for to kill,
Was for a robery iudg'd to death,
as was Gods bleſſed will.
Who did confeſſe the very truth,
the which is here expreſt,
Their Vncle died, while he for debt,
in priſon long did reſt.

All you that be Executors made,
and ouerſeers eke,
Of children that be fatherleſſe,
of Infants mild and meeke.
Take you example by the ſame,
and yeld to each their right,
Leſt God with ſuch like miſery,
your wicked minde requite.

FINIS.

Printed for I. W.

C. 4

259.

A new Ballad, ſhewing the great miſery ſuſtained by a poore man in *Eſſex*, his Wife and Children: with other ſtrange things done by the Devill.

To the tune of, The rich Merchant man.

144.



A poore Eſſex man
that was in great diſtreſſe,
Moſt bitterly made his complaint,
in griefe and heavineſſe:
Through ſcarcity and want,
he was oppreſſed ſore,
He could not find his children bread,
he was ſo extreme poore.

His ſilly wife God wot,
being lately brought to bed,
With her poore Infants at her breſt
had neither drinke nor bread.
A wofull lying in
was this, the Lord doth know,
God keep all honeſt vertuous wives
from feeling of ſuch woe.

Oh Huſband deare, ſhe ſaid,
for want of food I die,
Some ſuccour doe for me provide,
to eaſe my miſery.
The man with many a teare,
moſt pittiouſly replyde,
We have no means to buy us bread;
with that the children cry'd.

They came about him round,
upon his coat they hung:
And pittiouſly they made their mone
their little hands they wrung.
Be ſtill my boyes, ſaid he,
and Ile goe to the wood,
And bring ſome Acornes for to roſt,
and you ſhall have ſome food.

Forth went the wofull man,
a Cord he tooke with him,
Wherewith to bind the broken wood
that he ſhould homewards bring:
And by the way as he went,
met Farmers two or three,
Deſiring them for Chriſt his ſake,
to helpe his miſery.

Oh lend to me (he ſaid)
one loafe of Barley bread,
One pint of milke for my poore wife
in Child-bed almoſt dead:
Thinke on my extreme need,
to lend me have no doubt,
I have no money for to pay,
but I will worke it out.

But they in churliſh ſort,
did one by one reply,
We have already lent you more
than we can come well by.
This anſwere ſtroke his heart
as cold as any ſtone:
Unto the wood from thence he went,
with many a grievous groane.

Where at the length (behold)
a tall man did him meet, (all
And cole-black were his garments
from head unto his feet.
Thou wretched man (ſaid he)
why doſt thou weep ſo ſore? (mone
What is the cauſe thou mak'ſt this
tell me and figh no more.

Alas, good Sir (he ſaid)
the lack of ſome reliefe,
For my poore wife & children ſmall,
'tis cauſe of all my griefe:
They lie all like to ſtarve
for want of bread (ſaith he)
Good Sir, vouchſafe therefore t' give
one peny unto me.

Hereby this wretched man
committed wondrous evill,
He begg'd an almes and did not know
he askt it of the Devill:
But ſtraight the helliſh Fiend,
to him reply'd againe,
An odious ſinner art thou then,
that doſt ſuch want ſuſtaine.

Alack (the poore man ſaid)
this thing for truth I know,
That Iob was juſt, yet never man
endured greater woe.
The godly oft doe want.
and need doth pinch them ſore,
Yet God will not forſake them quite
but doth their ſtates reſtore.

If thou ſo faithfull be,
why goeſt thou begging then?
Thou ſhalt be fed as Daniel was,
within the Lyons Den,
If thus thou doe abide,
the Ravens ſhall bring thee food,
As they unto Elias did,
that wandred in the Wood.

Mocke not a wofull man,
good Sir, the poore man ſaid,
Redouble not my ſorrowes ſo,
that are upon me laid:
But rather doe extend
unto my need, and give
One penny for to buy ſome bread,
my children poore may live.

With that he opened ſtraight,
the faireſt purſe in ſight,
That ever mortall eye beheld,
fild up with crownes full bright,
Unto the wofull man
the ſame he wholly gave,
Who very earneſtly did pray,
that Chriſt his life might ſave.

Well (quoth the damned ſpirit)
goe eaſe thy childrens ſorrow,
And if thou wanteſt any thing,
com meet me here to morrow:
Then home the poore man went,
with cheerefull heart and mind,
And comforted his wofull wife
with words that were moſt kind.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



TAke comfort Wife he ſaid,
I have a purſe of Gold
Now given by a Gentleman,
moſt faire for to behold.
And thinking for to pull
his purſe from boſome out,
He found nothing but Oken leaves,
bound in a filthy clout.

Which when he did behold,
with ſorrow pale and wan,
In deſperate ſort to ſeeke the purſe,
unto the Wood he ran,
Supposing in his mind,
that he had loſt it there:
He could not tell then what to think,
he was 'twixt hope and feare.

He had no ſooner come
into the ſhady Grove,
The Devil met with him againe,
as he in fancy ſtrove:
What ſeekſt thou here he ſaid?
the purſe (quoth he) you gave:
Thus fortune ſhe hath croſſed me,
and then the Devill ſaid,

Where didſt thou put the purſe?
tell me, and doe not lye,
Within my boſome ſaid the man,
where no man did come nigh.
Looke there againe (quoth he)
then ſaid the man I ſhall,
And found his boſome full of Toads,
as thicke as they could crawle.

The poore man at this ſight,
to ſpeake had not the power,
See (qd. the Devill) vengeance doth
purſue thee every houre:
Goe curſed wretch (quoth he)
and rid away thy life,
But murther firſt thy children yong,
and miſerable Wife.

The poore man raging mad,
ran home incontinent,
Intending for to kill them all,
but God did him prevent.
For why the chiefeſt man,
that in the Pariſh dwelt,
With meat and mony thither came,
which liberally he dealt.

Who ſeeing the poore man
come home in ſuch a rage,
Was faine to bind him in his bed,
his fury to aſſwage:
Where long he lay full ſicke,
ſtill crying for his Gold,
But being well, this whole diſcourſe
he to his neighbours told.

From all temptations,
Lord bleſſe both great and ſmall:
And let no man, O heavenly God,
for want of ſuccour fall:
But put their ſpeciall truſt
in God for evermore,
Who will no doubt from miſery,
each faithfull man reſtore.

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Goſſon.

53.

A pleaſant new Northerne Song.

called the two *York-ſhire Lovers.*

To a pleaſant new Court tune, Or, the tune of *Willy.*





When Willy once he ſtayed,
To fetch home a lamb that ſtraied,
vnder a hill ſide,
a bonny Laſſe he ſpide,
Of whom he was well apaied.

Her chéekes like Cherries growing.
Her lips like Roſe-buds blowing,
her eyes blacke and cleare,
as the Sloe vpon the bréere,
Or the wo:me in the hedge lies glowing

Her waiſte ſo ſmall and ſlender,
Her skin ſo ſoft and tender,
he ſigh'd and he ſaid,
that ſhe was a faire Maid,
And his loue to her he'd render.

The wind did ſéeme to play,
With her treſſes as ſhe lay,
betwirt hope and feare,
He was in deſpaire,
To giue her the time of the day.

Yet reſolu'd to court this Minion,
There ſtept in a new opinion:
this timo:ous Clowne,
thought Phæbe had come downe,
To ſpeake with her loued Endimion.

His errand quite fo:gotten,
He leau'd to a trée was rotten,
he ſwo:e by the Maſſe,
there was neuer ſuch a Laſſe,
His heart with a ſhaft was ſhotten.

Then boldly he ſtept vnto her,
His eyes ſhot affection th:ough her;
he caſt away fea es,
and p:icking vp his eares,
Thus Willy began to wooe her.

God day (quoth he) my honny,
Thou dearer to me than money,
Ile loſe my little Lambe,
And gladly giue the Demme,
To lig with a Laſſe ſo bonny.

Now liſt to what Ile tell thée,
There's none in ſhape doth excell thée,
ſo thou wilt wed me,
none happier than thée;
No:r better day ere befell me.

Of Nuts Ile gire thee plenty,
And red ſide Apples twenty,
my butter Ile leeſe,
to make thee ſ.mmer Cheeſe,
And Creame to make Egge pies dainty.

My Lambs new gowns ſhal beare thée,
No daglockes ſhall ere come neere thee,
the Poultry of the Towne
ſhall cackle without Downe,
Ere Ile want a ſoft bed to chee.e thee.

My Bagpipes mirth ſhall make thee,
Each mo:ne with a Song Ile wake thée
at night Ile not faile,
to tell a merry tale,
And make thy ſad thoughts fo:ſake thee.

(1889)

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





White Lillies ſhall paue the Cloſes,
Each bzier ſhall bluſh with Roſes,
the graſſe græne and ſwæt,
ſhall kiſſe thy tender feet.
And the Medows ſhall yæld thee poſies.

With ſhady bowers ſet oze thee,
With thouſand contents Ile ſtoze thee,
while by ſoms cleere bzooke,
with my little Dog and hooke,
Ile bzing my fine Ewes befoze thee.

While thus he was cloſe ſet at her,
(Quoth ſhe) I ſuſpect the matter,
foz an houres ſpoze,
like the falſe alluring Court,
The Country has learned to flatter.

Therefoze leaue off thy woing,
I loue not ſuch ſhoze doing,
and come vnto the matter,
I loue not foz to flatter,
True affection hates long ſuing.

But if your loue will pzoue ſteddy,
Till Hymen had made him ready,
then ſurfet all night,
in a captiue Maids delight,
Which yet but apze hath fed ye.

Quoth he I loue none aboue thee,
Foz chaſtity I pzoue thee,
as conſtant Ile pzoue,
as the Mate vnto the Doue,
Nay, thogh thou wert dead, Ileloue thee

And all contents Ile giue thee,
So that thou wilt liue with me:
my life and all Ile looſe,
ere I my Loue abuſe,
And all my rich kith vnto me.

As Willy thus was talking,
The Shepherds eyes were walking,
each legge and each limbe,
ſo tricked ſo trim,
She thought it no time of balking.

Her heart with loue was taken,
God Cupid did her awaken,
and caſt a cheerefull eye,
vpon him by and by,
To ſhew he was not foꝛſaken.

His lips to hers he laid,
She neuer a woꝛd gaine-ſaid:
thus ioyning their hands,
they tyed the Nuptiall bands,
Which neuer till death decai'd.

Such happy ioy God ſend me,
When I to wed intend me,
and to each faithfull Louer:
where they be one oz other,
I heartily commend thee.

FINIS.

London printed foꝛ *Iohn Wright.*

A New Ditty:

Of a Lover, toſt hither and th ther,
That cannot ſpeake his mind when they are together.

To the Tune of, *Hide Park.*





ALas I am in love,
and cannot ſpeake it,
My mind I dare not move,
nor here can breake it,
She doth ſo farre excell
all and each other,
My mind I cannot tell,
when we are together.

But Ile take heart to me,
I will reveale it,
Ile try her conſtancy,
Ile not conceale it,
But alas, but alas I doe conſider,
I cannot breake my mind,
When &c.

Her loving lookes and ſmiles,
hath ſo bewitch't me,
Her vertue me beguiles,
ſhe hath inricht me,
Shee's ſo faire, ſhee's ſo rare,
her due to give her,
Makes me I cannot ſpeake,
when &c.

Our oft frequented teſts,
are turn'd to earneſt,
In 'thnight I cannot reſt,
for loves ſovereneſſe,
It hath turn'd, it hath burn'd,
my heart for ever,
Alas I cannot ſpeake,
when &c.

Like to the fooliſh Flies,
too long I have dallyed
With her bright glittering eyes,
my Fort ſhee th ſallied,
That I have ſcorcht my wings,
and heart for ever,
Alas &c.

Her preſence is my ſor-
her want my ſadneſſe,
When I her face enjoy,
I am turn'd to gladneſſe,
And wiſh our company may laſt
but yet I &c. (for ever.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.





I Thinke ſhe loues me well,
but I nere broke it,
I am ſure I loue her well,
though I nere ſpoke it,
And my loue to her ſhall proue,
conſtant for euer,
Although &c.

Suppoſe ſhe loues me not,
or loues another,
Too much yet care I not,
ſtill I will loue her,
And doe vow to be true,
and faithfull for euer,
Although &c.

I will doe the beſt I can,
Ile ſtriue to pleaſe her,
I will doe any thing,
whereby to eaſe her.
Ouer Sea I will flie,
ſwimme like Leander,
Before Ile looſe her loue,
through the world Ile wander.

And Ile doe much more too,
if ſhe'le command it,
If't be to loſe my life,
Ile not gaine-ſtand it,
But alas, but alas,
I doe conſider,
I cannot ſpeake my mind
when &c.

The more I ſtrive to hide,
the more it flameth,
Theſe paines I cannot bide,
my wits it lameth.
And if it hidden be,
will burne for euer,
Vnleſſe I ſpeake my mind,
when &c.

I thinke t'were good I tride,
and went to proue her,
And lay all feare aſide,
ſtoutly to moue her,
But when I am going to ſpeake,
my tongue doth quiuer,
And will not breake my mind,
when we are together.

FINIS. *Peter Lonberry.*

Printed at London for *Edward Wright* dwelling neere Chriſts Church gate.

123.

A new Medley,

OR,

A Meſſe of All-together.

To the tune of *Tarltons Medley*



STrange newes is come from Hounſlo heath,
That all falſe Theeues are put to death,
Nell Collins has a ſtinking breath,
I heard Tom Phillips ſay:
The Cobler and the Broome-mans wife,
Haue made a match, Ile lay my life,
Come drinke a cup and end all ſtrife,
ſweet Keiter.

They ſay that Turnbull-ſtreet is cleane
Transform'd, there ſcant is left a Queane,
Oh neighbour Ralph what doe you meane,
to pawne your ſhirt for Ale:
This drinking healths makes many ſicke,
Nan Wilkes has deuis'd a tricke,
To guil her husband, ſilly Dicke,
the Miller.

Peaſe-porridge makes our Mall breake winde,
She makes vs thinke that ſhe is kinde,
Becauſe ſhe ſpeaks to vs behind,
as freely as before:
The Butler is gone out oth' way,
Cauſe no man ſhall drinke here to day,
His Maſter bids him do't they ſay,
on purpoſe.

Will Cooke and Suſſe the Dairy maide,
Doe ſit together in the ſhade,
Stealing would be an excellent trade,
and twere not for this hanging:
The Hangman he leanes worke by noone,
Sweet heart goe not away ſo ſoone,
I thinke there is a man i'th Moone,
Star-gazer.

There is more cloathes in Birchin-lane
I thinke, than would load Charles his Waine,
King Edward lou'd a gold-ſmiths lane,
the beſt ware in the ſhop:
The Tanner made the King a Feaſt,
A Maſtiffe dog's a valiant Beaſt,
He oft thinks meſt that ſayes the leaſt,
old Hobſon.

Dido was a Carthage Queane,
As I walkt in a Meddow greene,
The faireſt Laſſe that ere was ſeene,
that was the flower of Kent:
Looke to your forehead honeſt friend,
The longeſt day muſt haue an end,
Good fortune vnto thee, God ſend,
young Bridegroome.

When as King Henry rul'd this Land,
All things did in good order ſtand,
Then ſcarce a Lawyer had a hand,
to take a double Fee:
Sele Pyes are dainty meate in Lent,
I prethee Roger be content,
Good Land-lords doe not raiſe your rent
ſo highly.

The Courtier ſcornes the Country Clowne,
There dwels a widdow in our Towne,
Pray mother lend me halfe a Crowne
to buy a wedding Ring:
Tom Taylor did not vſe me well.
To ſteale two yards out of one Ell,
My Belly doth begin to ſwell,
I'me pepper'd.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





AT Batterſey good Turnips grow,
There goes three Milke-maids on a row,
Me thinks it is a ſeemely ſhew
to ſee three honeſt Millers:
The Sea-man and the Souldier bold,
Venter their lives for fame and gold,
A Slut, a Strumpet, and a Scold,
three good wives.

King Edgar hated drunkenneſſe,
And Iulius Cæſar loath'd exceſſe,
I prethee tell me pretty Beſſe,
who lay with thee laſt night:
Æneas was a periur'd Prince,
Too many haue done like him ſince,
Sweet-heart Ile giue thee eighteene pence
to kiſſe thee.

To thinke how things are chang'd of late,
That Charitie's quite out of date,
Would force a ſilent man to prate,
oh the merry dayes of old, (cloath,
When Knights and Squires wore good broad-
The poore had Beefe as well as broth,
Oh doe not make vs pay for froth
good Tapſter.

Our Ladies now are like to Apes,
Their mindes doe alter like their ſhapes,
Fie Miſtris, fie, your placket gapes,
couer your fleſh for ſhame:
The Pander quarrels with the Whore,
And ſayes he'l bee their man no more,
The ſhot is paide, wipe off the ſcore
kinde Hoſtis.

London printed for *H. Goſſon.*

A Vſurer and a Broker be
Both Brothers of a company,
The Deuill ſure muſt make them free
when they haue ſeru'd their time:
In old time Bakers vſ'd to be,
Promoted to the Pillory,
Now none, vnleſſe for Periury,
pope thorow.

The Carrier brings vp euery wake
Braue Laſſes, which the Batchs doe take,
What Welchman will not ware a Leeke
vpon Saint Davids day?
Saint George lies dead at Coventrey,
Oh now for ſuch a man as he,
Our Captaines dy'd i'th Ile of Ree,
ill tydings.

Queene Elinor built Charing-croſſe,
Which now is couer'd ore with Moſſe,
The Spanyards mourne for their late loſſe,
I meane the rich Plate Fleet:
The Dutchmen grieue, and ſo do we,
For th' death of young Prince Henry,
Alas! there is no remedy,
but patience.

My merry Medley here I end,
Which to young men and maids I ſend,
To make them mirth, the ſame was pend,
although it ſeeme non-ſenſe:
Yet is there ſuch variety
Of ſenſe for each capacity,
That old and young may pleaſed be
to learne it.

Finis. M.P.

The new-found Northerne Deedle:

OR,

Mirth and wit according to the times, Fancies to fit, are in these following rimes.

To the tune of *This is my Grannams deedle.*





My mother's a good old woman,
Beloved of Knights and Yeomen,
That never did hurt to no man,
Her wits together will summon:
to call for the new-found deedle,
to call for my Grannams deedle,
to call for the Dadyes deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle.

And also my sister Nanny,
So beautifull and canny,
Content will give to any,
And please them though were so many:
in dancing the new found deedle.
in dancing my Grannams deedle,
in dancing the Dadyes deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle.

My brother a swaggering gallant,
Knows Gilderland, Brabbant, Zeland,
And lately is come out of Holland,
To England to spend his talant:
and calls for the new found deedle,
come play us my Grannams deedle,
my Mammies and Dadyes deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle.

The Courtiers wines so dainty,
Of gold which have great plenty:
Will drink, carouse, and be merry,
And suck it in pleasant Sherry.
and calls for the new found deedle,
come play us my Grannams deedle,
the new found Northern deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle.

The Lady which takes upon her,
The style of state and honour,
Will ride in Majestick manner,
With gallants attending on her,
and cals for the new found deedle,
come play us my Grannams deedle,
the new found Northerne deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle.

The tradesmens wives of the citty,
So handsome, neat, and pretty,
So understanding, witty,
Delight in no other ditty:
but call for the new found deedle
come play us my Grannams deedle,
the new found Northerne deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle.

The country lasses so bonny,
With breaths as sweet as honey,
For cost they care not any,
But freely will spend their money,
and cals for the new found deedle,
come play us my Grannams deedle,
the new found Northerne deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





The yong men ſo neatly attired,
Whoſe brauneries are admired,
When any braue muſick they heare it,
Moſt heartily doe deſire it,
this merry conceit of the deedle,
to heare the new found deedle,
come play us my Grannams deedle
the new found Northerne deedle,

The muſicall skild Muſitian,
Howeuer be his condition:
To play it he hath an ambition,
Becauſe vnto him they petition:
to play the new found deedle,
to play them my Grannams deedle,
the new found Northern deedle
this merry conceit of the deedle:

The Carpenter, Maſon, and Glaſier,
The bonny blackſmith, the Braſier,
And Barber that trims with a razor,
Will merry be when they haue leaſure:
and call for the new found deedle
to play them my Grannams deedle,
the new found Northerne deedle
this merry conceit of the deedle.

The Tanner and merry Shoomaker,
The Maltman, the Miller, and Baker,
And Brewer with them is partaker,
If boldly that truth may be ſpeaker:
to call for the new found deedle
and call for my Grannams deedle,
the new found Northerne deedle
this merry conceit of the deedle.

The luſtie and well limbd Saylor,
The nimble and ſprunce neat Taylor,
Agreed like good fellowes that preſent
Together they would be pleaſant,
and haue the new found deedle,
this merry conceit of the deedle,
the new found Northerne deedle,
O this is my Grannams deedle.

To ſee theſe mad lads come reeling,
Hearing, ſeeing, and feeling,
With pleaſing ſmelling and talking,
Crying out of Spendthrifts walking,
that ſpending, deſires the deedle,
the new found Northerne deedle,
my good old Grannams deedle
the Mammy and Daddies deedle.

Blind Fortune following after,
Houſd a hearty laughter,
To ſee polt-footed Vulcan,
Tolling off many a full can,
and ſinging the new found deedle, &c.

Mercury, Mars, and Venus,
So witty and ingenious,
Brought in the yong god Cupid
To ſcare at powre mortalls ſo ſtupid,
for learning the new found deedle,
O this my Grannams deedle,
the Mammy and Daddies deedle,
a merry conceited deedle.

FINIS. R. Guy.

Printed at London for Tho: Lambert.

The Nightingale:

Whoſe curious Notes are here explain'd,
In a dainty Ditty ſweetly fain'd.

To a new and much affected Court Tune.



YOu Gallants that reſort
To Hide Parke or Totnam Court,
To recreate,
And to elevate
your ſences when they are out of date,
Come liſten to my Song,
Which doth belong
to the Nightingales ſweet tongue:
Tis Muſicke rare (Philomel
To heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty
how ſhe makes the Woods for to ring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Courtiers in their pride,
Walking by the greene Wood ſide,
They doe much admire,
When they heare the Quire,
of little Birds whoſe notes aſpire,
Above all the reſt,
They fancie beſt
the Nightingales ſweet breaſt,
For ſhe doth ſtraine (throat,
Her little pretty, dulcid, dainty, pleaſant
with muſicke fit for a King,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Citizens would faine
Heare Philomels ſweet ſtraine,
But that they feare
When they come there,
the curious conſtant Note to heare,
And therefore they refuſe
And will not uſe
the Woods if they can chuſe,
But yet ſometimes,
This little, pretty, dulcid, dainty dilly,
They delight to heare in the Spring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Prentices doe ſtray,
Upon the firſt of May,
To meet their Loves
In the gay greene Groves,
where every one their fancie proves,
And with Loves delight,
From morne till night,
they feed their appetite;
And while they wooe
This little, pretty, dulcid, dainty creature,
her muſicke to them doth bring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





The honeſt labouring Swaine,
To extenuate his paine
When hee doth plod
To his worke abroad,
His Hay, or Corne, or Wood to load,
It doth ioy his heart,
At plough or Cart,
to heare the curious part,
Which among the Quire,
This little pretty, dulcid, dainty Quirister
doth beare, this delight doth bring;
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

The Country Milke-maids ſwéet,
When they goe to milke their Neat,
In a Summers day,
In June or May,
delight to walke ith' Meadowes gay,
They doe thinke it long,
To heare a Song,
from Philomels ſwéet tongue,
In Aprill they
Expect this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty bird,
when ſhe firſt proclaimes the Spring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

Both men and women goe,
To the greene Wood on a row,
Both old and young
Walke in a throng,
both Lads and Laſſes march along,
In a Sympathy,
For company,
with mirth and iollity.
It is not for Nuts, (Muſician
But to heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty
how the makes the Woods for to ring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

Thus Country, City and Court,
Unto the Woods reſort,
To pleaſe their minds,
Both Lords and Hinds,
all ſorts according to their kinds,
Walke to take delight,
Both morne and night;
and as they pleaſe their ſight,
Their eares are pleaſed, (Meſſenger
To heare this little, pretty, dulcid, dainty
what wiſht for newes ſhe doth bring,
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Iug, jug, jug, jug, ſweet, jug, jug, jug, jug,
the Nightingale doth ſing.

London, printed for F. Coules, dwelling in the Old-Baily.

The Man in the Moon Drinks Clarret.

As it was lately ſung at the Certain Holy Well. To the ſame Tune.



BAcchus the father of drunken Rowls,
Full Bazers, Beakers, Glaſſes, bowls,
Greaſe Flapdragons, Flemiſh upſie freeze,
With healths ſay'd in arms upon naked knees
Of all his wines he makes you taſters,
So you tipple like bumbaſters.
Drink till you reel a welcome he doth give,
O how the boon Claret makes you live?
Not a Painter purer colour ſhows
than whats laid on by Claret,
Pearl and Ruby doth let out the Roſe,
when thin ſmall beer doth mar it,
Rich wine is good, it heats the blood,
it makes an old man luſty,
The young to brawl, and the Drawers call,
before being too much muſty.
Whether you drink all or little,
Put it ſo your ſelves to whittle,
Then though twelve a Clock it be,
Yet all the way go roaring.
If the hand of Bills cry ſtand,
Swear that you muſt a Who —
Such Gambols, ſuch tricks, ſuch legaries,
We fetch though we touch no Canaries:
Drink wine till the Welkin roars,
And cry out a pox of your Scores.

In wine we call for lawoy Jiggs,
Catzoes, Rumbiſlows, whiligigs,
Campo get in Buff Cap vain,
The Devil in the places you wot were faign,
Brave wine it ſtirs tickles our Heels,
Full'd well in wine none ſorrow feels,
Our Moon-man & his powder-beef mad crew
Thus caper thro' the liquor ſweet turnip drew,
Round about over tables and joint ſtools
let's dance with naked Rapiers,
Cut the Fidle-ſtrings; and then like fools
kick out the ſum ſum ſcrapers,
There is no ſound that cares can wound,
as lids of wine-pots clinking,
There's no ſuch ſport, when all amort,
men cry lets fall to drinking;
O 'tis nappy Beer,
Would each belly was filled here,
Herrings pickled muſt be tickled,
Down to draw the liquor,
The ſalt Sammon and fat Gammon,
Makes our wine drink quicker,
Our Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
With powder-beef turnep and carret,
If he doth ſo, why ſhould not you,
Drink until the Sky looks blew.

Hey for a turn thus above Ground,
O my Noddle too heavy doth weigh,
Metheglin, Perry, Sider, nor ſtrong ale,
Are half ſo heavy, be they nere ſo ſtale:
Wine in our Guts can never tumble,
Down now and then tho' it make us tumble;
Yet ſcrambling up a Drunkard feels no pain,
but cryes Sirrah boy, tother pottle again,
We can drink no more unleſs we have
full pipes of Trinnidado,
Give us the beſt it keeps our brains
more warm than does freezado.
It makes us ſing and cry hey ding,
And laugh when Pipes lie broken,
For which to pay at going away,
we ſcorn a Muſtard token;
Never curſe the ſawcy Score,
But ſwear the bar you'll pay no more;
in theſe dates he is no Gallant
That cannot puff and ſwagger,
though he dare not kill a ſheep,
Yet out muſt flie his dagger:
If then you do love my Hoſts Clarret,
Fat powder-beef, turnip and carret,
Come again and again,
And ſtill welcome Gentlemen.

Printed by and for A. M. and ſold by the Booksellers of London.

New Mad TOM of *Bedlam*.

OR,

The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
VVith Powder-beef, Turnip and Carret.
Tune is, Grays-Inn Mask.





FOrth from my sad and darksome Cell,
Or from the deep abils of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can scale his distemper'd brain:
Fear and care doth pierce the Soul,
Hark! how the angry Furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad:
Through the world I wander night and day
to find my strangling Senses,
In an angry mood I found Old Time
with's Pentarchy of Tenches,
When me he spies away he flies,
For time will stay for no man.
In vain with cryes I rend the Skies,
For pity is not common,
Cold and Comfortless I lie,
Help, O help, or else I die.
Hark I hear Apollo's Team,
The Carman gins to whistle,
Chast Diana bends her bow,
The Boar begins to bristle,
Come Vulcan with tools and with tackle,
Shake off my troublesome shackle,
Let Charles make ready his wain
To bring me my Senses again.

Last night I heard the Dog-Star bark,
Mars met Venus in the dark,
Leaping Vulcan het an Iron bar,
And furiously did run at the God of war,
Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
His broad Horns did so hang in his sight,
He could not see to aim his blows aright:
Mercury, the nimble Post of Heaven
staid still to see the Quarrel,
Gozrel bellied Baccus Gyant like
bestrid a strong beer barrel:
To me he drank, I did him thank,
but I could get no Sider,
He drank whole buts till he crackt his guts,
but mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor naked Tom is very dry,
A little drink for Charity:
Hark I hear Acteons hounds
The Huntsman hoops and hollows,
Ringing Ryoter, Bowman Jowler,
At the Chase now follows,
The man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
With Powder-beef, Turnep and Carret,
A Cup of old Malago Sack
Will fire his bush at his back.

281.

A pleaſant Hiſtory of a Gentleman in *Thracia*, which had foure Sonnes, and three of them none of his own; ſhewing how miraculouſly the true heire came to enioy his Inheritance.

156.

To the tune of, *Chevy Chace.*



IN ſearching ancient Chronicles,
it was my chance to finde
A ſtory worth the writting out,
in my conceit and mind;
It is an admonition good,
that Children ought to haue,
With reuerence for to thinke vpon
their Parents laid in graue.

In Thracia liu'd a Gentleman,
of Noble Progeny,
Who rul'd his houſhold with great fame
and true integrity;
This Gentleman did take to wife,
a neat and gallant Dame,
Whoſe outward ſhew and beauty bright
did many hearts inflame.

The luſter that came from her lookes,
her carriage and her grace,
Like beautious Cynthia did outſhine
each Lady in that place;
And being puffed vp in pride,
with eaſe and lollity,
Her Husband could not her content,
ſhe other men muſt try.

Laſciuiouſly long time ſhe liu'd,
yet doe it cunningly,
For ſhe had thoſe that watcht ſo well,
that he could nought eſpy;
With bribes and gifts ſhe ſo bewitcht
the hearts of ſome were neere,
That they conceal'd her wickednеſſe,
and kept it from her deare.

Thus ſpending of her time away
in extreme wantonneſſe,
Her priuate friends when ſhe did pleaſe,
vnto her had acceſſe;
But the all-ſeeing Eye of heauen,
ſuch ſinnes will not conceale,
And by ſome meanes at laſt will be
the truth of all reueale.

Vpon a time ſore ſicke ſhe fell,
yea to the very death,
And her Phyſician told her plaine,
ſhe muſt reſigne her breath;
Diuines did likewiſe viſit her,
and holy counſell gaue,
And bade her call vpon the Lord,
that he her ſoule might ſaue.

Amongſt the reſt, ſhe did deſire
they would her husband bring,
I haue a ſecret to reueale,
(ſhe ſaid) my heart doth ſting;
Then he came poſting preſently,
vnto her where ſhe lay,
And weeping, then he did deſire,
what ſhe to him would ſay?

She did intreat that all might voyd
the roome, and he would ſtay:
Your pardon, husband, I beſeech,
(vnto him ſhe did ſay;)
For I haue wrong'd your marriage bed,
and plaid the wanton wife,
To you the truth I will reueale,
ere I depart this life.

FOure hopefull ſonnes you think you
to me it beſt is knowne, (haue,
And three of them are none of yours,
of foure but one's your owne;
And by your ſelfe on me begot,
which hath ſo wanton beene,
Theſe dying teares forgiuenеſſe beg,
let mercy then be ſeene.

This ſtroke her husband in a dumpe,
his heart was almoſt dead,
But rouzing of his ſpirits vp,
theſe wozds to her he ſaid;
I doe forgiue thee with my heart,
ſo thou the truth wilt tell,
Which of the foure is my owne ſonne,
and all things ſhall be well.

O pardon me, my husband deare,
vnto him ſhe did ſay,
They are my children euery one,
and ſo ſhe went away.
Away he goes with heauy heart,
his griefes he did conceale,
And like a wiſe and prudent man,
to none did it reueale.

Not knowing which to be his owne,
each of his lone did share,
And to be train'd in vertues paths,
of them he had a care;
In learning great and gentle grace,
they were brought vp and taught,
Such deare affection in the hearts
of Parents God hath wrought.

They now were grown to mens eſtates,
and liu'd moſt gallantly;
Each had his horſe, his hawke, his hound
and did their manhood try;
The ancient man did ioy thereat,
but yet he did not know,
Which was his ſonne amongſt the foure
that bred in him much woe.

At length his glaſſe of life was run,
the Fates doe ſo decree,
For poore and rich they all muſt dye,
and death will take no fee;
Vnto ſome Iudges he did ſend,
and Counſell that were graue,
Who preſently to him did come,
to know what he would haue.

They comming then to his beds ſide,
vnto them he did ſay,
I know you all to be my friends,
moſt faithfull euery way;
And now before I leaue the world,
I beg this at your hands,
To haue a care which of my ſonnes
ſhall haue my goods and lands.

And to them all he did relate
what things his wife had done;
There is but one amongſt the foure
that is my native ſonne;
And to your iudgement I commit,
when I am laid in graue,
Which is my ſonne, and which is fit
my lands and goods to haue.

He dying, they in Councell ſate
what beſt were to be done,
For 'twas a taske of great import,
to iudge which was his ſonne:
The brothers likewiſe were at ſtrife,
which ſhould the liuing haue;
When as the ancient man was dead,
and buried in his graue.

The Iudges muſt decide the cauſe,
and thus they did decree,
The dead mans body vp to take,
and tye it to a Tree;
A Bow each brother he muſt haue,
and eke an arrow take,
To ſhoot at their dead fathers coarpe,
as if he were a ſtake.

And he whoſe Arrow neereſt hit
his heart as he did ſtand,
They'd iudge him for to be right heire,
and fit to haue the land:
Da this they all did ſtreight agree,
and to the field they went,
Each had a man his ſhaft to beare,
and Bow already bent.

Now (quoth the Iudges) try your skill
vpon your Father there,
That we may quickly know who ſhall
vnto the Land be heire;
The eldeſt take his Bow in hand,
and ſhaft where as he ſtood,
Which pierc'd ſo deep the dead mans breſt
that it did run with blood.

The ſecond brother then muſt ſhoot,
who ſtraight did take his aime,
And with his Arrow made a wound,
that blood came from the ſame:
The third likewiſe muſt try his skill,
the matter to decide,
Whoſe ſhaft did make a wound moſt deep
into the dead mans ſide.

Vnto the fourth and youngeſt then,
a Bow and ſhaft was brought;
Who ſaid, Oh! thinke that ere my heart
could harbour ſuch a thought,
To ſhoot at my deare Fathers heart,
although that he be dead,
For all the Kingdomes in the world
that farre and wide are ſpred?

And turning of him round about,
the teares ran downe amaine,
He flung his Bow vpon the ground,
and broke his ſhaft in twaine:
The Iudges ſeeing his remorſe,
they then concluded all,
He was the right, the other three,
they were vnnaturall.

And ſo he ſtraight poſſeſt the Lands,
being made the heire of all,
And heauen by nature in this kind,
vnto his heart did call;
His brothers they did enuy him,
but yet he neede not care,
And of his wealth in portions large,
vnto them he did share.

Printed at London for *H. G.* FINIS.

A moſt excellent and vertuous Ballad of the Patient *Griſſell*.

84. To the tune of *The Brides good morrow.*



A Noble Marqueſſe,
As he did ride a hunting
hard by a Foreſt ſide,
A faire and comely Maiden,
As ſhe did ſit a ſpinning,
his gentle eye eſpide:
Moſt faire and lovely,
And of comely grace was ſhe,
although in ſimple attire;
She ſang full ſweetly,
With pleaſant voyce melodiouſly,
which ſet the Lords heart on fire;
The more he lookt, the more he might,
Beauty bred his hearts delight,
And to this Damſell (flower,
then he went.
God ſpeed (quoth he) thou famous
Faire Pilgris of this homely Bower,
Where love and vertue
dwels with ſweet content.
With comely geſture,
And modeſt mild behaviour
ſhe bade him welcome then,
She entertain'd him
In faithfull friendly manner,
and all his Gentlemen.
The Noble Marqueſſe
In's heart felt ſuch a flame,
which ſet his ſenſes at ſtrife,
Quoth he, faire Maiden,
Shew me ſome what is thy name,
I meane to make thee my wife.
Griſſell is my name quoth ſhe,
Farre unfit for your degree,
ſilly Maiden,
and of Parents poore.
Nay, Griſſell, thou art rich, he ſaid,
A vertuous, faire, and comely Maid,
Grant me thy love,
and I will aske no more.

At length ſhe conſented,
And being both contented,
they married were with ſpeed:
Her Countrey Ruſſet
Was chang'd to Silke and Velvet,
as to her ſtate agreed:
And when that ſhe
Was trimly tired in the ſame,
her beauty ſhined bright,
Farre ſtaining every
Other faire and Princely Dame
that did appeare in her ſight.
Many envied her therefore,
Becauſe ſhe was of Parents poore,
And t'wirt her Lord and the
great ſtrife did raiſe:
Some ſaid this, and ſome ſaid that,
And ſome did call her Beggers brat,
And to her Lord
they would her oft diſpraiſe.
O Noble Marqueſſe,
Quoth they, why doſt thou wrong us,
thus baſely for to wed,
That might have gotten
An honorable Lady
into your Princely bed?
Who will not now
Your Noble Iſſue ſtill deride,
which ſhall hereafter be borne,
That are of bloud ſo baſe,
Borne by the Mothers ſide,
the which will bring them in ſcorne.
Put her therefore quite away,
And take to you a Lady gay,
Whereby your Linage
may renowned be.
Thus every day they ſeem'd to prate,
That malic'd Griſſells good eſtate,
Who all this while
tooke it moſt patiently.

When that the Marqueſſe
Did ſee that they were bent thus
againſt his faithfull Wife,
Whom he moſt dearely,
Tenderly, and intirely,
beloved as his life,
Minding in ſecret
For to prove her patient heart
thereby her foes to diſgrace,
Thinking to ſhew her
A hard diſcourteous part,
that men might pitty her caſe:
Great with child this Lady was,
And at laſt it came to paſſe,
Two goodly children
at one birth ſhe had,
A Son and Daughter God had ſent,
Which did their Father well content,
And which did make
their Mothers heart full glad,
Great royall Feaſting
Was at theſe Childrens Chriſtning,
and Princely triumph made,
Five weekes together,
All Nobles that came thither
were entertain'd and ſtaid,
And when all theſe pleaſant
Sportings quite were done,
the Marqueſſe a Meſſenger ſent
For his young Daughter,
And his pretty ſmiling Son,
declaring his full intent,
How that the Babes muſt murdred be,
For ſo the Marqueſſe did decree:
Come, let me have
the Children, then he ſaid.
With that faire Griſſel wept full ſore,
She wrung her hands & ſaid no more,
My gracious Lord
muſt have his will obeyd.

45. b. 28. 292.

The second part To the same tune.



She tooke the Babies,
Euen from the nursing Ladies,
betweene her tender armes,
She often wishes
With many sorrowfull kisses,
that she might ease their harmes:
Farewell, farewell
A thousand times my children deare,
neuer shall I see you againe;
'Tis long of me
Your sad and wofull mother here,
for whose sake both must be slaine;
Had I beene borne of Royall race,
You might haue beene in happy case,
But you must dye
for my vnworthinesse.
Come messenger of death (quoth she)
Take my dearest Babes to thee,
And to their Father
my complaints expresse.
He tooke the Children,
And to his Noble Master
he brought them both with speed,
Who in secret sent them
Vnto a Noble Lady
to be brought vp indeed.
Then to faire Griſſell
With a heauy heart he goes
where she sate mildly all alone,
A pleasant gesture,
And a louely looke she shewes,
as if no griefe she had knowne.
(Qd. he) my children now are slaine,
What thinks faire Griſſell of the same,
Sweet Griſſell now
declare thy mind to me.
Sith you, my Lord are pleas'd with it,
Poore Griſſell thinks the action fit,
Both I and mine
at your command will be.

My Nobles murmur,
Faire Griſſell at thy honour,
and I no ioy can haue
Till thou be banisht
Both from my Court and presence,
as they vniustly craue;
Thou must be stript
Out of thy stately garments all,
and as thou cam'st to me
In homely gray
In stead of Wisse and purest Pall,
now all thy clothing must be.
My Lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy Lord, which grieues me sore,
The poorest life
must now content thy mind.
A great to thee I must not giue,
Thee to maintaine while I doe liue,
Against my Griſſell
such great foes I find.
When gentle Griſſell
Did heare these wofull tidings,
the teares stood in her eyes,
Nothing she answered,
No words of discontentment
did from her lips arise;
Her Velvet Gowne
Most patiently she slipped off,
her Kirtle of Silke with the same,
Her Russet Gowne (scoffe
Was brought againe with many a
to beare them her selfe she did frame,
When she was drest in this array,
And was ready to part away,
God send long life
vnto my Lord (quoth she)
Let no offence be found in this,
To giue my Lord a parting kisse,
With watry eyes,
farewell my deare, he said.

From Princely Palace,
Vnto her Fathers Cottage,
poore Griſſell now is gone:
Full fifteene Winters
She liued there contented,
no wrong she thought vpon:
And at that time through
All the Land the speeches went,
the Marquesse should married be,
Vnto a Noble Lady great,
Of high discent,
and to the same all parties did agree
The Marquesse sent for Griſſell faire
The Brides bed-chamber to prepare
That nothing therein
might be found awry; (com
The Bride was with her Brother
Which was great ioy to all and som
But Griſſell tooke
all this most patiently.
And in the morning,
When as they should be wedded,
her patience then was tride;
Griſſell was charged,
Her selfe in friendly manner,
for to attire the Bride,
Most willingly
She gaue consent to doe the same,
the Bride in her bravery was dres
And presently
The Noble Marquesse thither came
with all his Lords at his request,
O Griſſell, I would aske of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree,
He thinks thy lookes
are wared wondrous coy.
With that they all began to smile;
And Griſſell she replide the while,
God send Lord Marquesse
many yeares of ioy.
The Marquesse was moued
To see his best beloued
thus patient in distresse,
He stept vnto her,
And by the hand he tooke her,
these words he did expresse,
Thou art my Bride,
And all the Brides I meane to haue,
these two thine owne children be.
The youthfull Lady
Do her knees did blessing crane,
her brother as well as she.
And you that enuied her estate,
Whom I haue made my loving Mai
Now blush for shame,
and honour vertuous life.
The Chronicles of lasting fame
Shall euermore extoll the name
Of Patient Griſſell
my most constant Wife.

London Printed for *Iohn Wright*.

FINIS.

A poſie of rare Flowers,

Gathered by a Young-man for his Miſtreſſe.

To a delectable new tune.





THe Summers Sunne ore-heating,
Within an harbour ſitting,
vnder a marble ſhade,
For my true Loue the faireſt,
And of flowers the rareſt,
a Poſie thus I made.

The firſt and laſt for truſting,
Is called euerlaſting,
I pulled from the Bay,
The blue and crimſon Columbine,
The Daſſe and the Woodbine,
and eke the blooming May.

The ſweeteſt flowers for poſies,
Pinkes, Giliflowers and Roſes,
I gathered in their prime:
The flowers of Muſk-millions,
Come blow me downe ſweet-williams,
with Roſemary and Time.

The Larks-heele and the Lilly,
The Flag and Daffadilly,
the Wall-flower ſweet of ſmell:
The Maidenblush and Cowſlip,
The Peagle and the Tulip,
that doth ſo ſweet excell.

The Violet and Cyclamine,
The odoriferous Eglantine,
with Thrift and Honeſty,
The Muſkeroſe ſweet and dainty,
With other flowers plenty,
Orlops and Piony.

The Giliflowers variety,
Of euery colour ſeuerally,
the Lady ſmock and Pancy,
The Batchelors button faire and fine,
The Primeroſe and the Sops-in-wine,
with them the Maidens fancy.

The time-obſerning Marigold,
Moſt faire and louely to behold,
I pluckt among the reſt,
The white and red Carnation,
The ſenſes recreation,
with other flowers the beſt.

The flowers fit for ſmelling,
Whoſe ſweet is far excelling
all the perfumes of art,
I pulled vp each ſeuerall,
And made a Poſie there withall,
to beare to my Sweet-heart.

Lo. L. Lo. 273.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





SWéet Baſill and ſwéet Margerum,
The Cowſlip of Jeruſalem,
the Crow-foot and Sea-flower,
The Start-vp and kiſſe me,
A flower that ſhall not miſſe me,
in my true Louers bower.

The Lady of Eſſex faire,
A flower paſſing ſwéet and rare,
I in the middeſt did place,
Becauſe my Loue is faireſt,
And of all maids the rareſt,
in body and in face.

Theſe flowers being culled,
And their branches pulled,
did yéeld a fragrant ſcent:
Obſerning their fit places,
I bound them in bride-laces,
and to my Loue I went:

In hope ſhe would receiue them,
To th'end that I might giue them,
as pledges of my loue,
To her whoſe radiant beauty,
Did bind me to this duty,
hoping ſhée'l ne'r remoue.

Her permanent affection,
To me, who by election
am hers while life doth laſt,
Theſe flowers did reſemble
My thoughts which nere diſſemble,
but hold both ſmell and taſte.

When I had made this Noſe-gay,
With ioyful heart I tooke my way,
to find out my true Loue:
Who for my abſence mourned,
Vntill that I returned,
as doth the Turtle Doue.

At laſt I found her ſporting,
With other Maids conſorting,
cloſe by a Riuer ſide:
My Poſie not refuſed,
When ſhe the ſame peruſed,
vpon her arme ſhe tide.

(Quoth ſhe) although theſe flowers,
Will wither in few houres,
yet take my word, Sweét heart,
My loue to thée ſhall nere decay,
Til death doth take my life away,
from thée I'le nere depart.

The like to her I vowed,
And whilſt the time allowed,
about ſuch things we talked,
At length becauſe it waxed late,
We for that time did leaue our prate,
and from each other walked.

When with a mild behauiour,
She thanks me for my ſauour,
and woze it for my ſake,
With enterchanging kiſſes,
The reſt remaines in wiſhes,
vnwilling leaue we take.

Printed at London for H. G.

The politick Maid.

OR,

A dainty new ditty,
both pleaſant and witty:
VVherein you may ſee,
the maides policie.

To a pleaſant new tune.





There was a Knight was thine drunke,
as he rode on the way,
And there he ſpide a bonny Laſſe,
among the Cocks of Hay:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

This gallant Knight vnto the Laſſe,
did preſent take his way,
But it ſeem'd he had a ſhame face,
he did not Court and play:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

When he came to this bonny Laſſe,
he found ſhe was not coy,
His courteſie ſhe did imbrace,
and did not ſay him nay:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale
with hey tro nonney nonney.

If we ſhould ſit vs downe here,
vpon the graſſe ſo greene,
Heres neither that nor coueting,
to kéepe our cloathes cleane:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

And if we ſhould ſit downe quoth he,
among the Cockes of hay,
Then would come forth the Kings Pinder,
and take our ſtéedes away:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

I haue rings on my fingers,
made of the pureſt gold,
That will releaſe our ſtéedes againe
out of the Kings pinfold:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Vp and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





SIr Knight if you will goe with me,
into my Fathers Bowers,
There may you ſit and talke with me,
this three or foure houres:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

When ſhe came to her Fathers Bowers,
they were mated round about,
Then ſhe ſlipt in at a wicket,
and left Sir Knight without:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

Now I am here a maide within,
and you Sir Knight without,
You may lay ſtraw vnder your feete
to keepe you from the gout:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

Henceforth when you doe meet a maide
a mile out of the towne,
Sir Knight you muſt not be affraid,
of ſoyling of her gowne:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

And if you chance to meet a maid,
amongſt the Cockes of hay,
Sir Knight you muſt not be affraid,
with her to Court, and ſay
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

It is a proverb many ſay,
and truth it is in tryall,
He that will not when he may,
ſhall after haue denyall:
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

And thus Sir Knight now fare you well,
to you I bid adieu,
Now you hereafter wards may tell
how I haue ſerued you.
Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
blow merry merry merry,
Up and downe in yonder dale,
with hey tro nonney nonney.

FINIS. R.C.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſ-ſhoo in Smithfield.

268

The Praiſe of a pretty Laſſe:

OR,

The Young mans diſsimulation:
Elſe hee would not diſgrace
A Maiden in ſuch faſhion,

To the tune of, *Bank's Game.*





YOung men and Maidens, to you Ile declare,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
Yet to the Goddeſſe will I her compare,
And yet ſhe is pretty indifferent faire;
With ô my Love ô, there is none doth know
how I doe love thee.

She is not blacke, nor yet is ſhe browne,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
But to her Portion, ſhe hath thirty pound,
Beſides all this, ſhe hath an old blacke Gowne:
O my love ô, there's none &c.

She is not great, nor yet very ſmall,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
She's a yard and a halfe in the waiſte, that is all,
Her fatty will preſerue her hard bones from a fall:
O my Love ô, &c.

Her Haire is as blacke as is any Crow,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
Her good conditions there's no man doth know,
For ſhe never came where as any did grow:
O my Love ô, &c.

She hath a Noſe in the middſt of her face,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
And that ſtandeth bravely vnto her owne grace,
I dare ſay a better ne're ſtood in that place:
O my Love ô, there is none doth know
how I doe love thee.

Her Chéekes are fat, and faire for to ſee,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
They with her Eyes wondrous well doe agrée,
She is a braue bonny Laſſe lonely and frée:
O my Love ô, there's none doth know
how I doe love thee.

She hath ſoft Lips, and ſound ones they are,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
You may kiſſe your fill, and needs not to ſpare,
For there is no danger of wearing thém bare:
O my Love ô, &c.

She hath a Chin, and a chopping one,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
She might ſpare half on't for her that hath none;
But now her long Chin, I will let that alone:
O my Love ô, there's none &c.

Her Necke doth ſhine like a Chimney ſtocke,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
When ſhe her Caſket of Pleaſures vnlocke,
I am caught as the Miller did catch his Mare
O my Love ô, &c (Brock:

Her downy Breaſts are ſwingers indéed,
I loue my Loue, and ſhe loueth me:
She may carry them on her ſhoulders for need,
O ſhe's a braue Laſſe, we want more of her breed;
With ô my Love ô, there is none doth know
how I doe loue thee.

The second Part, 218. To the same tune.





HEr shoulders I think, they are a whole yard square,
I love my Love, and she loveth me:
Shee'l beare out her labour with a good will not to fear,
Give me such a Lasse that is able to beare.
O my love O, there is none doth know
How I doe Love thee.

Her waste she hath goodly strong Armes,
I love my Love, and shee loveth me:
They are able to defend her body from harms,
To set forth her praise it me much concernes,
O my love O, there is none &c.

Her hand like a shoulder of Mutton appeares,
I love my Love, and shee loveth me:
But I would not have her fist about mine ears,
Therefore my Love there is no Lasse that
O my love O, there is none &c. (dares,

She hath strong pett legs her body to beare,
I love my Love, and shee loveth me: (feare
She need no dread no falling, that she doth not
But if that you know her, shee'l show you a
O my love O, there is none &c. (Beare

Her fine dainty Foot is of the fourteens,
I love my Love, and she loveth me:
And I can tell you that completely it seemes,
I must speak her praise cause love is
O my love O, there is none &c. (between's,

If I should marry with one that were proud,
I love my Love, and she loveth me:
Shee would desire more then can well be allowd,
From such haughty creatures my selfe I will
O my love O, there is none &c. (withdraw,

And if I should marry with one that is faire,
I love my Love, and shee loveth me:
Perhaps Cozning might fall to my share,
And so she might worke me unto much dispare,
O my love O, there is none doth know
how I doe love thee.

And if I should chance to wed one that is small,
I love my Love, and shee loveth me:
Then shee is not able to doe ought at all,
And yet shee'l be apt to scold and to brall,
O my love O, there is none &c.

If I should chance for to marry a scold,
I love my Love, and shee loveth me:
Then I must alwayes by her be controld,
And then my libertie would be quite lost,
O my love O, there is none &c.

Well, I my choise of the first meane to keepe,
I love my Love, and shee loveth me:
For shee will be quiet when she is asleepe,
And our affections are setled deepe:
O my love O, there is none &c.

Thus to conclude, you that beare my Song,
I love my Love, and she loveth me:
When I am wedded Ile praise my wives long,
But then it never shall doe me once wrong.
With O my Love O there is none doth know
How I doe love thee.

Printed at London by *M. P.* for *F. Grove*, neere the Sarazens Head without New-gate.

239

A pretty new Ditty:

OR,

A young Lasses Resolution, As her mind I truly scan,
Who shews in conclusiion, She loves a handsome young man.

To the tune of *I know what I know.*





YOung Maids and young Men
I pray you giue eare,
And with hand and pen
Ile plainly declare,
Of a Maids resolution
which to loue is won,
And in the conclusion,
She'll have a handsome young man.

Quoth thee, I am young,
and now in my prime,
Though some stay too long,
yet Ile lose no time:
I will haue some pleasure
as soone as I can,
What care I for treasure.
Ile haue a handsome young man.

Some Maidens are coy,
and strange in their carriage,
And scorne to enioy
a neat young man in marriage:
Some wed for money,
and some wed for Land;
But Ile chuse a honey,
Shall be a handsome young man.

I haue knowne some Maids
that haue denied men,
And afterwards glad
to obtaine them agen:
They will not, and will,
thus will they withstand:
But Ile vse my skill
To haue a handsome young man.

Some happily will
coniecture of mee,
That I desire still
to liue wantonly:
No, I am a Lasse sure,
that liue vnwedded can,
And much will endure
For a handsome young man.

I would haue you know,
that I am not so base,
Nor shall eur sex so
by mee haue disgrace.
No, I haue some treasure
beside house and Land.
Therefore ile haue pleasure
With a handsome young man.

The man that ile chuse
Shall be of good size,
Yet ile none refuse
if that he be wise:
With handsome complexion,
neat foot, leg, and hand:
This is my affection
To haue such a man.

If I wed a fole
with great store of treasure,
Then hee'l pine and whule,
and debar me of pleasure:
Hee'l tell mee of fine Gownes,
Kertles, Paske and Fan;
For a thousand pounds
Ile not wed such a man.

45. 6. 20. 276.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





AND further than that,
If I wed with a clowne,
Hee'l anſwer me what,
and with anger hee'l frowne:
Then muſt I beware,
perchance with his hand
Hee'l ſtrike me o'th eare:
But ile haue no ſuch man.

And many there are,
that are ſomewhat iealous,
But ile haue a care,
and match no ſuch fellowes;
Their wiues néere to men
muſt not ſit nor ſtand,
But their heads abe then,
oh hang up ſuch a man.

Loe thus I haue ſhowne
the conditions of ſome;
But none can be knowne
till to tryall they come:
And I am inclined
as ſoone as I can,
For to be ioyned
With a handſome young man.

Some Maidens doe chuſe
for to haue Tradeſmen.
And ſome will refuſe
them as much agen.
But for my owne part,
as at firſt I began,
I loue with my heart
a handſome young man.

Let him be a Taylor,
or a neat Shoo-maker,
A Weauer or Glouer,
a Pewter or Baker:
Be he neat or comely,
my loue is ſoone won,
For my mind is onely
Of a handſome young man.

If that he be gallant,
or meane in apparell;
If his looks be valiant,
to maintaine his quarrell,
Then ſhall he be welcome
vnto prétty Nan,
For I am delightſome
To a handſome young man.

I paſſe not what name
hee is called by,
If that I can frame
to loue him truly,
Either Dicke or Robin,
Humphrey, Will, or Iohn,
Any one me ſhall win
That's a handſome young man.

And thus I conclude,
and here end my Song,
Let none thinke me rude,
nor large of my tongue:
For I am intended
as firſt I began,
Then let me be friended
With a handſome young man.

Printed at London for *Henry Goſſon*. FINIS.

A Penny-worth of good Counſell.

To Widdowes, and to Maides,
this *Counſell* I ſend free;
And let them looke before they leape,
or, that they married bee.
To the tune of *Dulcima*.





OF late it was my chance to walke
for recreation in the Spring,
Where as the fethered Quiriſters,
melodiouſly alond did ſing;
and at that tide,
I there eſpide,
A woman faire, her hands ſate wringing;
ſhee wept apace,
and cry'd, alas;
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

Quoth ſhe, when as I was a Mayden,
I had ſtore of Suters brave,
And I moſt coyly did reject them,
to take the man that now I have;
but woe is me,
that ere I ſee
The face of him, makes me thus ſinging,
moſt heavily
I ſing, and cry,
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

His flattering tongue it did bewitch me,
faire promiſes to me he gave,
And ſaid I ſhould have all things plenty,
but no ſuch thing I'm ſure I have:
his purſe is light,
nothing is right,
Although a portion I did bring him;
aye me poore ſoule,
thus to condole,
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

Hee's not the man I tooke him for,
alas, who would be ſo much tyde?
I tell you friends now ſeriouſly,
my Husband he doth nought but chide:
his lookes are ſowre,
and he doth lowre;
For Nature no good parts hath gi'n him:
For which I grieve,
You may believe,
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

When as he was a Batcheler,
then who but he amongſt the Maids?
He went moſt neat in his apparell;
but now I finde his glory fades:
ſo ſpruce he went,
would give content,
To any Maiden that could win him,
hee'd dance, and ſing,
wreſtle and ring;
But now he hath no fore-caſt in him.

Some Men unto their Wives are loving,
and all content to them doe give;
But mine is lumpiſh ſad and heavy,
which is the cauſe wherefore I grieve:
if I prove kind,
ſome fault hee'l finde, (him;
And ſayes he knowes where his ſhoe wrings
in darke, or light,
by day or night,
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

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The ſecond Part, To the ſame tune.



HE kéepes me ſhort of every thing,
no money he will giue or lend;
'Tis fitting ſometimes that a woman
ſhould with a friend ſome money ſpend:
I muſt ſit héere,
with heauy chéere,
Although that I did ſomething bring him;
which makes me thus
to cry, alas,
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

He doth not uſe me like a Woman,
and doth not care what clothes I haue.
When other mens wiues weare each faſhion,
and are maintained rich and braue:
thus to the wall,
I may condole,
Although that this ſame ſong I ſing him:
ſome counſell giue,
me to relieue;
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

Eringo-roots I doe prouide him,
which Cawdles made of Muſcadine,
Yea, Marrow-bones and Oyſter-pyes,
which all are diſhes good and fine:
and Lobſters great,
for him to eat,
And yolks of Eggs; theſe haue I giu'n him:
doe what I can,
yet this ſame man
By no meanes will haue fore-caſt in him.

He will not haue me goe abroad,
yet ſeldome is himſelfe at home;
He ſaith that I muſt be a Houſe-dooe,
I muſt not flye abroad and rome:
when other Wiues,
doe lead braue liues,
They'l goe to Playes, heare Fidlers ſinging,
and ſpend their Coyne,
at Ale or Wine;
My Husband hath no fore-caſt in him.

Thus like the Turtle I ſit mourning,
becauſe I haue an unkind Mate;
And fickle Fortune on me frowneth,
it is my deſtiny and fate:
I hope hee'l mend,
and be more kinde,
With ſweet embraces I will cling him;
Ile ſpeake him faire
to haue more care;
That he may haue more fore-caſt in him.

But if I ſée hee will not mend,
come tell me Widdow, Maid or Wife;
What ſhall I doe in this ſame woe?
for I am weary of this life:
my tongue Ile tune,
It ſhall chime noone,
And in his eares a peale Ile ring him;
I am put too't
and I will doo't,
Becauſe he hath no fore-caſt in him.

FINIS. *M. P.*

A peereleſſe Paragon,

OR,

Few ſo chaſt, ſo beautious or ſo faire,
for with my love I think none can compare.

To the tune of *the mother beguild the daughter.*



IN times of yore, ſure men did doate,
and beauty neuer knew:
Elſe women were not of that note,
as daily come to view.
For read of all the faces then
that did moſt bright ly ſhine,
We iudg'd by all true iudging men,
they were not like to mine.

King Priam loued Hecuba,
and thought her wondrous faire,
But had he ſeene mine, I dare ſay
there had beene no compare.
Stout Hector held Andromicha
a ſtately beautious Queene,
But ſhes no Troylus Creſſida,
yet faire as ere was ſeene:

Nay all the faces Jupiter
did like and phanſie moſt,
Are to her ſubſtance ſhadowes meere
of whom I make my boaſt:
Surely you wonder what ſhe is,
whoſe beauty I proclaime,
Ile tell you truely, and not miſſe
though ſhe be without name.

My loue ſhee is the Non-pareil
of all that ere was ſeene,
And had not Venus come i'th way
ſhee had been beauties Queene:
Her comely feature, louely lokes,
I will deſcribe at large,
God Cupid puts her in his bokes,
and of this Jem takes charge.

The Grecian Helen was a Worſe,
compar'd with my deare Saint,
The faire fac'd Tyren's beauty poore,
and yet ſhee does not paynt,
Andromeda whom Perſeus lou'd,
was blacker then the night,
Her lineaments ſo well approu'd
in praiſe of them ile write.

Queene Veſta for her chaſtitie
with her may not compare,
Nor Lucrece for her honeſtie,
ſhee's like the Phenix rare:
A Sommers day I could commend
her parts were't nere ſo long,
But yet her parts ſo farre extend,
I feare to doe her wrong.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





BUt yet my tongue cannot refraine
to ſet her prailes forth;
Then liſt, and ile deſcribe her plaine
and ſhow you her true worth:
Her haire not like the golden wire
but black as any Crow;
Her beetle browes, all men admire,
her forehead wondrous low.

Her ſquinting, ſtaring, goggle eyes
more children doe affright.
Her noſe is of the Sarazens ſize.
oh ſhe's a matchleſſe wight.
Her eares ſo hound like, that they fall
vpon her ſhoulder bone,
I know not truly how to call
her, ſhe's ſuch a worthy one.

Her ouen mouth, wide open ſtands,
her teeth like rotten peaſe;
Her blabber lips my heart commands.
her neck all bit with fleas:
Her tawnie duggs like two great hills,
hang Sow-like to her waſt.
Her bodie's round as a wind mill,
and yet I hold her chaſt.

Her belly tun-like to behold,
no more ſhall be erpreſt,
But if the truth were plainely told,
I'm ſure they are the beſt:
Her brawnie blind cheeks plump and round
as any Horſe of war,
Her ſpeckled thighs they are not ſound
her knees like hoggs heads are.

Her leggs are like the Elephants,
the calfe and ſmall all one,
Her ancles they together meet,
and ſtill knock bone to bone;
Her pretty feet not 'boue th'eighteenes
ſo ſplaid as neuer was,
An excellent vſher for a man
that walks the dewy graſſe.

Her ſhoulders are ſo Camel-like,
ſhe'd make an excellent Porter,
I vow I neuer knew her like.
if any man conſort her.
No ſhoulder of mutton like her hand
for thicknes, breadth, and fat,
With a ſcurvy mange vpon her wriſt,
oh Ioue how I loue that.

Thus haue you heard my Loue ſet forth
and yet no flatterie vſ'd,
Your iudgement, is ſhe not of worth,
let her not be abuſ'd.
If any to her haue a mind,
hee wrongs me many waies;
For as ſhees beautious, ſo ſhes kind;
and here conclude my praiſe.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert.

A pleaſant nevv Ballad

of two Louers.

To a pleaſant new Tune.





COmplaine my Lute complaine on him
that ſtayes ſo long away,
He promis'd to be here ere this,
but ſtill vnkind doth ſtay.
But now the Prouerbe true I finde,
once out of ſight, then out of minde:
Hey hoe my heart is full of woe.

Peace Iyer peace, it is not ſo,
he will by and by be here:
But euery one that is in Loue,
thinkes euery houre a yeere.
Harke, harke, me thinks I heare one knocke
run quickly then and turne the locke,
Then farr well all my care and woe.

Come gallant now, come loyterer,
for I muſt chide with thee:
But yet I will forgiue thee once,
come ſit thee downe by mee,
Faire Lady reſt your ſelfe content,
I will indure your punithment,
And then we ſhall be friends againe.

For euery houre that I haue ſtayd,
ſo long from thee away,
A thouſand kiſſes will I giue,
receiue them ready pay,
And if we chance to count amiſſe
againe we'le reckon them euery kiſſe,
For he is bleſt that's punisht ſo.

And if thoſe thoſe thouſand kiſſes then,
we chance to count arighe
We ſhall not need to count againe
till we in bed doe lighe:
And then be ſure that then ſhalt haue,
thy reckoning iuſt as thou ſhalt craue.
So ſhall we ſtill agree as one.

And thus they ſpent the ſilent night,
in ſweet delightfull ſport,
Till Phœbus with his beames ſo bright,
from out the fiery port
Did bluſh to ſee the ſweet content,
in ſable night ſo vainely ſpent,
Betwixt theſe Louers two.

And then this Gallant did perſwade,
that he might now be gone:
Sweet-heart, quoth he, I am afraid,
that I haue ſtayd too long.
And wilt thou then be gone, quoth ſhe,
and will no longer ſtay with me:
Then welcome all my care and woe.

And then ſhe tooke her lute in hand,
and thus began to play,
Her heart was faint ſhe could not ſtand,
but on her bed ſhee lay,
And art thou gone my loue, quoth ſhe,
complaine my Lute, complaine with me
Untill that he doth come againe.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcock. FINIS.

The Louers complaint

for the losse of his Loue.

To a pleasant new tune.



I Wander vp and downe,
and no body cares for me,
Though I am but poore and browne,
yet constant will I be:
My dearest loue farewell,
a thousand times adew,
Seeing thou hast forsaken me,
and changed me for a new:

I neuer gaue thee cause,
why thou shouldst me forsake,
Nor neuer brake the faithfull vow
that you and I did make:
Farwell my dearest loue,
I tooke thee at thy word,
Hard hap had I to beate the bush,
and another to catch the bird.

I will goe range abroad,
Ile find some other thing:
If I had knowne you would haue flowne,
I would haue clipt your wing:
Would you haue clipt my wing,
she answered me againe,
You might haue done it in the wood,
you know the time and when.

Farewell my dearest loue,
to thee I made my suit,
Hard hap had I to graft the tree,
another to reape the fruite,
I alwaies waile in woe,
I trauile still in paine,
I see my true loue where thee goes,
I hope shee'l come againe.

I heard a pretty tune,
concerning to a song:
A louer mourning for his loue,
and said she did him wrong:
He had her in the wood,
he might haue wrought his will,
Pittie it was to doe him good
that had no better skill.

In woods or desert place,
had I ere my loue so,
I thinke I would haue plaid with her,
before I had let her goe:
Had she bin light of loue,
I should haue soone espied:
I trow I would a clipt her wing,
and caus'd her to abide.

Should I let scape the Bird,
that I had kast on sute?
Then let her laugh and scoffe at me,
and vse me as she list.
He still doth beate the bush,
although the bird be lost:
And being slothfull in his suit,
thus fortune hath him crost.

If with my loue in woods,
so happy were I sped,
I should suppose my hap were hard,
to misse her maiden head,
Good friend be rul'd by me,
that made this mortall song,
If thou wander vp and downe,
thy selfe hath done thee wrong.

Thou alwaies waillst in woe,
thou trauaillest still in paine:
Looke ponder where my true loue goes,
she will neuer come againe:
Therefore be rulde by me,
and let thy louer passe:
If thou looke well thy chance may be,
to find another lasse.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

52.

The paire of Northerne Turtles:

Whose love was firme till cruell Death, Depriv'd them both of life and breath.

To a new Northerne Tune, or, *A health to Betty.*





Farewell, farewell, my dearest deare,
all happinesse wait on thee,
For now alas my Turtle Dove,
I am departing from thée,
Nothing but death could change our love
but now he that will sever,
And separate those Turtle Doves,
which long lay lulling together.

Oft times with kind imbraces sweet,
thy armes have me inclosed,
With kisses lulling me asleepe,
like Lovers kind disposed,
Whose firm affections nought but death,
at any time could sever,
But now he'l part those Turtle Doves,
which long lay lulling together.

O could I stay but now with thée,
Thou shouldst as constant prove me,
As Thysbe tō her Pyramus,
so dearely doe I love thée,
As not the love of any man,
our loves at all should sever,
Farewell my Love, we now no more,
shall nere lye lulling together.

Could teares expresse my griefe of heart
which now I have conceiv'd,
Whole rivers frō mine eies should flow,
to tell thee how I'm grieved,
That now I needs must part from thée,
since death our loves doe sever,
And that alas we canot now,
no more lye lulling together.

But yet assure thy selfe my Dove,
my Turtle and my dearest,
Above all other men in the world,
thy love to me was nearest,
No fancy towards another Mate,
our loves at all could sever
So kindly did we alwayes greet,
while we lay lulling together.

Which makes me sigh and weepe mourn
to leave my onely Sweeting,
But yet I hope in joy and blisse,
we shall have better meeting;
Though in this world most cruell death,
our loves and joyes doe sever,
Yet we in better joyes I hope,
in heaven shall live together.

Therefore my Deare be not thou sad,
nor too much discontented,
O let not my departure hence,
of thée be now lamented,
Lest killing griefe perplex thy mind;
For though our bodies sever,
We shall in the Elizian fields,
in joy and blisse meet together.

So once more I bid thée adieu,
now take thy latest kisses,
For now pale death hath wounded me,
farewell all earthly blisses,
Farewell my dearest Turtle Dove,
yet though our bodies sever,
I hope in everlasting blisse,
we shall shortly meet together.

The ſecond part of the Northerne Turtle;

Wayling his unhappy fate,
In being deprived of his ſweet Mate.

To the ſame Tune.





AS I was walking all alone,
I heard a man lamenting,
Under a hollow bush he lay,
full ſor he did repent him:
Alas, quoth he, my Love is gone,
which cauſeth me to wander,
Yet merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

God Lord ſo ſoundly could I ſléepe,
if that I lay lulling beyond her,
All the night, till day were light,
and the Sun did ſhine upon her,
Yet early by day I would ſteale away,
to kéepe my Love from ſlander,
Yet merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

My Love and I will gallantly,
ſo many yéeres together,
Her love was ſo inclined to me,
that now I'm loth to leaue her:
But now this wicked world is ſuch,
that cauſeth me to wander,
Yet will I never woman touch,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

Like to the Turtle I will mourne,
in abſence of my marrow,
With bitter teares I cry and mourne,
my ioy is all but ſorrow;
My comfort is to me much care,
whil'ſt floods and woods I wander,
Nay, merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

O Gods that make the Fowles that fly,
to love their Mates ſo dearely,
Yet for her ſake they doe refuſe,
to ſing or chirp once chéerely;
What comfort can the world afford,
what ioyes then can I render?
Nay merry will I never be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

A prétty Dame was once my Love,
till death made ſeparation,
And ſhe to me did conſtant prove,
without diſſimulation;
Yet for her ſake ſtill will I wéepe,
while I on earth doe wander,
Nay ſoundly will I never ſléepe,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

Though cruell death hath cut the breath
of this my comely creature,
To méet againe we have true faith,
our change is but a ſeature,
Death may indéed in bondage kéepe,
yet not our love can hinder,
Then ſoundly, ſoundly ſhall I ſléepe,
when as I lye lulling beyond her.

My deareſt Deare I come to thée,
when't pleaſeth death to ſend me,
The grave I count my deareſt home,
oh quickly then befriend me,
She prov'd a Hero true to me,
and I will be Leander,
I never ſhall in quiet be,
till I lye lulling beyond her.

Printed at London for *F. Coules*, dwelling in the Old-Baily. FINIS.

A Paire of Turtle Doves, Or,

A dainty new Scotch Dialogue between a Yong-man and his Miſtreſſe, both correſpondent in affection, &c.

To a pretty pleaſant tune, called the abſence of my Miſtreſſe, or I live not where I love.





Yong-man.

MUſt the abſence of my Miſtreſſe
gar me be thus diſcontent,
As thus to leaue me in diſtreſſe,
and with langour to lament:
Nothing earthly ſhall diuorce me
from my deereſt, but diſdaine,
Nor no fortune ſhall enforce me,
from my faireſt to refraine.
O my deereſt,
My heart neereſt:
When ſhall I ſo happy bee
To embrace thee,
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maiſt part from me.

Maide.

Since my abſence doth ſo greeue thée,
it doth wonnd me to the heart:
If my preſence could releeue thée,
I would play a loyall part:
But I prethée be contented,
ſith the Fates will haue it ſo,
Though our meeting be preuented,
thou my conſtancy ſhalt know.
O my ſweeteſt,
The compleateſt
Man alive in my conceite,
Lady Fortune
Ile importune,
Soone to make our loyes compleate.

Yong-man.

Since thy abſence doth conjure me
with perplexity and paine,
What would thy preſence then allure me,
for to ſée thée once againe:
As thy abſence ſends ſuch ſadneſſe
that it ſcarcely can be told:
So thy preſence yéeldeth gladneſſe,
to all eyes that thee behold.
O my deereſt, &c.

Maide.

What reward then ſhall I render,
to him that me doth ſo reſpect,
But my conſtancy to tender,
With like fauour to affect:
And ſince thy loue to me is fernent,
ſo my heart ſhall be to thee,
And as thou prou'ſt my loyall ſeruant,
thy true Miſtreſſe I will be,
O my ſweeteſt,
The compleateſt
Man alive in my conceite,
Lady Fortune
Ile importune,
Soone to make our loyes compleate.

Yong-man.

Then my Loue, my Doue, my faireſt,
ſith I may repoſe ſuch truſt,
In my heart thou only ſhareſt,
none elſe craue a portion muſt:
Thou haſt ſetled thy affection
vpon me and none beſide,
And I of thée haue made election,
thou alone ſhalt be my Bride.
Come my deereſt,
My heart neereſt,
When ſhall I ſo happy bee,
To embrace thee,
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maiſt part from me.

Maide.

My hearts Joy, more ſweet than honey,
or the odoriferous roſe,
I haue laid ſuch hold vpon thée,
as the world can nere vnloſe
The Gordian knot, which though as yet
is not by Hymen tyed faſt,
Yet Heauen knowes my heart is ſet
on thee my choice, while breath doth laſt.
Come my ſweeteſt, &c.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





Young-man.

When Hyperion doth for ever
from the ſkye obſcure his rayes,
When bright Luna (conſtant never)
leanes to ſever nights from dayes:
When the Sea doth ceaſe from running,
when all thus change prepoſterouſly,
Then that firme vow which I once made,
(and not till then) Ile breake with thee.
Come my deereſt,
My heart neereſt,
When ſhall I ſo happy be,
To embrace thee,
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maiſt part from me.

Maide.

When rich mizers throw their mony
in the ſtreetes, and hoord vp ſtones,
When my Fathers Nagge ſo bonny,
leaues good hay to picke dry bones:
And when the dogge conforme to that,
doth change his food for Mates and hay,
Then ſhall my oath be out of date,
or elſe laſt till my dying day.
Come my ſweeteſt,
The compleateſt
Man alive in my conceite,
Lady Fortune,
Ile importune,
Soone to make our joyes compleate.

Young-man.

When the Bucke, the Hare, or Cony
doe purſue the Dogge to death,
When a rocke ſo hard and ſtony,
can diſſolu'd be with mans breath:
When turtles make a ſecond chuſing,
then will I a new Loue take,
Till then all but thee refuſing,
though I might change every weeke.
Come my deereſt, &c.

Maide.

When both toads, with ſnakes and adders,
breed vpon the Iriſh ground,
When men ſcale the Skie with Ladders,
when two Phœnixes are found:
When the Goſe the Fox doth follow,
or ſeeke to hunt him forth his den,
Or ſwine in dirt refuſe to wallow,
Ile not forſake my Ione till then.
Come my ſweeteſt, &c.

Young-man.

Then ſweet Loue ſith both agree thus,
having hearts reciprocall,
Long I hope we ſhall not be thus
barred from the principall
Of all our joy, which is bleſt marriage,
Hymen haſte to knit the knot,
I'th meane time our conſtant carriage,
will i'th world nere be forgot.
Come my deereſt,
My heart neereſt,
When ſhall I ſo happy be,
To embrace thee
And to place thee,
Where thou nere maiſt part from me.

FINIS. Martin Parker.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſ-ſhoe in Smithfield.

59

Pretty Nannie:

OR,

A dainty delicate new Ditty, fit for the Contry, Town, or Citty, which ſhewes how conſtant ſhe did prove unto her hearts delight and onely Love.

To a dainty delicate new tune named, *Northerne Nannie.*





I Haue a Loue ſo faire,
ſo conſtant, ſtrong, and kind,
She is without compare,
whoſe fancies me doth blind.
She is the flower of Maids,
that euer was or can be,
Faire Nymphs lend me your aids
to ſing of my ſweet Nannie:
Her golden hair, her face ſo faire,
her glancing eye hath wounded me,
Her cheeke like ſnow where Roſes growe,
Pretty Nanny,
My Miſtris of true conſtancy
I am thine owne and ſhall be.

If Venus would defend,
and grant to grace my bed,
I would not wrong my friend,
by no inticements led:
No not the faireſt dame,
ſhall win her fauour from me,
For in the mind I am,
Ile honour none but Nannie:
For ſhe may cõmand my heart, my hand
my body too for to ride or goe,
If ſhe but ſay by night or day,
Pretty Nannie,
My Miſtris of true conſtancy,
I am thine owne and ſhall be.

My loue I will not change
for Craſſus gold and treaſure,
Nor will I ſeem to range
from this my ioy and pleaſure:
Though ſome doe count our ſex
to wauer in affection,
Yet doe not thou ſuſpect,
for I doe hate that action:
My loue is ſet, none ſhall me let,
nor me perſwade, be not afraid,
From thee to turne, Ile rather burne
with fire,
Thou plaine ſhalt ſee that I love thee,
And will yeeld to thy deſire.

She is ſo rare and wiſe,
and prudent in her cariage,
That gallants did deuiſe
to win her vnto mariage:
But ſhe denies all thoſe
that doe aſke ſuch a queſtion,
And to me ſhe doth diſcloſe
her conſtant true affection:
She will not lie nor falſifie,
but true doth proue like the turtle-doue
As I doe find to me ſhe's kind,
Pretty Nannie,
My Miſtris of true conſtancy,
I am thine owne and ſhall be.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





HEr fauour and her face,
doe ſet my heart on fire,
When I doe her imbrace,
I haue my hearts deſire,
Her prettie lilping tongue,
doth ioy my heart in ſpeaking,
I thinke no time too long,
while I with her keepe waking:
Her lips ſo ſoft I kiſſe full oft,
yet that I deny immodeſtie,
My mother's come, O I muſt be gone
Pretty Nannie,
My Miſtris of true conſtancy,
I am thine owne and ſhall be.

When I am from her ſight,
my heart is drown'd with ſorrow,
If I doe miſſe one night,
I ſee her the next morrow:
She is my onely deare,
my ioy and my ſweet pleaſure,
She is a iewel rare,
that far ſurpaſſeth treaſure:
Her glittering eyes like ſtarry skies,
her dimpled chin I haue ioyd to ſee
Her neck ſo white like chriſtall bright
Pretty Nannie,
My Miſtris of true conſtancie,
I am thine owne and ſhall be.

For to ſeal this bargaine now
I leaue my heart in pawne,
As by a faithful vow,
that is betwixt vs twaine:
Then doe not thou diſdaine
my Miſtris true for to be,
Grant leaue for loue againe,
my owne ſweet prettie Nannie:
And with a kiſſe befriend me this,
my Loue adieu I pray be true,
My heart with faith for euer ſaith
Pretty Nannie, &c.

Then kindly ſhe replide,
thou haſt thy hearts deſire,
Ile be thy louely Bride,
my loue to thee is intire:
As I haue conſtant beene,
ſo Ile remaine for euer,
As plainely ſhall be ſeene,
from thee I will not ſeuer:
With hand & heart ile take thy part,
in wealth and woe I will doe ſo,
The world ſhal ſee that I loue thee,
Moſt kindly,
Thy Miſtris, &c.

Though all my friends doe frowne,
and ſeeme for to preuent me;
Not for a thouſand pound,
that I will diſcontent thee:
I will not yeeld to loue,
nor fancie any other,
My mind ſhall not remoue,
with father nor with mother,
I will not change nor ſeeme to range;
no, Ile indure for euer ſure,
My heart is thine and thou art mine;
Sweet honey, &c.

What ſaiſt thou my ſweet heart,
will thou conſent vnto me?
Yis thou muſt eaſe my ſmart,
or elſe thou wilt vndoe me:
Mouth ſhe I doe conſent,
to what thou doſt require,
My ſelfe I doe preſent
to pleaſe thy hearts deſire:
My loue on thee ſhal ſetled be,
what thou doſt crave I grant you haue
my life, my bloud, to doe thee good;
My hony,
Then doe not doubt my conſtancy,
I am thine owne and will be.

FINIS. R.C.

Printed at London for *Tho: Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſhoo in Smithfield.

The Praise of Saint *Dauids* day.

Shewing the Reason why the Welshmen honour the Leeke on that day. To the tune of *When this Old Cap was new.*

16





WHo list to reade the deeds
by valiant Welch-men done,
shall find them worthy men of Armes,
as breath is beneath the Sunne:
They are of valiant hearts,
of nature kind and meeke,
An honour on Saint Davids day,
it is to weare a Leeke.

The Welch most ancient is
this our famous land,
Who were the first that conquer'd it,
by force and warlike hand.
From Troy stout Brute did come,
this kingdome for to seeke;
Which was possest by Savage men,
then honoured be the Leeke.

The having won the same,
and put them to the sword:
Of Brute did Britaine first take name,
as Chronicles record.
The Welch true Brittaines are,
whose swords in blood did reeke,
Of Pagan men being heathenish,
then honoured be the Leeke.

And now if you would know,
why they the Leeke doe weare,
In honour of Saint Davids day,
it plainely shall appeare.

Upon Saint Davids day,
and first of March that weeke,
The Welch-men with their foes did ioyne,
then honoured be the Leeke.

And being in the field,
their valour they did try;
Where thousands on both sides being slaine,
within their bloods did lye.
And they not knowing how
their friends from foes to seeke,
Into a Garden they did goe,
where each one pull'd a Leeke:

And wore it in his Hat,
their Countreymen to know;
And then most valiantly they did,
o'recome their warlike foe.
Then were no colours knowne,
nor any feathers eeke;
The feathers first original,
it was the Welch-mans Leeke.

And ever since that time,
the Leeke they use to weare
In honor of Saint Davids day,
they doe that Trophy beare.
A Reuerend Bishop was
Saint David mild and meeke,
And tis an honour that same day,
for them to weare a Leeke.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





For Engliſhmen Saint George,
Saint Andrew for the Scot,
Saint Patericke for Ireland,
Saint David Welſhmens Lot:
In honour of which Saint,
thoſe Countrey men doe ſeeke,
For to remember the ſame day,
in wearing of a Leeke.

Each Countrey hath his Saint,
why ſhould not Welſh-men then
Giue honour to her Country due,
as well as other men,
A Reaſon for the ſame,
are many men to ſeeke,
Then know it is an honour braue,
that day to weare a Leeke.

What Royall Princes haue,
in fruitefull Wales bin borne,
Yea for to weare a Leeke that day,
they tooke it for no ſcorne.
The ſeuenth Henery,
was borne on mountaine Peke,
Which on that day did vſe to weare,
in ſolemne ſort the Leeke.

From him Elizabeth,
did lineally deſcend,
Who did the Goſpell true maintaine,
vntill her life did end,

And thee vpon that day,
with diuers Courtiers meeke
In token of that victory,
did weare the honoured Leeke.

And Royall Kings likewiſe,
from Heneryes loynes did ſpring,
With many noble Princes elſe,
beſides our Royall King,
And Princes more of Wales,
that day were ne're to ſeeke,
For on that day for Dauids ſake,
they alwaies wore a Leeke,

When Princes of the Blood,
did celebrate the ſame,
Whom forraine nations ſo admir'd,
and praiſ'd with lafting fame,
Who had ſuch Lyons hearts,
yet like to lambes were meeke,
That did in honour of that day,
ſtill weare the royall Leeke.

I call it Royall Leeke,
Cauſe Princes ſooth wears,
Let no true hearted Welch-man then,
diſdaine the ſame to beare:
But let them now as they,
true honour alwaies ſeeke,
And ſtill remember Dauids day:
in wearing of a Leeke.

FINIS.

The poore man payes for all.

This is but a dreame which here ſhall inſue:
But the Author wiſhes his words were not true.

To the tune of *In ſlumbring ſleepe I lay.*

220.





AS I lay muſing all alone,
vpon my reſting bed,
Full many a cogitation
did come into my head:
And waking from my ſlepe, I
my dreame to mind did call,
Me thought I ſaw before mine eyes,
how poore men payes for all.

I many obiects did behold,
in this my frightfull Dreame,
A part of them I will vnfold:
and though my preſent Theame
Is but a fancy you may ſay,
yet many things doe fall
Too true alas: for at this day
the poore man payes for all.

Me thought I ſaw (which cauſ'd my care)
what I wiſh were a fable,
That poore men ſtill inforced are
to pay more then they are able:
Me thought I heard them weeping ſay,
their ſubſtance was but ſmall,
For rich men will beare all the ſway,
and poore men pay for all.

Me thought I ſaw how wealthy men
did grind the poore mens faces,
And greedily did prey on them,
not pitying their caſes:
They make them toyle and labour ſore
for wages too too ſmall:
The rich men in the Tauernes rore:
but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I ſaw an Vſurer old,
walke in his Fur-lin'd gowne,
Whoſe wealth and eminence controld
the moſt men in the Towne:
His wealth he by extortion got,
and rose by others fall,
He had what his hands earned not,
but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I ſaw a Courtier proud
goe ſwaggering along,
That vnto any ſcarce allow'd
the office of his tongue:
Me thought, wert not for bribery,
his Peacocks plumes would fall,
He ruffles out in bravery,
but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I met (ſore diſcontent)
ſome poore men on the way,
I aſked one whither he went
ſo faſt and could not ſtay:
Quoth he, I muſt goe take my Leaſe,
or elſe another ſhall:
My Landlords riches doe increaſe,
but poore men pay for all.

The second part. To the same tune.

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Me thought I saw most stately wives,
goe tetting on the way,
That liue delightfull idle liues,
and go in garments gay,
That with the moon their shapes doe change
or else their chide and brawle,
Thus women goe like monsters strange,
and poore men pay for all.

Me thought I was i'th Countrey,
where poore men take great paines,
And labour hard continually,
onely for rich mens gaines,
Like th'Israelites in Egypt,
the poore are kept in thrall:
The task-masters are playing kept.
but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw poore Tradesmen
ith'City and elsewhere,
Whom rich men kepe as beads-men,
in bondage care and feare:
They'l haue them worke for what they list,
thus weakest goe to the wall,
The rich men eate and drinke the best,
but poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw two Lawyers base
one to another say.
We haue had in hand this poore mans Case,
a twelue-month and a day.
And yet wee'l not contented be
to let the matter fall,
Beare thou with me, & Ile beare with thee,
while poore men pay for all.

Me thought I saw a red-nose Dame,
as fat as hee could wallow,
Whose carkas fle, if it should be roast,
would drop seuen stone of tallow,
He growes rich out of measure,
with filling measures small,
He liues in mirth and pleasure,
but poore men pay for all.

And so likewise the Brewer stout,
the Chandler and the Baker,
The Vault-man also without doubt,
and the Tobacco-taker,
Though they be proud and stately growne,
and beare themselues so tall,
Yet to the world it is well knowne,
that poore men pay for all.

Euen as the mighty Fishes still,
doe feed vpon the lesse;
So rich men, might they haue their will,
would on the poore men ceaze:
It is a prouerbe old and true,
that weakest goe toth' wall,
Rich men can drinke till th' sky looke blue,
but poore men pay for all.

But now, as I before did say,
this is but a Dreame indeed,
Though all dreames proue not true, some
hap right as I doe reade. (m
And if that any come to passe,
I doubt this my Dreame shall:
For still tis found too true a case,
that poore men pay for all.

Printed at London for H.G. FINIS.

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The praise of Nothing:

Though ſome doe wonder why I write in praiſe
Of Nothing, in theſe lamentable daies,
When they have read, and will my counſell take,
I hope of Nothing ſomething they may make.

To the tune of, Though I have but a marke a yeare, &c.





The praiſe of wiſedome ſome doe write,
and ſome the praiſe of money:
And every one like Bees to th' hive,
from ſomething gather hony.
But if my Genius doe not faile,
To prompt me ere I end my tale,
You'l finde that nothing will prevaile,
for all muſt turne to nothing.

Nothing was firſt, and ſhall be laſt,
for nothing holds for ever,
And nothing ever yet ſcap't death,
ſo can't the longeſt liver:
Nothing's Immortall, nothing can,
From croſſes ever keepe a man,
Nothing can live, when the world is gone,
for all ſhall come to nothing.

Nothing in all the world we finde,
with ſorrow more perplexed,
Then he that with a ſcolding wife,
eternally is vexed.
Whoſe tongue by nothing can be quel'd,
Although with red hot ſpincers held
For ſhee will to no reaſon yeeld,
but ſcold and brawle for nothing.

Nothing is ſwifter then the winde,
or lighter then a feather,
Yet I another thing have found,
which quite excelleth either:
A harlots love, that every day,
Is chang'd and ſwiftly blowne away,
But what's more light then her, I pray,
the wiſeman anſweres nothing.

Nothing ſhall therefore pleaſe me more,
than women to abandon,
For if that I ſhould fall in love,
or ſoyne with ſuch a wanton:
Shee'd breake my very heart-ſtrings ſure,
Or I muſt Vulcans lot indure,
And patiently abide the cure,
or elſe be help'd by nothing.

Take you heed then unmarried Lads,
before you grow a lover,
And ere too ſoone you chuſe a wife,
with honeſt patience prove her:
For nothing can againe unwed,
Nor cure a Cuckolds aking head,
Beſides once loſt a Maiden-head,
can be recal'd by nothing.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



IN heat of war nothing is ſafe,
in peace nothing reſpected,
But ill got wealth, which to procure,
no vice at all's neglected:
The ſonne doth wiſh his fathers end,
That he may have his wealth to ſpend,
But let ſuch Lads their manners mend,
or all will come to nothing.

Nothing is ſafe by Sea or Land,
nor alwaies free from danger,
Which is committed to the truſt,
of either friend or ſtranger.
For nothing in the world remaines
But for their private ends or gaines,
Theil hav't although they breake their braines
or bring themſelves to nothing.

Nothing regarded more then gold,
but vertue's quite decayd,
For gold the Uſurer ſels his ſoule,
which muſt at laſt be paid,
When nothing from the grave can call
ſuch mizers who their ſoules inthrall,
To gripe and hoord the Devill and all,
but better they had nothing.

Nothing can from the ſight of God,
conceale the faults of any,
For his cleare eye can ſearch into,
the ſmalleſt chinke or cranny.
He can within thy heart eſpy,
The ſecreteſt ſinnes which there doe lye,
But if you to repentance hie,
they ſhall appeare as nothing.

Nothing therefore hereafter ſeeke
but vertue, vice deteſting,
With pureſt robs of ſanctity,
your humble ſoule inveſting:
And ſeeke you after no ſuch thing,
Which may your ſoule to ſorrow bring,
Or while thou liv'ſt thy conſcience ſting,
or elſe deſire nothing.

For though but little thou art worth,
yet nothing doſt deſire,
Nor coveteſt thy neighbours goods,
nor above thy ſelfe aſpire.
But reſteſt honeſtly content,
With that poore little God hath ſent,
Thou mayſt diſperſe in merriment,
and ſay thou wants for nothing.

When earth-wormes ſpend their dayes in (care,
and nere can reſt in quiet.
For with the feare to loſe their gold,
have time to ſleepe or dyet:
But with a ſad and penſive minde
Still ſtudying how the poore to grinde,
Untill at laſt with ſorrow pinde,
themſelves are turn'd to nothing.

And thus you now have heard the praiſe,
of nothing, worth a penny:
Which as I ſtand to ſing heare now,
I hope will yeeld me many.
But if that price be held to deare,
Or any diſlike this counſell here,
He may depart with a flea in's eare,
for I will give him nothing.

Printed at London for H. Goſſon, dwelling upon London-Bridge nere the Gate.

The Obſequy of faire Phillida

With the Shepheards and Nymphs lamentation for her loſſe.

To a new Court Tune.



THe faireſt Nymph that vallyes
Or Mountaines euer bred,
The Shepheards joy,
So beautifull and coy,
Faire Phillida is dead;
On whom they oft haue tended,
And carol'd on the Plaines
And for her ſake
Sweet Roundelayes did make,
Admir'd by rurall Swaines:
But cruell Fates the beauties enuying
Of this blooming Roſe,
So ready to diſcloſe,
With a froſt vnkindly
Nipt the bud vntimely,
So away her glory goes.

The Sheep for woe goe bleating,
That they their Goddeſſe miſſe,
And ſable Ewes,
By their mournfull ſhewes,
Her abſence, cauſe of this;
The Nymphs leaue off their dancing,
Pans Pipe of joy is cleft;
For great's his griefe,
He ſhunneth all reliefe,
Since ſhe from him is reft. (ſpoiles
Come, fatall Siſters, leaue there your
Leaue mourning altogether,
That made this flower to wither:
Let enuy, that foule Vipere,
Put on a wreath of Cypreſſe,
Singing ſad Dirges altogether.

Diana was chiefe mourner,
At theſe ſad Obſequies,
Who with her traine
Went tripping ore the Plaine,
Singing doleſull Elegies:
Menalchus and Amintas,
And many Shepheards moe,
With mournefull Verſe,
Did all attend her Hearſe,
And in ſable ſadly goe:
Flora, the Goddes that did to beautify
Faire Phillis louely bowers,
With ſweet fragrant flowers,
Now her graue adorned,
And with flowers mourned.
Teares thereon in vaine ſhe powres.

Venus alone triumphed,
To ſee this diſmall day,
Who did deſpaire,
That Phillida the faire
Her lawes would nere obey.
The blinded boy his arrowes
And Darts were vainely ſpent:
Her heart, alas,
Inpenetrable was,
And to loue would nere aſſent:
At which affront Cithærea repined,
'Cauſe death with his Dart,
Had pierc't her tender heart:
But her noble ſpirit
Doth ſuch joyes inherit,
Which from her ſhall nere depart.

(.3.31.)

A Ballad Intituled, The Old Mans Complaint against his Wretched Son, who to Advance his Marriage, did undo himself.

To the same Tune.





ALL you that fathers be,
look on my misery,
Let not affection fond
work your extremity,
For to advance my son
in marriage wealthily,
I have my self undone
without all remedy.
I that was wont to live
uncontroul'd any way,
With many checks & taunts
am griev'd every day:
Alack and woe is me
I that might late command,
Cannot have a bit of bread
but at my Childrens hand.
While I was wont to sit
chief at the tables end,
Now like a Servant slave
must I on them attend,
I must not come in place
where their friends merry be,
Lest I should my son disgrace
with my unreverency,
my Coughing in the night
offends my daughter in law,
my Deafness and ill sight
doth much disliking draw.
Fye on this dosing fool,
this crooked Churl (quoth she)
The Chimney corner still
must with him troubled be,
I must rise from my Chair
to give my children place.
I must speak Servants fair,
this is my woful case.
Unto their friends they tell
(I must not say they lie)
That they do keep me here
even of meer charity.
When I am sick in bed
they will not come me nigh,
Each day they wish me dead
yet say I'll never die:
O Lord an't be thy will
look on my woful case,
No honest man before
ever took such disgrace.
This was the Old-mans plaint
every night & day,
With woe he wared faint,
but mark what I shall say.
This rich and dainty pair,
the young-man and his wife,
Tho' clog'd with golden coin,
yet led a grievous life.
Seven years they married were,
and yet in all that space,
God sent them ne'er an heir
their Riches to embrace:
Thus did their sorrow breed,
joy was from them exil'd,
Quoth she, a hundred pound
would I give for a Child,
to have a joyful Child
of my own body.
Full oft I am revil'd
of this my barren womb,
much Physick did she take
to make a fruitful Soil,
And with access thereof
her body she did spoil.
Full of grief, full of pain,
full of ruth grew she then,
that she cries out amain,
seek for some cunning men,
that I my health may have,
I will no money spare.
But that which she did crave
never fell to her share.
Alack alack, she said,
what torments I live in,
How well are they apaid
that truly ease can win:
So that I had my health,
and from this pain was free,
I would give all my wealth
that blessed day to see.
O that my health I had,
tho' I were ne'er so poor,
I car'd not tho' I went
begging from door to door,
Fie on this muck, quoth she,
it cannot pleasure me,
in this my woful case
and great extremity.
Thus lived she long in pain,
all comfort from her fled,
She strangled at the last
her self within the bed.
Her husband full of grief
consumed wofully,
His body pin'd away,
suddenly he did die.
E're thirteen years was past
dy'd he without a will,
And by this means at last
the Old man, living still,
Enjoy'd his Land at last,
after much misery,
Many years after that
liv'd he most happily,
far richer than before,
by this means was he known
he help'd the sick and sore,
the poor man overthrown.
But this was all his song,
let all men understand,
those Parents are accurst,
lives on their childrens hand.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

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A moſt excellent Ballad of an Old Man and his Wife,

VVho in their want and miſery ſought to their Children for ſuccour, by whom they were diſdained, and ſcornfully ſent them away ſuccourleſs, and Gods vengeance ſhewed on them for the ſame. Tune of, *Priſcilla.*





IT was an Old man and his Poor Wife,
in great diſtreſs did fall,
They were ſo feeble with age God wot,
they could not worke at all:
A Gallant Son they had
which lived wealthily,
To him they went with a full intent,
to eaſe their miſery:
Alack and alas for woe.

A hundred miles when they had gone,
with many a weary ſtep,
At length they ſaw their Sons faire houſe,
which made their hearts to leap,
They ſat them on the Green
their Hoſe and Shoes to trim,
They put their hands about their Necks,
againſt they ſhould enter in:
Alack, &c.

Unto the Door with trembling Joynts
when theſe Old couple came,
The Woman with a ſhaking hand,
the Old Man blind and lame:
Full mannerly they knockt,
fearing for to offend,
At laſt their Son frowningly came,
unto them in the end;
Alack, &c.

Good folks, qd. he, what would you have?
methinks you are too bold,
Why get you not home to your own Country,
now you are lame and old?
With that they both replyd,
with ſorrow, care, and griefe,
Here are we come to thee our ſon,
for ſuccour and reliefe:
Alack and alas for woe.

THis is thy Father gentle Son,
and I thy loving Mother,
That brought thee up so tenderly,
and lov'd thee above all other,
I bore thee in my womb,
these breasts did nourish thee,
And as it chanc'd, I often danc'd,
thee on my tender knee;
Alack and alas for woe.

And humbly now we intreat
our dear and loving Son,
That thou wilt do for us in our age,
as we for you have done:
Now may not so, he said,
your suit is all in vain,
'Tis best for you I tell you true,
to get you home again:
Alack, &c.

The worlds not now as when I was born,
all things are grown more dear,
My charge of children likewise is great,
as plainly doth appear,
The best that I can do,
will hardly them maintain,
Therefore I say, be packing away,
and get you hame again.
Alack, &c.

The old man with his Hat in his Hand,
full many a Leg did make,
The woman wept and wrung her hands,
and pray'd for Christ his sake,
Not so to send them back,
distressed and undone,
But let us lye in some Barn here by,
Quoth he, my loving Son:

By no means he would thereto consent
but sent them soon away,
Quoth he, you know the peril of the Law,
if long time here you stay,
The Stocks and Whiping-post
shall fall unto your share,
Then take you heed, and with all speed;
to your Country repair.
Alack, &c.

Away then went this woful old man,
full sad in heart and mind,
With weeping tears his Wife did lament,
their Son was so unkind:
Thou wicked Wretch, quoth they,
for this thy cruel deed,
The Lord send thee as little pity,
when thou dost stand in need:
Alack, &c.

His Children hearing their Father set
his Parents thus at naught,
In short time after to have his Land,
his death they subtilly wrought;
What cause have we quoth they,
more kindness to express,
Then he unto his Parents did,
in their great wretchedness:
Alack, &c.

Then Murdered him in piteous sort,
they weigh'd not his intreats;
The more he pray'd compassionately,
the greater were his threats
Speak not to us quoth they,
for thou the death shalt dye,
And with that word a dagger and sword,
they mangled him monstrously:
Alack, &c.

When they had got his Silver and Gold,
according to their mind,
They buried him in a stinking Ditch
were no man should him find:
But now behold and see
Gods vengeance on them all,
To gain their Gold their Cousin came,
and slew them great and small,
Alack, &c.

He came among them with a great Club
in dead of time of the night,
Yea two of the Sons he brain'd therewith,
and taking of his flight
The Murderer taken was,
and suffered for the same,
Deservedly for that cruelty,
Alack and alas therefore, &c.

Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, I. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray,* and *T. Passinger.*

O yes.

If any Man or Woman, any thing desire,
Let them repaire forthwith vnto the Cryer.
To the tune of the Parrator.

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O yes,
If any man or woman,
in Countrey or in City,
Can tell where liueth Charity
or where abideth Pitty?
Bring newes vnto the Cryer,
and their reward shall be
The prayers of poore folkes euery day,
vpon the humble knee.

O yes,
If any man hath gon
so long vnto the Law,
That he hath lost his wits,
and is not worth a straw,
That to regaine the sadle,
is glad to lose the horse,
Let them turne downe by Beggers-bush
and rest at weeping-crosse.

O yes,
If any man there be,
that loues the crafty Foxe,
And yet the mumping Cunny,
will fitret with a poxe:
Let him come to the Cryer,
and for his iust reward.
He may dye in an Hospitall,
and stinke within the yarde.

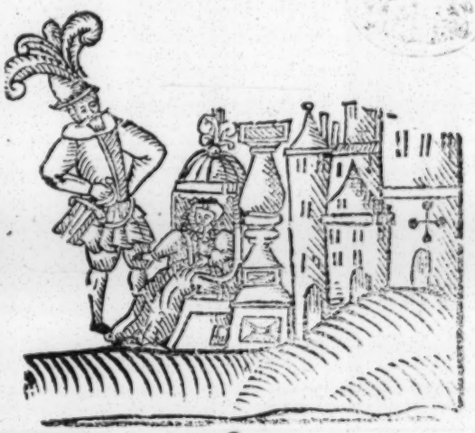
O yes,
If any louing Wench
doth mille her Mayden-head,
And knowes not where she lost it,
abroad or in her bed,
Let her come to the Cryer,
and pay him for his paine,
And tell the markes of it, and she
shall haue it straight againe.

O yes,
If there be any Ostler,
has lately lost a Nagge,
By lodging in his hay-mowe,
of euery Tag and Rag,
And now is forst to pay for't,
let him trust knaues no more:
But now the Steed is stolne, be sure
to shut the stable doore.

O yes,
If any Man or Woman,
or Mayden, if she be,
That hath by any sodaine chance,
lost some small honesty,
Let them come and demaund it,
they shall haue their desire,
Without telling the markes of it,
or paying of the Cryer.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame tune.





O yes,

IF any gentle Lady,
in Court or in the City
Hath loſt all her Complexion,
the Cryer in meere pitty,
Hath got a box of beauty,
the like was never ſeene.
Full of the pureſt Red and White,
to cover blacke or greene.

O yes,

If any gallant Squires,
who neare their bodies ſpare,
In any great hot ſervice,
have ſtrangely loſt their hayre,
Let them come to the Cryer,
and ſtraight he will them fit,
With curled locks which like the beſt
to cover all their wit.

O yes,

If there be any Cut-purſe,
that the laſt market day
By chance did cut a Purſe that went
unwillingly aſtray,
With twenty Pounds in money,
let him forthwith appeare
And if he chance to ſcape the rope,
he ſhall have whipping chare.

O yes,

If there be any Woman
the which hath loſt her tongue,
To helpe her to recover it,
would doe her husband wrong:
For thus the goodman wiſhes,
if that ſhe be a ſcold,
With all his hart that ſhe might take
an everlaſting cold.

O yes,

If theres any man or woman,
that can directly tell
Wheres any Petty-fogger,
that takes no bribes, doth dwell,
Bring word unto the Cryer,
he ſhall be payd therefore,
For he will never plead aright
the cauſes of the poore.

O yes,

Or is there any here
can tell me any newes,
Where dwells an honeſt Broker,
that never will refuſe
To take ten in the hundred,
of ſuch a one I pray,
Bring word to me I am his friend
a twelvemonth and a day.

O yes,

If there be any man
hath lately loſt his Wife,
Who never ſince ſhe ſaw ſixteene,
did lead an honeſt life;
Let him thoſe market dayes
expect to ſee his evill,
Or mounted in a Cart, or elſe
ſhe's gon unto the devill.

O yes,

If there be any Lace
that will her ſkill engage.
To finde a ſucking Infant left,
of twenty yeares of age;
And let her bring him home,
ſhe ſhall be well paide,
And have her praiſes pricht & prickt,
and ſent away no Maide.

Printed for F. Coules. FINIS.

The olde Bride,

OR

The gilded Beauty.

To a dainty new tune.



NOr morning red
nor blushing faire,
We through your glasse
or curtaine spide:
But cloudy gray,
like the short haire
Of your old euer-
lasting Bride.
So old,
So wondrous old,
In the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Whose swarthy dry
Westphalia lips,
Are sunke to mumy
in her skin,
Whose gums are empty,
and her lips
Like eye-lids hairy,
and as thin:
So old,
So wondrous old,
In the nonage of time,
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

For amorous sighs
which Virgins vse,
Shee coughs aloud
through lungs decaid,
And with her palsie
cannot chuse
But quake like trembling
of a maid:
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

If that her Bridegroome
be ill sped,
Hee's not the first
that hath ben sad:
For he's the last
heire to her bed,
Of seuen before
that she hath had.
So old,
So wondrous old,
In the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Why should her husband
then vere heauen,
Or for a plenteous
off-spring beg?
Since all the issue
can be giuen,
Is that which runneth
in her leg.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

Of losing her
there is no doubt,
Nor need you aske
where she doth dwell:
For you may easily
scent her out,
As hounds do finde
their game by'th smel.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
she was in her prime.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



HEr noſe and chin
are now grown
e meet together (friends,
louingly:
From danger theſe
her mouth defends,
So neere they ioyne
in vnity.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
ſhe was in her prime.

Her painting ſerues
her turne no more,
Her face is like
a ſwin'd wall
That hath ſo oft
bin plaiſter'd ore,
With age at length
it needs muſt fall.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
ſhe was in her prime.

Her husband hath
no cauſe to dread,
(As many doe
through iealouſie)
That any will
defile his bed,
There's none will doe
ſuch charity.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam wore a beard
ſhe was in her prime.

What hath bin ſpoken
is not meant
Any old woman
to diſgrace,
But ſhe who is
to marriage bent,
When eeaths character's
in her face.
So old,
So wondrous old,
in the nonage of time
Ere Adam word a beard
ſhe was in her prime.

FINIS.

Printed at London for
Thomas Lambert, at the
ſign of the Horſ-ſhoo
in Smithfield.

The praise of Brotherhood:

OR,

A description of Hoodes writ in Verse, not in Prose Shewing which best becomes the Nose.

To the tune of *Abington Fayre.*





TO Fashions strange the world is bent,
one fashion giues not al content,
For some with maskes there faces hide,
and some theire brests lay open wide.
Some goe with curled locks of haire
and some fine hoods like hankes doe weare,
Then choyce of hoodes I will disclose,
And shew which best becomes the nose.

He that through stormes and tempests doth ride
hath need of a hood his head for to hide,
To kep off each blast of the Northerne winde
for to much cold comfort I know is unkind,
When tempests rise and windes doe blow,
and sturdy stormes their fury shew,
A Close hood is good, when cold the wind blowes,
Yet brother-hood best becomes the nose.

He that will haue the world to his minde
must search well his wits new fashions to finde,
And study new fangles to please fond fooles,
for wantons are willing to follow bad rules.
Deceipt is unseemely it blindes the eyes,
plain-dealing is pleasing which fooles doe despise,
Kepe peace in thy bosome, shew loue to thy foes,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose.

For brother-hood most I must commend,
the vertue thereof so farre doth extend,
true loue and peace and charity,
in brother-hood doe hidden lye,
He that true brotherhood hath possest,
shall find well beloued and die double blest,
Greate hopes there in I doe repose
For brother-hood best becomes the nose.

In dayes of old when I was but a boy,
then Brother-hood went for a fashion each day,
But brother-hood now is out of request
and other hoodes are accounted best,
For now strange tricks and trifles they vse,
which makes the poore man to stand in a muse,
I doe say no more then all the world knowes,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose.

Priest-hood is an order diuine,
let them that attaine it in glory so shine,
That poore men vnlearned may find out the way
which leades vnto Rest that shall never decay,
This priest-hood was vnto the learned ordayned,
O blest is the man that true wisedome hath gayn'd
To succour the needy and pray for his foes,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose.

Knight-hood proceedes from honour and fame
when men try there Valour to win them a name
With vndaunted force to fight in the field,
to purchase renowne with sword and with shield:
He that fights in field with might and with mayne,
deserues well the honour of Knight-hood to gaine,
Thus poore men by Valour to honour haue rose,
For brother-hood best becomes the nose.

45. b. 28. 42





MAn-hood Ile praise the best that I can,
for he that wants manhood is counted no man
And he that wants manners is counted an asse,
A dunce, or a fole, but for that let it passe.
Manhood is more then some men have possest,
yet he that hath man-hood is a man at the least,
And a man is a man, where so euer he goes
Yet brother-hood best becomes the nose.

Woman-hood next I will other apply,
in good sooth gossipe, Ile tell you no lye,
A beautifull woman from woman-hood free,
is like a faire Image made of an old tree,
A modest woman is accounted wise
and a shameleese woman is a griefe to the eyes,
A woman that's shameles her shame will disclose
Then brother-hood best becomes the nose.

Neighbour-hood next doth follow in ranke
but men are not now so free and so franke,
So franke, and so free, So loving and kinde,
for neighbour-hood now is quite worne out of minde
Each man for himselfe now, and God for vs all:
for neighbour-hood now among men is but small,
Yea those that are friends liue as if they were foes,
Though brother-hood best becomes the nose.

The French-hood is a fashion of old,
in Fraunce well respected as I haue bin told
For it so well becomes the Crowne,
that it is held in high renowne,
Old women doe thinke it is wonderfull rare,
as if that none with them might compare,
But for all that I doe depose,
that brother-hood best becomes the nose.

Bet cause the French-hood doeth make a fine show,
therefore Ile speake of it as much as I know,
For sure the French-hood much honour doth gayne,
it holds all the witt that comes in the braines
Giue one the French-hood and she will appeare
to looke like a Lady all times of the yeare,
For hoods are deceitfull which makes me suppose,
That brother-hood best becomes the nose.

Child-hood, is a wonderfull simple thinge,
Yet time and old age more wisedome will bring
Yet some men in age are so Childish grone
as if that true man-hood they had never knowne
Let child-hood alone for children to vse,
and when they are old they will it refuse,
As a child growes in age so in wisedome he growes,
Yet brother-hood best becomes the nose.

But yet theres one hood which I haue not exprest,
and that is cal'd falshood more worse then the rest
For false-hood breeds folly in any mans heart:
that doth so bewitsely from vertue depart
He that two faces beares vnder a hood,
his deeds are deceitfull they cannot be withstood
It will make true friends to be mortall foes,
Then brother-hood best becomes the nose.

I would that the world to loue were inclind
that each man might haue a brotherly mind,
For brother-hood then would come in request
and poore men fine comfort which are much oppressed
He that hath purchast much wealth and much gold
and lets his poore brother to starue in the cold,
I respect such a friend but as one of my foes
For brother-hood best becomes the nose

Printed at London for R. Harper. FINIS. I. D.

A Pleaſant new Ballad you here may behold, How the Devill, though ſubtle, was guld by a Scold.

To the tune of, *The Seminary Prieſt.*



GIve eare, my loving Countrey-men,
that ſtill deſire newes,
Nor paſſe not while you heare it ſung,
or elſe the ſong peruſe.
For ere you heare it, I muſt tell
my newes, it is not common,
But, Ile unfold a trueth betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

Tom Thumb is not my ſubiect,
whom Fairies oft did aide,
Nor that mad ſpirit Robin
that plagues both wife and maid,
Nor is my ſong ſatyricke like,
invented againſt no man,
But onely of a prranke betwixt
a Devill and a woman.

Then widdowes, wives and maids,
give eare as well as men,
And by this woman learne
to gull the world agen:
You may by this turne artiſts,
or maſters of your Art,
And when the Devill comes for you,
you need not care a fart.

A woman well in yeares,
liv'd with a husband kinde,
Who had a great deſire
to live content in minde.
But twas a thing unpoſſible
to compaſſe his deſire,
For night and day with ſcolding
ſhe did her husband tire.

With roughiſh, lowtiſh clowne,
deſpight thee Ile be wilde,
Doeſt thou think I marryed thee
to uſe thee like a childe,
And ſet thee on my lap,
or humour what you ſpeake
Before Ile be ſo fond,
thy very heart Ile breake.

Why loving wife, quoth he,
Ile never doe thee wrong,
So thou'lt be rul'd by me,
and onely hold thy tongue,
And when I come from worke,
wilt pleaſe at bord and bed.
Doe this my loving wife,
and take all being dead.

Marke well quoth ſhe, my words,
what ere you ſpeak me to,
By faire meanes or by foule,
the contrary Ile doe.
According to her ſpeech,
this man led ſuch a life,
That oft he wiſh't the Devill
to come and fetch his wife.

Had he bid her goe homely,
why then ſhe would goe brave,
Had he cal'd her good wife,
ſhe cal'd him rogue and ſlave:
Bade he, wife goe to Church,
and take the faireſt pew,
Shee'd goe unto an Alehouſe,
and drinke, lye downe and ſpew.

The Devill being merry
with laughing at this mirth,
Would needs from hell come frolicke
to fetch her from the earth,
And coming like a horſe,
did tell this man his minde,
Saying, Set her but aſtride my backe,
Ile hurry her through the winde.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



KInde Devill quoth the man,
if thou a while will wait,
Ile bid her doe that thing
ſhall make her backe thee ſtraight.
And here Ile make a vow,
for all the is my wife,
Ile never ſend for her againe
whileſt I have breath or life.

Content the Devill cry'd,
then to his wife goes he,
Good wife goe leave that horſe
ſo black and fair you ſee.
Goe leave, ſir knave, quoth ſhe?
and wherefore not goe ride?
She took the Devill by the reines,
and up ſhe goes aſtride.

The Devill neighed lowd,
and threw his heeles i'th ayre,
Kick in the Devills name, quoth ſhe,
a ſhrew doth never fear.
Away to hell he wept,
with this moſt wicked ſcold,
But ſhe did curbe him with the bit,
and would not looſe her hold.

The more he cry'd, Give way,
the more ſhe kept him in,
And kickt him ſo with both her heeles,
that both his ſides were thin.
Alight the Devill cry'd,
and quicke the bridle looſe.
No, I will ride (quoth ſhe)
whiles thou haſt breath or hoofes.

Againe ſhe kickt and prickt,
and ſate ſo ſtiffe and well,
The Devill was not ſo plagu'd,
a hundred yeares in hell.
For pitty light (quoth he)
thou put'ſt me to much paine,
I will not light (quoth ſhe)
till I come home againe.

The Devill ſhew'd her all
the paines within that place,
And told her that they were
ordain'd for Scolds ſo baſe.
Being bereft of breath,
for ſcolding tis my due,
But whileſt I live on earth,
Ile be reveng'd on you.

Then did ſhe draw her knife,
and gave his eare a ſlit,
The Devill never felt
the like from mortall yet.
So fearing further danger,
he to his heeles did take,
And falter then he came,
he poaſt haſt home did make.

Here take her (quoth the Devill)
to keep her here be bold,
For hell will not be troubled
with ſuch an earthly ſcold.
When I come home, I may
to all my fellowes tell,
I loſt my labour and my bloud,
to bring a ſcold to hell.

The man halfe dead did ſtand,
away the Devill hyde.
Then ſince the world nor hell
can well a ſcold abide:
To make a ſaile of ſhips
let husbands fall to worke,
And give their free conſents
to ſend them to the Turke.

Then honeſt wives and maides,
and widdowes of each ſort,
Might live in peace and reſt,
and Silence keep her court.
Nor would I have a ſcold
one penny here beſtow,
But honeſt men and wives
buy theſe before you goe.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Goſſon dwelling upon London-Bridge neare to the Gate.

A new Ballad for you to looke on, How Mault doth deale with every one. To the tune of, *Triumph and Ioy.*

MAs Mault he is a Gentleman,
And hath beene since the world began,
I never knew yet any man
that could match with master Mault sir
I never knew any match Mault but once,
The Miller with his grinding stones.
He laid them so close that he crusht his bones,
you never knew the like sir.
Mault, Mault, thou art a stowre,
Thou art beloued in every bowre,
Thou canst not be missing one halfe howre.
you never saw the like sir,
For laying of his stones so close,
Mault gaue the Miller a copper nose,
Saying thou and I will never be foes,
but vnto thee I sticke sir.
Mault gaue the Miller such a blow,
That from his horse he fell full low,
He taught him his master Mault for to know,
you never saw the like sir.
Our hostesse maid she was to blame,
She stole master Mault away from her dame,
And in her belly she hid the same,
you never saw the like sir,
So when the Mault did worke in her head,
Twice a day she would be sped,
At night she could not goe to bed,
nor scarce stand on her feet sir.
Then came in the master Smith,
And said that Mault he was a theefe.
But Mault gaue him such a dash in the teeth;
you never saw the like sir,
For when his Iron was hot and red,
He had such an ach all in his head,
The Smith was faine to get him to bed,
for then he was very sicke sir.
The Carpenter came a peece to square,
He bad Mault come out if he dare,
He would empty his belly, and beat his sides bare
that he knew not where to sit sir.
To fire he went with an armefull of chips,
Mault hit him right betweene his lips,
And made him lame in both his hips,
you never saw the like sir.
The Shoemaker sitting vpon his seat
With master Mault he began to fret,
He said he would the knaue so beat,
you never saw the like sir.
Mault peept his head out of a hall,
The Shoemaker said, he would drinke him vp all,
They tumbled together till downe they did fall,
you never saw the like sir.
The Weauer being in his loome,
He threatned master Mault to burn,
When he had knit on to the thrum,
you never saw the like sir,
And such a Court some Weauers held,
They would pay out Postes when they had feld,
But when every one had his part and dealt,
they knew not where to sit sir.
The Tinker he tooke the Weauers part
Because he is touching vnto his Art,
He tooke the pot and dranke a quart,
the world was very quicke sir.
Mault had of him his owne desire,
He made him tumble into the fire,
And there he lost his buckling irs,
he hath not found it yet sir.
The Taylor he came in to grinde his sheares,
Mault and he were together by the eares,
Great is the company Mault still reares,
you never saw the like sir.
For when his pressing Iron was hot,
He pressed a board in stead of a coat,
And sayled home in a fether-bed boat,
you never saw the like sir,
So then the Tinker did sound his pan,
Then said master Mault I must be gone,
I am the good fellow that helpeth each one,
you never saw the like sir.
The Tinker then that he was faine,
With Mault to haue about or twaine,
Mault hit him sore in every vaine,
you never saw the like sir.
Then bespake the Tinker anon
He said he would prone himselfe a man,
He laid on Mault till the bouse was gone,
the Bung and the Tinker fell sicke sir.
The Sayler he did curse and ban,
He bad the boy, goe tap the can,
Ile haue about with Mault anan,
you never saw the like sir.
Aboord they went to try their match,
And there they playd at hop and catch,
Mault followed him vnder the hatch,
and made him keepe the ship sir.
Then came the Chapman trauelling by,
And said, my masters I will be w'ye,
In deed master Mault my mouth is dry.
I will gnaw you with my teeth sir.
The Chapman he laid on a pace,
Till store of blood came in his face,
But Mault brought him in such a case,
you never saw the like sir.
The Mason came an Ouen to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take,
They bound Mault to the good-ale stake,
you never saw the like sir.
Then Mault began to tell his mind,
And plide them with Ale, Beere and Wine,
They left Brick, axe and Trowell behind,
they could not lay a bricke sir.
Then came the Labourer out with his hood,
And saw his two masters how they stood,
He tooke master Mault by the whood,
and swore he would him sticke sir.
Mault he ran and for feare did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leape,
But Mault cast him into the mixter heaps,
and there he fell asleepe sir.
The Butcher came to buy a sheepe:
He said he would make Mault to creepe,
But Mault made him the cat to whip,
you never saw the like sir.
The Glouer came to buy a skin,
Mault hit him right about the chin,
The pewter John came doubling in,
you never saw the like sir.
And laid on head, armes, and ioynts,
Tooke away his gloues, and girdle of points,
And swore they had paid him two quarts and pints
you never saw the like sir.
Thus of my song I will make an end,
And pray my hostesse to be my friend,
To giue me some drink now my money is spent
then Mault and I am quits sir. FINIS.

A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Even and Morne, Of the bloody murther of Sir *John Barley-corne*.

To the tune of, *Shall I lye beyond thee.*



AS I went through the North Coun-trey,
I heard a merry greeting:
A pleasant toy, and full of joy,
two noble men were meeting.

And as they walked for to sport,
upon a Summers day,
Then with another nobleman
they went to make a fray,

Whose name was Sir John Barley-corne,
he dwelt downe in a dale:
Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
they cal'd him Thomas Goodale.

Another named Richard Beare,
was ready at that time:
Another worthy Knight was there,
call'd Sir William White Wine.

Some of them fought in a blacke Jacke,
some of them in a Can:
But the chiefest in a blacke pot,
like a worthy noble man.

Sir John Barly-corne fought in a Boule,
who wonne the victorie:
And made them all to fume and sweare,
that Barly-corne should die.

Some said kill him, some said drowne,
others wisht to hang him hie:
For as many as follow Barly-corne,
shall surely beggers die.

Then with a plough they plowed him up
and thus they did devise,
To burie him quicke within the earth,
and swore he should not rise.

With harrowes strong they combed him
and burst clods on his head:
A joyfull banquet then was made,
when Barly-corne was dead.

He rested still within the earth,
till raine from skies did fall,
Then he grew up in branches greene,
which sore amaz'd them all.

And so grew up till Mid-summer,
which made them all afeard:
For he was sprouted up on hie,
and got a goodly beard.

Then he grew till S. Iames tide,
his countenance was wan,
For he was growne unto his strength,
and thus became a man.

With hookes and sickles keene,
into the field they hie,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
and made him wounds full wide.

Thus bloodily they cut him downe
from place where he did stand,
And like a thiefe for treachery,
they bound him in a band.

So then they tooke him up againe,
according to his kind:
And packt him up in severall stackes,
to wither with the wind.

And with a pitch-forke that was sharpe,
they rent him to the heart,
And like a thiefe for treason vile,
they bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong,
unto the towne they hie,
And straight they mowed him in a mow
and there they let him lie.

Then he lay groning by the wals,
till all his wounds were sore,
At length they tooke him up againe,
and cast him on the floore.

They hyred two with holly clubs,
to beat on him at once,
They thwacked so on Barly-corne,
that flesh fell from the bones.

And then they tooke him up againe,
to fulfill womens minde
They ducked and they lifted him,
till he was almost blind.

And then they knit him in a sacke,
which grieved him full sore:
They kept him in a Fat, God wot,
for three dayes space and more.

Then they tooke him up againe,
and laid him for to dry,
They cast him on a chamber floore,
and swore that he should die.

They rubbed and they stirred him,
and till they did him turne.
The Maltman swore that he should die,
his body he would burne.

They spightfully tooke him up againe,
and threw him on a Kill:
So dried him there with fire hot,
and thus they wrought their will.

Then they brought him to the mill,
and there they burst his bones,
The Miller swore to murther him
betwixt a paire of stones.

Then they tooke him up againe,
and serv'd him worse then that,
For with hot scalding liquor sore
they washt him in a Fat.

But not content with this God wot.
that did him mickle harme,
With threatning words they promised
to beat him into barme.

And lying in this danger deep,
for feare that he should quarrell,
They tooke him straight out of the fat,
and tunn'd him in a barrell,

And then they set a tap to him,
even thus his death begun:
They drew out every dram of blood,
whilst any drop would run,

Some brought sacks upon their backs,
some brought bill and bow,
And every man his weapon had,
Barly-corne to overthrow.

When Sir John Goodale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And there he tooke their tongues away,
their legs or else their sight.

And thus Sir John in each respect
so paid them all their hire,
That some lay sleeping by the way,
some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groning by the wals,
some in the streets downe right,
The best of them did scarcely know
what they had done o'ernight.

All you good wives that brew good ale,
God turne from you all teenes:
But if you put too much water in,
the devill put out your eyne.

FINIS.

London Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his shop in *Guilt-spurre* street at the signe of the Bible.

17.

The praiſe of our Country Barly-Brake:

OR,

Cupids adviſement for Young-men to take Vp this loving old ſport, called Barly-Brake.

To the tune of, *when this Old Cap was new.*

113.



BOth yong men Maids and Lads,
of what Rate or degree,
Whether Southeaſt or Weſt,
or of the Northh Country
I wiſh you all good health,
that in this Summers weather,
your ſweet-hearts and your ſelves,
play at Barly-Brake together.

As it a cuſtome was,
ſo let it flouriſh ſtill,
Flora againe hath deckt
your much frequented hill,
And Phebus two deuides
what Boreas parts together,
That he with furious chides,
doth not our caſt the weather.

Then ſith the cauſe ſo ſtands,
that all theſe thinke it good,
To put their helping hands,
let nothing be withſtood,
Fulfill the Proberbe old,
your lovers in faire weather.
As well as to make hay,
play Barley Brake together.

If thy lobe gibe the ſtroake,
be ſure habe an eye
Before hand it is ſpoke,
then follow preſently,
And if thou doſt him catch,
then pray for more faire weather,
That you may play a match
at Barley Brake together.

Then William loued Nan,
and that with ſuch good will,
That they of Loue muſt ſcan,
vpon yon greeny hill,
Their talke is not of wealth,
but how they may perſeuer,
In that ſame loue was ſhowne,
at Barly-Brake together.

Then Thomas loued Nell,
although her friends were poore,
Her vertus did excell,
ſhe needed then no more,
I, Nicholas then would ſmile,
and Phillip pleaſed was euer,
when they could play a while,
at Barly Brake together.

May Simon Franke and Steuen,
with Siſly Doll and Mary
Need not to this be driuen,
Nor Kate that keepes the Dary,
For with a forward mind,
not fearing wind nor weather,
She knowes young men are kind,
at Barly-Brake together.

Then Harry would beſtow,
wine, beare and Cakes on Bridget,
But now tis nothing ſo:
his Father doth forbid it,
If wealthy Maids be ſlack,
there's few that dare ſhew fauour,
Their Fathers keep them back,
no, no, you ſhall not haue her.

45. 6. 28. 26.

19.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





ANd that was Cupids time,
wherin he got much praiſe,
For none did Vther then,
in his Schoole in thoſe dayes,
Now luſt his Vshers hand,
and pride beares ſuch a ſway,
That all his ſhafts are burn'd,
that were ſo ſweet and gay.

When as this mirth was vſed,
of which I now doe write,
Loue was not ſo abuſed
nor in ſo bad a plight,
As he is now adayes,
for though he be no foole
Amongſt his Schollers now,
he is hiſt out of his Schoole.

But cheere vp pretty Maids,
for now Ile leaue the City,
And bring your Country blads,
vnto their former pitty,
And if they euer did loue,
ſo ſhall they now perſeuer,
And you ſhall play like Doues
at Barly-Breake together.

It is a louely ſport
to ſee how nimblely;
You need no great report,
the ſame to teſtifie,
To ſee with ſweet imbrace,
each Lad his Laſſe doth clip,
And laying face to face,
doth taſte each others lip.

Thus are are our Country youth,
both merry two and loyall,
If they ſet loue his truth,
they hate to be diſloyall
And therefore in their praiſe,
my pen ſhall write for euer,
Becauſe they loue doe raiſe,
at Barly-Breake together.

And many Paſtimes more,
which long hath beene neglected,
Againe to you is reſtored,
then let it be reſpected,
And as in times before,
ſo doe you now perſeuer,
Then will you euer loue ſore
at Barly-Breake together.

Therefore you Country Maids,
that are to London gone,
Let me with faire perſwades,
intreat you to come home,
If you your Loue will meet,
make haſte and hie you hether,
That he and you may greet,
at Barly-Breake together.

Then thinke not you amiſſe,
of this my good aduiſe,
Nor for to take a kiſſe,
I pray you be not nice;
Tis Cupid doth direct
you how you may perſeuer,
Let that be no neglect,
at Barly-Breake together.

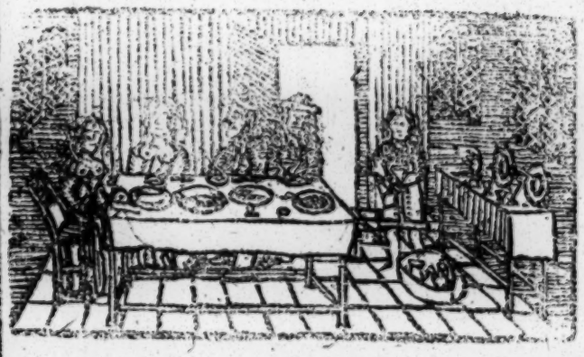
Then will old cuſtomes come,
vnto their former vſe,
And Loue be made amends,
for this his great abuſe,
That he hath long ſuſtain'd,
in Country, Towne and City,
And luſt ſhall be arraign'd,
and none ſhall plead for pity.

Becauſe hee hath defil'd,
what Loue hath oft united,
And ſo vnloos'd the knot,
that Cupid ſo delighted,
To ſee in euery breaſt,
within this Summers weather;
True Louers neuer ableſt,
but when they play together.

Printed at London for *H. Goſſon*. FINIS.

A New Ballad; declaring the Excellent Parable of the Prodigal Child.
To the Tune of, *The wanton wife.*





There was a grave man both wealthy and wise,
two Sons had both proper and tall,
The elder was very proper and very precise,
The other to wildness did wholly encline,
his Parents therefore was grieved full sore,
And mighty displeasure against him they bore,
Young Men remember delights are but vain,
And after sweet pleasure comes sorrow & pain.
This lusty brave youngster that lives at ease,
and never had tasted the temper of care,
Quoth he, if my doings your mind do displease,
then give me my portion that falls to my share,
then ye shall not be long troubled with me,
Yet will I live gallant and pleasant, quoth he,
Young Men, &c.
Oh, quoth his Parents, you wicked lewd Lad,
What will become of thee where thou shalt go;
Seeing thy Government it is so bad,
But misery and beggery upon thee shall grow,
Quoth he, if I knew that this would be true,
Before I would never make moan unto you,
Young Men, &c.
His Parents that saw him put him to flight,
Paid him his Portion without all delay:
Saying, Good Sir, I pray take your flight.
I mean not, quoth he, in your presence to stay,
But now I will see each Foreign Country,
And view the world what fashions there be,
Young Men, &c.
Thus in his jollity he rides along,
and in his apparel most sumptuous and brave,
To view this brave Gallant much people did throng
where he like a Prince himself did behave,
Yea honoured was he, with cap and with knee,
And at his command the proudest now be,
Young Men, &c.
With musick each morning his ears they had fed,
of Gold and Silver he maketh no spare,
With flattering Speeches away he was led,
his body is fed with delicate fare:
What he doth require he hath at his desire,
But such as want money may lie in the mire,
Young Men, &c.
Proper fine women of beauty most bright,
do strive for his favour and friendship each day,
They call him their honey, their joy and delight,
they kiss him, they cull him, and wantonly play,
They swear till they die tho' falsly they lie,
He shall be their Sweet-heart & pritty Pigs-nie,
Young Men, &c.
Some gave him Handkerchiefs, some gave Rings,
Some strew'd his windows with flowers so sweet,
Some to delight him both dances and sings,
Some with Rose water doth wash his feet,
And what shall I say they took him away,
They woo him, & do him what kindness they may,
Young Men, &c.
Thus with their allurements, their winks & their wiles
they used to bewitch this Prodigal Boy.
He buys with gold angels their Kisses & Smiles,
and stores them with every new bangle and toy,
He buys them new Gowns and many fair pounds
In white-wine & sugar amongst them he drowns,
Young Men, &c.
When he had upon them thus wasted his wealth,
Consumed his substance, his treasure and store,
Yea, crackt all his credit with hazard of health,
That he could banquet these minions no more,
With words of despight, they fly from his sight,
They call him base Rascal forsaking him quite,
Young Men remember delights are but vain,
& after sweet pleasure comes sorrow and pain.

The Second Part, shewing the great Misery he endured, being constrained thro' hunger to Eat with the Hogs, and how his merciful Father received him again. To the same Tune.





Then was he brought to misery great,
his garments all ragged and torn you might
his body near starved for want of good meat (see
his Cloaths out at elbows, his hose broke at knee,
And in his distress he knew no redress,
his Harlots spit at him in his beadiness,
Young Men remember delights are but vain,
And after sweet pleasure comes sorrow and pain,
Then bitterly mourning he went up and down,
to get him a Master that he might dine:
At length a Rich Citizen dwelling in town,
sends him to the country to keep all his Swine,
Whose hunger was great, for want of good meat
he sat him down by the hogs husks for to eat;
Young Men, &c.
And as by the hogs he was feeding apace,
with many a sigh and sob he did say,
Now I am brought to a pittiful case,
alack that my Parents I did disobey,
their servants at home, the very worst Groom,
Have meat & drink plenty & here I have none,
Young Men, &c.
Wherefore to my father again I will go,
asking him forgiveness for my lewd life,
Shewing to him my grief and my woe,
Reputing my folly that it set at strife:
Then straight the same day, he taketh his way,
And came to his fathers in Ragged array.
Young Men, &c.
With bitter mourning he falls on his knee,
saying, Dear Father, forgive what is done,
For I have offended Christ Jesus and thee,
Unworthy I am to be called thy Son:
Yet do not disdain to take me again.
As one of thy servants to take any pain;
Young Men, &c.
with that the tears fell from his fathers eyes,
with joy and gladness they flew full fast,
he killed his Son, and bid him arise,
saying, I have found my child that was lost,
with Garments full gay he did him array,
and killed a fat Calf to honour that day,
Young Men, &c.
And gently led him by the hand,
great joy and melody there was made,
But when his eldest brother did understand
the truth of every thing that hath been said,
Full angry was he when this he did see.
His prodigal brother thus honoured would be,
Young Men, &c.
And to his Father thus he did speak,
Long have I served thee and many a day,
And thy Commandments never did break,
but all my life long I did thee obey;
Yet never found I such great Courtesie
as this wretched Unthrift that let his wealth flye
Young Men, &c.
O, quoth his Father, consider my Son,
all that I have one day shall be thine,
then do not grudge at what I have done,
Nor at thy poor Brother do thou repine;
For he was lost plain, but is found again,
He was dead, but now is risen again,
Young Men, &c.
this Worthy Parable Christ he did tell,
Unto the Comforters of Christians each one,
Altho' by our wickedness we do rebel,
yet by true Repentance our Father of Heaven,
Doth pitty our case, receiving us to grace,
In joys everlasting with him to take place,
Young men remember delights are but vain,
And after sweet pleasures come sorrow and pain.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

Mr. Playstowes Epithalamium:

OR

The Mariage of Pandarus and Flora.

To the tune of Ha o'er ha o'er the water.





A Wedding day, a wedding hoe,
Sir Pandar marries Flora:
Loue for no solemne bidding hoe,
the feast for to decora.
Let euery Mate, of Trating mate,
the Wedding to adora:
Both he and she of Brothelrie,
that's Pandar, Baude, or Whora.

God Priapus, the Bride-knight is,
and leades the Lads before a:
With cakes of spice-old Meretrice,
comes bthering mistresse Flora.
The route consists, of Amorists,
and painted faces store a:
There's Tib for Tom and Ned for Nan,
and euery Knaue, is hee there.

Don Cupids priest with Cornucreek,
their galls hath ioin'd together:
Reuele of hornes, for match at nones,
And winds them fast for euer.
Obscenitie, and Ribaudrie,
goes fidling on before them:
Desire is guide, and leades the Bride,
with Baldpate to adore them

In at the doore, with kissings store,
the Damsels are receiued:
And euery guest, downe to the feast,
in Equipage is seated.
Ryot, Excesse, and Wantonnesse,
vpon the guests attendeth:
Quack-saluers stand, with Drugge in hand,
to helpe if ought offendeth.

At cupboord by, with vigill eye,
doth stand Apothecaries:
For euery griefe, to lend reliefe,
with oyles and applicantes.
Rich waters rare in vyols are,
for buboes and for pores:
If other wrong shall chance among,
ther's Antidotes in bores.

The Rhenish boules, among them troules,
hot Socke and Aquauitie:
Tobacco than, from man to man,
besmoakes the roomes as titelie.
A ribaald song, by euery tongue,
throughout the house is canted:
God Bacchus skinkes, to all their drinkes,
there was no liquor wanted.

ans kinde reply vnto the comfortlesse Mayde,
his Loue in all shee hath sayd,
er a part of his minde,
e alwayes most louing and kinde.

To the tune *Of the pride of Leister Shire.*



es I heare one speake
Echo meane t
ue Lone,
ne:
Philladay,
one,
ncly man,

n thee,
t:
nde by me,
t:
d Turtle Doue,
nde:
ill proue kinde,
ne.
true,

one thy heart,

know thee kinde,
e,
ought I know,

ow to thee,
e my heart,
to me,
o'll depart:

But now I find thee true and kinde,
and I the like will be:
Whilst death doth part, my tender heart
I will not part with thee:
All you kind hearts that haue true loues
by me example take:
And haue a care, whereto you sweare
for the Almightyes sake:
Doe not goe on as I haue done,
to breed a Maydens smart:
But turne in time, in heart and minde,
and ease your true Loues heart.
Would God I ne'r had wrong'd my Loue
nor beene to her vnkinde:
Then should she haue no cause to mourne
nor be disturbd in minde:
But being it's so, I well doe know,
I must vnto her goe;
And speake my minde, in louing kinde,
and ease her of her woe.
Come, come, sweet heart, doe not repent,
nor wraste in despaire,
Though I to thee haue beene vnkind,
Ile ease thee of thy care:
For I will proue constant in loue,
as alwayes thou shalt finde,
I will be true, not change for new,
but alwayes will be kinde.
Come, Loue, let's speake no more of this,
but faithfully let's ioyne:
And looke before what was amisse,
I meane for to amend:
Come let vs now, performe our vow,
and make no more adoe:
But let vs ioyne in heart and minde,
and so to Church let's goe.
And so these Louers made an end,
of these their former words:
One loued the other heartily,
not breeding no discords:
In peace I pray long liue they may,
and all true Louers else:
What ere they be, or what degree,
so much is spoke of mee.

FINIS.

London Printed for *F. Coules.*

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





DIſeaſe and Need bids them good ſpeed,
but Luſt is deafe and heares not:
For Venus glance, and dallyance,
doſot them ſo they feare not.
The Fidlers ſing, Lads cloſely cling,
and make your right coniunctum:
The Laſſes throate, to every noate,
ô Io, Io Punctum.

God Pan commeth, and brings with him,
a maske of ſundry Gallants:
As Squires and Knights, and city wights,
crown'd all with Vulcans talants:
To them comes Luſt, with Bandy thruſt,
of wanton wenches many:
Who daunce and ſing, and clip and cling,
no Maiſter who ſo any.

The ruſticke rout, thus ſhipt about
the hall, in antique faces:
While Bacchus bowles turn'd all their
out of their ſober places. (nowles
Like Siluans ſprong, with horne and hagge,
they daunct the Connecepia:
With ſoyled ſhapes to ſhew the ſcapes
of this their Lady Flora.

All ciuill eyes by wanton toyes
to luſts were ſubmitted;
And hayreleſſe ſculs markt out for guls,
in being not ſtedfaſt witted.
Blinde beldems came, all halting lame,
to ſhew the maskers folly,
That young bred luſt would turne to duſt,
and wirily to melancholy.

The fiue fine ſenſes, by expences
were hyred ſlaues to riot:
The ſight imbraſt with touch and taſt,
to feede on wantons diet.
The eare and ſmell on pleaſures dwell,
when Panders proue their kepers:
Luxurious play, thus ſpent the day,
the ſenſes all lay ſlerpors.

Blacke night drew on, and euery one,
vnto his laſſe betakes him:
But Drunkenneſſe, ſo drowſi'd the gueſſe,
Delight could not awake them.
Inhoneſt names, ſo ſoyl'd their fames,
at peeping of Auroza:
Like headleſſe flies, away each hyes,
aſham'd of Pandars Floza.

FINIS.

Printed at London by G. E.

The Reuolted Louer.

OR

A young Maiden is apt to be wonne,
Approued by what this Damsell hath done.

To a pleasant new tune.





ONce I loued a Maiden faire,
but she did deceiue me,
She with Venus might compaire,
in my mind, beleeue me
she was young,
and among
Creatures of temptation:
who will say,
but Maidens may,
Kisse for recreation?

Maidens faire, haue a care,
chastitie is fading:
Want of grace in a place,
made her vse her trading,
I did think her
for to be
Chaster then Diana,
but the Boy
hath blinded me,
More then euer any,

Thrée times I made it knowne
to the Congregation,
That the Church had her owne,
as Priest had made relation,
married we
straight must be,
Although we go a begging:
but now by loue
'tis like to proue
a very hopefull wedding.

She did sweare and protest,
with fluent teares weeping
Aboue all men she loued me best,
and said I was her sweeting
but alas,
false it was,
Chastitie was voiding:
euery one
may freely chuse
Her beauty that loues trading.

Then let young men be aduisd,
trust not any wanton
Beauty being too high-prizd,
finde such ground to plant on,
that no man,
do what he can,
Shall confine their duties,
they will gad
and be mad,
To shew forth their beauties.

Happy he who never knew
what to Loue belonged:
Maidens wauering and vntrue,
many a man haue wronged:
so hath she,
wronged me,
By her false dissembling:
for to heare
her to sweare
Oft my heart was trembling.

The Second part. To the same Tune.





But the chiefest cause is this,
was by some persuasions.
Who incic'd her to do amisse,
by their strong temptations
she was apt
to be trapt.
being young and stupid:
many stroue
for her loue,
pricked on by Cupid.

I do scorne and detest,
to haue any Riuall:
Let her take whom she likes best,
sith for her they striue all:
when I wed
Ile be sped,
with one whose minde is fixed,
and my loue
nere to moue:
Ile not be commixed.

In my loue with any man,
Ile haue all, or nothing,
If she loue another man,
to me her loue is loathing:
I will scorne
ere to mourne
for a wanton feather:
if I finde
her vnkinde,
then the Deel gang with her.

You who take so much delight
in getting handsome Lasses,
Alas, they will delude your sight,
I pitty much your cases:
their bright eyes
can surprize
men that do behold them;
young mens words
them affords
matter to new mould them.

Farewell thou faithlesse Girle,
Ile not sorrow for thee:
Once I held thee deare as pearle,
but now I do abhorre thee:
hadst thou staid
still a maid,
and modestie retained,
then my mind
firme combind,
had with thee remained.

But now I am resolued,
nere with thee to marry
Till soule and body be dissolued,
I will rather tarry,
if I finde
to my minde
one of vertues children,
then I soone
will haue done.
but Ile tarry till then.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcock.

Ragged, and Torne, and True.

Or, the poore mans Reſoltion,

To the tune of *Old Simon the King.*



I Am a poore man, God knowes,
and all my neighbours can tell,
I want both money and clothes,
and yet I liue wondrous well:
I haue a contented mind,
and a heart to beare out all,
Though Fortune (being vnkind)
hath giuen me ſubſtance ſmall.
Then hang vp ſorrow and care,
it neuer ſhall make me rue:
What though my backe goes bare?
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

I ſcorne to liue by the ſhift,
or by any ſiniſter dealing,
Ile flatter no man for a gift,
nor will I get money by ſtealing,
Ile be no Knight of the Poſt,
to ſell my ſoule for a bribe,
Though all my fortunes be croſt,
yet I ſcorne the Theaters tribe.
Then hang vp ſorrow and care,
it neuer ſhall make me rue,
What though my cloake be threed-bare,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

A Poote of Spaniſh leather,
I haue ſeene ſet faſt in the ſtockes,
Expoſed to wind and weather,
and foule reproach and mocks,
While I in my poore ragges,
can paſſe at liberty ſtill:
O fie on theſe brawling bragges,
when the money is gotten ſo ill,
O fie on theſe pilfering knaues,
I ſcorne to be of that crue.
They ſteale to make themſelues braue,
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

I haue ſeene a Gallant goe by,
worth all his wealth on his backe,
He looke as loftily,
as one that did nothing lacke,
And yet he hath no meanes,
but what he gets by the ſword,
Which he conſume on Cue.nes,
for it thriues not take my word:
Oh fie on theſe high-way theeues,
the Gallowes will be their due:
Though my doublet be rent in ſleeues
I'me ragged, and torne, and true.

The Second Part. To the Same Tune.



SOme do themselues maintaine,
with playing at cardes and Dice,
O fie on that lawlesse gaine,
got by such wicked vice:
They coozen poore Countrey-men,
with their delusions vilde,
Yet it happens now and then,
that they are themselues beguilde:
For if they be caught in a snare,
then the Pillery clames its due,
Though my Iezkin be worne and bare
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

I haue seene some gallants braue,
vp Holborne ride in a Cart,
Which sight much sorrow gaue
to euery tender heart:
Then haue I said to my selfe,
what pity is it for this,
That any man for pelfe,
should do such a foule amisse:
O fie on deceit and theft,
it makes men at the last rue,
Though I haue but little left,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

The Pick-pockets in a throng,
at a Market or a Faire.
Will try whose purse is strong
that they may the money share:
But if they are caught in action,
they are carried away in disgrace.
Either to the house of Correction,
or else to a worser place:
O fie on these pilfering Theeues,
the Gallowes will be their due,
What need I sue for a reprieue,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

The Hostler, to maintaine
himselfe with money in's purse,
Appropues the Prouender traine,
and sayes Gramercy by horse:
He robs the trauelling beast,
that cannot diuulge his ill,
He steales a whole bundfull at least,
from euery halfe peck he should fill,
O fie on those coozening scabs,
that rob the poore Iades of their due
I scorne all theeues and Drabs:
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

'Tis good to be honest and iust,
though a man be neuer so poore,
False dealers are still in mistrust,
they are afraid of the officers doore
Their conscience doth them accuse
and the quake at the noise of a mouse:
While he that doth no man abuse,
For the law needs not care a rush,
Then welfare the man that can say,
I pay euery man his due,
Although I go poore in araye,
Ime ragged, and torne, and true.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

91.

Robin and Kate: or,

A badhusband converted by a good wife, in a dialogue betweene *Robin* and *Kate*.

To the tune of *Blew Cap*.





FArre in the North Countrey (as I haue heard tell)
there lives a blithe couple cau'd Robbin and Kate:
This Robbin doth loue nappy liquor so well,
that he'll be at th'Alehouse both early and late
The wife to her husband
i'th morning doth say,
I prythée swéet Robin
at home with me stay,
Thou wastest thy time,
and spendest thy chinke,
Turne backe agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke

Man.

I prythee swéet honey be patient and quiet,
I'me sure thou want'st nothing thats fit for thy state,
Thou lackst neither money, apparell, nor diet,
if any thou dost, doe but speake and thou'st ha'te:
Thou hast all the good
that a wife can desire,
Tha'st seruants to 'tend thée,
and I pay their hire:
Then for my good-fellowship
doe not thou prate,
For I must and I will
have my humour sweet Kate.

Wife.

'Tis chiefly thy company that I doe want,
besides, though we now haue sufficient to liue,
Yet if thou the Alehouse thus dayly doe haunt,
we may become fitter to take than to giue:
Swéet husband consider
and take my aduice,
Let not thy companions
thus lewdly intice
Thy heart from thy Kate,
but vpon my words thinke,
Turne back agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Out, out, hold thy twattle and doe not thus preach,
Ile not be ruld by thée whatener thou say,
Séeke not by perswasions my minde to ouer-reach,
for Ile to the Ale-house as fast as I may:
If thither thou follow,
thou welcome shalt be,
So thou wilt be quiet
and pleasant with me,
Stay here or ga with me,
'tis both of a rate,
But I must, and I will
have my humour sweet Kate.

Wife.

Waes me benny Robin, that ere I was married,
vnto sike a husband that sékes my vndoing,
I won'd with my mother at home I had tarryde,
or thought vpon this when thou first cam'st a wooing:
I thinke in my conscience,
(and I haue cause why,)
That thou lou'st some other,
farre better than I:
Thou hat'st to stay with me,
then what may I thinke,
Turne back agen Robin
and ga not to drinke.

Man.

Nay now I finde Kate whereabout thy shoe wrings,
by this I perceiue that of me thou art iealous,
But I for my part neuer dreame of like things,
I séek not for wenches, but honest good fellowes:
A pipe of Tobacco,
a Pot or a Jugg,
These are the swéet honies
that I kisse and hugg:
All tunching delights
are with me out of date,
But I must and I will
have my humour sweet Kate.

The ſecond part

To the ſame tune.





Wife

I Prethée my Ioy doe not take at the worſt
the words that I ſpeake in the heat of affection,
No euill conceit in my boſome is nurſt,
Ide haue thee be rul'd by my louing direction:
I think thou art honeſt
to me in thy heart,
But company ill
may draw thee apart:
To waſtefull expences
thy minde doe not linke:
Turne back agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Man.

Oh who won'd be troubled thus with a foole,
I prethée ſweet heart take one word for thy learning,
I ſcorne that my wife ouer me ſhould beare rule:
why Kate, doe I ſpend any thing of thy earning?
I loue thée as well
as I did the firſt day,
And yet when I liſt
I will goe or Ile ſtay,
To be at command
of my wife, I doe hate,
For I muſt and I will,
haue my humor ſweet Kate.

Man.

Gude wife be perſwaded, and let me alone,
forall thy vaine prattle will proue but mere folly,
I tell thee my heart will be cold as a ſtone,
if I ſtay at home I ſhall be melancholy
Ile make my ſelfe merry
as long as I'me ſtore
Muth Kate neuer thinke on't
we'll neuer be poore:
Shall I ſtay at home
onthy fancy to waite,
No I muſt and I will
have my humor ſweet Kate.

Wife

Alas my deare Luik thou miſt akeſt me much,
I doe not commaund thee, thats not my intention,
For my humble duty vnto thee is ſuch,
that one word of anger to thée Ile not mention
Examine thy heart,
and thou ſhalt vnderſtand
I giue thee good counſell,
I doe not command:
Then with due diſcretion.
vpon my words thinke,
Turne backe agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Wife.

Why Robin when firſt thou didſt marry with me,
thou thoughtſt thy ſelf beſt whé thou traidſt with me lõ.
How comes the caſe thus to be alter'd with thée, (geſt,
true loue by much vſage will grow to be ſtrongeſt:
But now thou art weary
of my company,
And canſt not be merry,
I prethée Loue whye
Thou giu'ſt me occaſion
ſtrange matters to thinke,
Turne backe agen Robin,
and ga not to drinke.

Man.

Ah now my ſweet Kate I perceiue very well,
thy words doe proceed from a hearty affection,
Now all my delight in thy boſome ſhall dwell,
Ile euer be ordred by thy direction
My former ill husbandry,
I will repent,
And in thy ſweet company,
reſt well content:
Strong Liquor no more,
ſhall impaire my eſtate.
Now Ile ſtay at home
with my bonny ſweet Kate.

FINIS.

M.P.

London Printed for *Thomas Lu*

Renowned *Robin Hood*: Or,

His famous Archery truly related: with the worthy exploits he acted before Queen *Katherine*, he being an Out-law man, and how she for the same obtained of the King, his owne, and his fellowes pardon. To a new tune.





87

GOld tans from the Kings Harbengers,
downe a downe a downe,
as seldome hath beene seene,
downe a downe a downe,
And carried by bold Robin Hood,
for a present to the Queene,
downe a downe a downe.

If that I live a yeare to an end,
thus can Queene Katherine say:
Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
and all thy Yeomen gay.

The Queene is to her Chamber gone,
as fast as shee can went,
She cals unto her lowly Page,
his name was Richard Patringten.

Come hither to me thou lowly Page,
come thou hither to mee,
For thou must post to Nottingham
as fast as thou can dree.

And as thou goest to Nottingham,
search all those English wood,
Enquire of one good Yeoman or another,
that can tell thee of Robin Hood.

Sometimes hee went, sometimes hee ran,
as fast as hee could win,
And when he came at Nottingham,
there he tooke up his Inne.

And when he came at Nottingham,
and had tooke up his Inne,
He cals for a Pottle of Kenish wine,
and dranke a health to his Queene.

There sate a Yeoman by his side,
tell me sweet Page said hee,
What is thy business, or the cause
so far in this North Country.

This is my business and the cause,
Sir, Ile tell it you for good,
To enquire of one good yeoman or another
to tell me of Robin Hood.

Ile get my horse betimes in the morne,
be it be breake of day,
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
and all his Yeomen gay.

When that he came at Robin Hoods place,
he fell downe on his knee,
Queene Katherine she doth greet you well,
she greets you well by me.

She bids you post to faire London Court,
not fearing any thing,
For there shall be a little sport,
and she hath sent you her King.

Robin tooke his mantle from his backe,
it was of the Lincolne greene,
And sent that by this lowly Page,
for a present unto the Queene.

In Summer time when leaues grow greene,
it's a seemely sight to see
How Robin Hood himselfe had dreft,
and all his Yeomandry.

He clothed his men in Lincolne greene,
and himselfe in Scarlet Red,
Blacke hats, white feathers, all alike
now bold Robin Hood is rid.

And when he came at Londons Court,
hee fell downe on his knee,
Thou art welcome Locksly, said the Queen,
and all thy good Yeomen three.

The King is into Fensbury field
marching in battle ray,
And after followes bold Robin Hood,
and all his Yeomen gay.

Come hither Tepps (said the King)
downe a downe a downe,
bow bearer after me,
downe a downe a downe,
Come measure mont with this line,
how long our marke shall be.
downe a downe a downe.

To ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

WHat is the wager ſaid the Queene,
that muſt I now know here?
Three hundred Tun of Rhenith wine,
three hundred Tun of Beere.

Three hundred of the fattеſt Harts
that run on Dallom Lee.
That's a Princely wager ſaid the King,
that needs muſt I tell thee.

With that beſpake one Clifton then,
downe a downe a downe,
full quickly and full ſoone,
downe a downe a downe,
Meaſure no markes for vs moſt Soueraigne liege,
we'l ſhoot at Sun and Moone.
downe a downe a downe.

Full fifteene ſcore your marke ſhall be,
full fifteene ſcore ſhall ſtand:
Ile lay my body ſaid Clifton then,
Ile cleaue the Willow wand.

With that the Kings Archer led about,
while it was three and nons:
With that the Ladies began to ſhout,
Madam your game is gone.

A boone, a boone, Queene Katherine cries,
I crane on my bare knee:
Is there any knight of your priuy counſell,
of Queene Katherines part will be?

Come hither to me Sir Richard Lee,
thou art a knight full good,
For I doe know by thy pedigree,
thou ſprung'ſt from Gowers blood.

Come hither to me thou Biſhop of Hereford-ſhire,
for a noble Prieſt was hee;
By my ſilver Miter ſaid the Biſhop then,
Ile not bet one peny.

The King hath Archers of his owne,
full ready and full light:
And theſe be ſtrangers euery one,
no man knowes what they hight.

What wilt thou bet ſaid Robin Hood,
thou ſeeſt our game the worſe:
By my ſilver Miter ſaid the Biſhop then,
all my money within my Purſe.

What is in thy Purſe ſaid Robin Hood,
throw it downe on the ground,
Fifteen ſcore nobles ſaid the Biſhop then,
it's neere an hundred pound.

Robin Hood tooke his bagge from his ſide,
and threw it downe on the greene,
William Scadlock went ſmiling away,
I know who this money muſt win.

With that the Kings Archers led about,
while it was three and three,
With that the Ladies gaue a ſhout,
Woodcock beware thy nee.

It is three and three. Now ſaid the King,
the next three pay for all:
Robin Hood went and whiſper'd to the Queen
the Kings part ſhall be but ſmall.

Robin Hood hee led about,
hee ſhot it vnder hand:
And Clifton with a daring Arrow,
hee cloue the willow wand.

And little Midge the Millers Son,
hee ſhot not much the worſe,
He ſhot within a finger of the pitch,
now Biſhop beware thy purſe.

A boone, a boone, Queene Katherine cryed,
I craue that on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
that is of my partie.

They ſhall haue forty daies to come,
and forty daies to goe,
And three times forty to ſport and play,
then welcome friend or foe.

Then thou art welcome Robin Hood ſaid the Queene,
and ſo is little John,
So is Midge the Millers Son,
thrice welcome euery one.

Is this Robin Hood now ſaid the King?
for it was ſo told to mee,
That hee was ſlaine in Pallace gates,
ſo far in the North Country.

Is this Robin Hood ſaid the Biſhop then,
as I ſee well to be?
Had I knowne that had been that bold out-law
I would not bet one peny.

He tooke mee late one Saturday at night,
and bound mee faſt to a tree,
And made me ſing a maſſe, God wot,
to him and his Yeomen three.

What an if I did ſaies Robin Hood,
of that maſſe I was faine,
For recompence to thee hee ſaies,
here's halfe thy gold againe.

Now nay, now nay, ſaies little Iohn,
downe a downe a downe,
maſter that ſhall not be,
downe a downe a downe,
Wee muſt giue gifts to the Kings Officers,
that gold will ſerue thee and mee.
downe a downe a downe.

Printed at London for *Francis Grone.* FINIS.

Robin Hood, Will. Scadlock *and* Little John

OR,

A Narrative of their Victory obtained againſt the Prince of *Aragon*, and the two Giants: and how *Will. Scadlock* married the Princeſs.

Tune of, *Robin Hood*; or, *Hey down, down a down.* Licens'd and Enter'd.



NOw Robin Hood, Will. Scadlock and Little John,
are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck which Will Scadlock
with his ſtrong bow had ſlain.
Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
the day it runs full faſt,
For though my Nephew me a breakfaſt gave,
I have not yet broke my faſt.
Then to yonder lodge, let us take our way,
I think it wondrous good,
Where my Nephew by my bold Yeomen,
ſhall be welcom'd unto the green-wood.
With that he took the bugle-horn,
full well he could it blow:
Streight from the woods came marching down
one hundred tall Fellows and mo.
Stand, ſtand to your arms, cryes Will. Scadlock,
for the Enemies are within ken.
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
cryes, They are my bold Yeoman,
Who when they arriv'd, and Robin eſpy'd,
they cry'd, Maſter, What is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
your horn did ſound ſo ſhrill.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
the danger is paſt and gone,
I would have you to welcome my Nephew here,
that hath paid me two for one.
In feaſting and ſporting they paſſed the day,
till Phœbus ſunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
his guard there for to keep.
Long had they not walked within the green-wood,
but Robin he was eſpy'd
Of a beautiful Damſel all alone,
that on a black palfrey did ride.
Her riding-ſuit was of ſable hew black,
ſuppreſs'd over her face,
Through which her roſe-like cheeks did bluſh
all with a comely grace.
Come tell me the cauſe, thou pretty One,
quoth Robin, and tell me aright,
From whence thou comeſt, and whither thou goeſt,
all in this mournful plight?
From London I came, the Damſel reply'd,
from London upon the Thames,
Which circled is O grief to tell,
beſieg'd with foreign Arms:
By the proud Prince of Aragon,
who ſwears by his martial hand,
To have the Princeſs to his Spouſe,
or elſe to waſte this Land:
Except that Champions can be found,
that dare fight three to three,
Againſt the Prince and Giants twain,
moſt horrid for to ſee:
Whoſe griſly looks, and eyes like brands,
ſtrike terrour where they come,
With ſerpents hiſſing on their helms,
inſtead of feathered plume.
The Princeſs ſhall be the Victor's Prize,
the King hath vow'd, and ſaid,
And he that ſhall the conqueſt win,
ſhall have her to his Bride.
Now we are four Damſels ſent abroad
to the Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South,
To try whoſe fortune is ſo good,
to find theſe Champions forth.
But all in vain we have ſought about,
yet none ſo bold there are,
That dare adventure life and blood,
to free a Lady fair.
When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
tell me this, and no more.
On Midſummer next, the Damſel ſaid,
which is June the twenty four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
and silent was her tongue,
With sighs and sobs, she took her leave,
away her pultrey sprung.
This News struck Robin to the heart,
he fell down on the grass,
His action and his troubled mind,
shew'd he perplexed was.
Where lies your grief? quoth Will. Scadlock,
O Master tell to me;
If the Damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
he doth not cause my smart,
But it is the poor distressed Princess,
that wounds me to the heart.
I will go fight the Giants all,
to set the Lady free.
The Devil take my soul, quoth Little John,
if I part with thy company.
Must I stay behind? quoth Will. Scadlock,
no, no, that must not be;
I'll make the third Man in the fight,
so we shall be three to three.
These words cheer'd Robin at the heart,
joy shone within his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
and kindly did imbrace.
Quoth he, We'll put on motley gray,
with long staves in our hands,
Scrip and bottle by our sides,
as come from the Holy Land:
So may we pass along the high-way,
none will ask from whence we came,
But take us Pilgrims for to be,
or else some Holy-men.
Now they are on their journey gone,
as fast as they may speed,
Yet for all haste, e're they arriv'd,
the Princess forth was led,
To be deliver'd to the Prince,
who in the Lists did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
his Lady by the hand.
With that he walkt about the lists,
with Giants by his side,
Bring forth, quoth he, your Champions,
or bring me forth my Bride:
This is the four and twentieth day,
the day perfixt upon;
Bring forth my Bride, or London burns,
I swear by Acaron.
Then cries the King and Queen likewise,
both weeping as they speak,
Lo, we have wrought our Daughter dear,
whom we are forc'd to forsake.
With that stept out bold Robin Hood,
cries, My Liege, it must not be so,
Such Beauty as the fair Princess,
is not for a Tyrant's mow.
The Prince he then began to storm,
cries, Fool, Fanatick, Baboon,
How dares thou stop my Valour's Prize?
I'll kill thee with a frown.
Thou Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel,
thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I scorn, lo here's my gage,
and thus I thee defie:
And for those two Goliahs there,
that stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids by,
that soon can tame their pride.
Then did the King for armour send,
for lances, swords and shields;
And thus all three in armour bright
came marching to the field.
The trumpets began to sound a charge,
each singled out his Man.
Their arms in pieces low were hew'd,
blood sprang from every vein:
The Prince he reacht Robin a blow,
he struck with might and main,
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
as though he had been slain.
God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow,
the Quarrel shall soon be try'd
This stroke shall shew a full divorce,
betwixt thee and thy Bride.
So from his shoulders he's cut his head,
which on the ground did fall,
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,
to be so dealt withal.
The Giants then began to rage,
to see their Prince lie dead;
Thou'st be the next, quoth Little John,
except thou well guard thy head:
With that his faulchion he wheel'd about,
it was both keen and sharp,
He clove the Giant to the belt,
and cut in twain his heart.
Will. Scadlock well had play'd his part,
the Giant he brought to his knee,
Quoth he, The Devil cannot break his fast,
unless he have you all three:
So with his faulchion he run him through,
a deep and gashly wound,
Who damn'd and foam'd, curst and blaspheme'd,
and then fell to the ground,
Now all the lists with cheers were fill'd,
the skies they did resound,
Which brought the Princess to herself,
who was fall'n in a swound.
The King, and Queen, and Princess fair,
came walking to the place,
And gave the Champions many thanks,
and did them further grace.
Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are
that thus disguised came,
Whose valour speaks that noble blood
doth run through every vein?
A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
on my knees I beg and crave.
By my Crown, quoth the King, I grant,
ask what, and thou shalt have.
Then pardon I beg for my merry Men,
which are within the green-wood,
For Little John, and Will. Scadlock,
and for me bold Robin Hood.
Art thou Robin Hood then? quoth the King,
for the valour you have shown,
Your pardons I do freely grant,
and welcome every one.
The Princess I promised the Victor's Prize,
she cannot have you all three:
She shall chuse, quoth Robin; saith Little John,
Then little share falls to me.
Then did the Princess view all three,
with a comely lovely grace,
Who took Will. Scadlock by the hand,
quoth, Here I make my choice.
With that a noble Lord stept forth,
of Maxfield Earl was he,
Who look't Will. Scadlock in the face,
then wept most bitterly:
Quoth he, I had a Son like thee,
whom I lov'd wondrous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
his name is young Gamwell.
Then did Will. Scadlock fall on his knees,
cries, Father, Father, here,
Here kneels your Son, your young Gamwell,
you said you lov'd so dear.
But, Lord! what imbracing and killing was there,
when all these Friends were met:
They are gone to the wedding, and so to bedding,
and so I bid you good night.

LONDON: Printed by and for W. O. and are to be sold by the Booksellers.

A New Ballad of bold ROBIN HOOD:

SHEWING

His Birth, Breeding, Valour and Marriage, at Titbury Bull-running: Calculated for the Meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent.



KInd Gentlemen will you be patient a while
Ay, and then you shall hear anon,
A very good Ballad of bold Robin Hood,
and of his Man brave Little John.

In Lockly Town in merry Nottinghamshire,
in merrey sweet Lockly Town;
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred
bold Robin of famous renown.

The Father of Robin a Forester was,
and he shot in a lusty long bow,
Two North Country miles and an inch at a shot,
as the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
and William a Clowdel-le;
To shoot with our Forrester for forty mark,
and the Forrester beat them all three.

His Mother was Neece to the Coventry Knight,
which Warwickshire Men call Sir Guy;
For he slew the blew boze that hangs up at the gate,
or mine Host of the Bull tells a lye.

Her Brother was Gamwel of great Gamwel-hall,
and a noble House-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
and a 'Squire of famous degree.

The Mother of Robin said to her Husband,
My Honey, my Love, and my Dear;
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,
to taste of my Brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
take one of my Horses I pray:
The Sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,
for to morrow is Christmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's Father's grey gelding was brought
and sadled and bridled was he,
God-wot, a blew Bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
and a Cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her Holy-day kirtle and gown,
they were of a light Lincoln green,
The cloath was home spun, but for colour and make
it might a beseem'd our Queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
and a dagger on his tother side:
And said, My dear Mother, let's haste to be gone,
we have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin had mounted his Gelding so grey,
his Father without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,
for his gelding has oft carried double.

And when they had ridden, they rode to their Neighbours
and drank and shook hands with them all:
And then Robin gallopt and never gaboo'd
till they lighted at Gamwel-hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire
was joyful his Sister to see;
For he kist her one sist her, and swore a great oath,
thou art welcome, kind Sister, to me.

To morrow when Mass had been said in the chappel
six tables were covered in the hall;
And in comes the 'Squire and makes a short speech,
it was, Neighbours you're welcome all.

But not a Man here shall taste my March-beer
till a Christmas carrol be sung;
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung
till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustards braun, roast-beef and plumb-pies,
were set upon every table:
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,
and drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended his Chaplain said grace,
and be merry, my friends said the 'Squire,
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
and lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
for Little John is a fine Lad
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
as shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came to gambols they went,
both Gentlemen, yeomen and Clown;
And what do you think? Why as true as I live,
bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'Squire
was joyful this sight for to see,
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'lt go no more home,
but tarry and dwell here with me.

Thou shalt have my land when I dye, and till then
thou shalt be the staff of my Age.
Then grant me my boon dear Uncle, said Robin,
that little John may be my Page.

And he said kind Cousin I grant thee thy boon,
with all my heart so let it be,
Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
come hither, my Page, unto me.

Go fetch me my Bow, my longest long Bow,
and broad arrows one two or three;
For when it is fair weather we'll into Sherwood,
some merry pastime to see.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
he winded his bugle so clear;

And twice five and twenty good Yeomen and bold,
before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your companions all? (said Rob. Hood)
for still I want forty and three:
Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo yonder they stand,
all under a green wood tree.

As that word was spoke Clorinda came by,
the Queen of the Shepherds was she:
And her gown was of Velvet as green as the grass
and her buskin did reach to her knee.

Her gate it was graceful her Body was straight,
and her countenance free from pride:
A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows
hung dangling by her sweet side.

Her eye-brows were black, as and so was her hair,
and her skin was as smooth as glass;
her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too,
fers with Robin Hood such a Lass.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away,
oh whither, fair Lady, away?
And she made him answer, to kill a fat Buck,
for to morrow is Tichury day.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me,
a little to yonder green bower,
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
of a brace or a leash in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower,
two hundred good bucks we espy'd:
She choose out the fattest that was in the herd,
and she that him through side and side.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
I never saw Woman like thee,
And com'st thou from East, or com'st thou from West
thou needst not beg venison of me.

However along to my bower you shall go,
and taste of a Forester's meat;
And when we came thither we found as good cheer,
as any Man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden-pies cold,
cream clouted with honey-combs plenty,
And the Servitors they were bestbe Little John,
good Yeomen at least four and twenty.

Clorinda said, Tell me your name gentle Sir?
and he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood;
'Squire Gamwell's mine Uncle, but all my delight
is to dwell in the merry Sherwood:

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife,
So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd;
But oh, said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
if Clorinda would be my Bride?

She blusht at the motion, yet after a pause,
said, Yes, Sir, and with all my heart,
Then let us send for a Priest, said Robin Hood,
and be merry before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so gentle Sir,
for I must be at Tichury feast:
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him the most welcome Guest.

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that Buck, Little John,
for I'll go along with my Dear;
bid my Yeomen kill for brace of bucks,
To meet me to morrow just here.

Before we had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
eight Yeomen that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his Buck,
a truer Tale never was told.

I will not faith, said bold Robin; come John,
stand to me and we'll beat 'em all;
Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em and slash'd 'em
that five of them did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
and pitiful John begg'd their lives;
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good counsel,
and so sent them home to their Wives.

This battle was fought near to Tichury Town,
when the bagpipes heard the bull:
I am King of the Fidlers, and 'ware 'tis a truth,
and I call him that doubts it a Gull.

For I saw them fighting, and fidl'd the while,
and Clorinda sung, Hey derry down:
The Bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword Bob,
and now let's dance into the Town,

Before we came to it, we heard a strange hooting,
and all that were in it look'd madly,
For some were a bull back, some dancing a morris,
and some singing Arthur a Bradly.

And there we see Thomas our Justices Clerk,
and Mary to whom he was kind:
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary Madam,
and kist her full sweetly behind.

And so may your Worships, but we went to dinner,
with Thomas, and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
bold Robin Hood was a fine Man.

When dinner was ended, Sir Roger the Parson
of Dubbridge was sent for in haste:
He brought his Mass-book, and he bad them take hands,
and he joyn'd them in marriage full fast.

And then as bold Robin Hood, and his sweet bride,
went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
and 'twas a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came in the sight of the bower,
Where are my Yeomen? said he.
And Little John answered, Lo yonder they stand,
all under the green wood tree.

Then a Garland he brought her by two and by two,
and plac'd them at the bride's bed:
The Fiddle struck up, and we all fell to dance,
till the Bride and the Groom were a bed.

And what they did there must be counsel to me,
because they lay long the next day:
And I had haste home but I got a good piece
of the bride-cake and so came away.

Now out alas, I had forgotten to tell ye,
that marry'd they were with a ring:
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a Maiden,
and now let us pray for the King.

That he may get Children and they may get more
to govern and do us some good,
And then I'll make Ballads in Rob. Hood's bower
and sing 'em in merry Sherwood.

London: Printed by and for W. O. and are to be sold by the Booksellers.

Robin Hood and the Bishop:

SHEWING

How Robin Hood went to an Old Woman's House and changed Cloaths with her to escape from the Bishop; and how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing Mass.

To the Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger, &c.



COme Gentlemen all and listen a while,
with a hey down, down an a down,
And a Story I'll to you unfold;
I'll tell to you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,
when he robb'd him of his Gold:
As it fell out of a Sun-shining day,
with a hey, &c.
When Phebus was in her prime,
bold Robin Hood, that Archer good,
In Mirth would spend some time:
And as he walked the Forrest along,
with hey, &c.
Some pastime for to spy,
there was aware of a proud Bishop,
And all his Company.
O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
with a hey, &c.
If the Bishop he doth take me,
no mercy he'll shew unto me I know,
But hanged shall I be.
When Robin was flour, and turn'd him about,
with a hey, &c.
And a little House there did he spy,
and to an old Wife, to save his Life,
He aloud began to cry.
Why, who art thou? said the old Woman,
with a hey, &c.
Come tell it to me for good?
I am an Outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.
And ponders the Bishop and all his Men,
with a hey, &c.
And if that I taken be,
then day and night he'll work my spight,
And hanged shall I be.
If thou be Robin Hood, then said the old Woman,
with a hey, &c.
As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
From the Bishop and his Company.
For I remember one Saturday night,
with a hey, &c.
Thou brought me both shoes and hose,
therefore I'll provide, thy Person to hide,
And keep thee from thy Foes.
Then give me soon thy Coat of Grey,
with a hey, &c.
And take thou the Mantle of Green,
thy Spindle and Twine, unto me resign,
And take thou my Arrows so keen.



And when that Robin Hood was thus ar-
with a hey, &c.
He went streight to his Company,
with his Spindle and Twine, he ckt lo- -ound.
For the Bishop and his Company.

O who is yonder, quoth little John,
with a hey, &c.
That now comes over the Lee?
an arrow at her I will let fly,
So like and old Witch looks she.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin then,
with a hey, &c,
And shoot not thy arrows so keen,
I am Robin Hood, thy Master good,
And quickly it shall be seen.

The Bishop he came to the old Woman's house,
with a hey, &c.
And he called with furious mood,
Come let me soon see, and bring unto me
That Traytor Robin Hood.

The old Woman he set on a milk-white Steed,
with a hey, &c
Himself on a dapple Grey,
and for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the Forrest along,
with a hey, &c.
The Bishop he chanc'd for to see,
a hundred brave Bowmen bold,
Stand under the green-Wood tree.

O who is yonder, the Bishop then said,
with a hey, &c.
That's ranging within yonder Wood?
marry, says the old Woman, I think it to be
Man called Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the Bishop he said,
with a hey, &c.
Which I have here with me?
Why I am a Woman thou cuckoldly Bishop,
Lift up my Leg and see.

Then woe is me, the Bishop he said,
with a hey, &c.
That ever I saw this day;
he turn'd him about, but Robin Hood so good,
Call'd to him and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the Bishop's horse,
with a hey, &c.
And ty'd him fast to a tree,
then little John smil'd his Master upon,
For joy of this Company.

Robin Hood took his Mantle from's back,
with a hey, &c.
And spread it upon the ground,
and out of the Bishop's Portmantle he
Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, said Robin Hood,
with a hey, &c.
Said little John, That may not be,
for I vow and protest he shall sing us a Mass,
Before that he go from me.

Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by th' hand,
with a hey, &c.
And bound him fast to a tree,
and made him sing a Mass God-wot,
To him and his Yeomandry.

And when they brought him through the Wood,
with a hey down, down an a down.
And set him on his dapple Grey,
and gave the tail within his hand,
And bad him for Robin Hood pray.

London: Printed by and for *W. O.* and are to be sold by the Bookseller of *Pye-corner* and *London-bridge*

The Spaniſh Tragedy,

Containing the lamentable Murders of *Horatio* and *Bellimperia*:
With the pitifull Death of old *Hieronimo*.
To the tune of *Queene Dido*.



YOu that haue left your former ioyes,
And now in woe your liues doe leade:
Feeding on nought but dire annoyes,
Thinking your griefes all griefes exceede.
Assure your selues it is not so:
Loe here a sight of greater woe.

Hapleſſe Hieronimo was my name,
On whom fond fortune smiled long:
But now her flattering smiles I blame,
Her flattering smiles hath done me wrong.
Would I had dyed in tender yeares:
Then had not bene this cause of teares.

A Marshall was in prime of yeares,
And wonne great honour in the fielde:
Vntill that age with siluered haires,
My aged head had ouerspred
Then left I warre and staide at home:
And gaue my honour to my sonne.

Horatio my sweet onely childe,
Pricke forth by fames aspiring wings:
Did so behaue him in the fielde,
That he Prince Baltazer Captiue brings.
And with great honour did present:
Him to the King Incontinent.

The Duke of Castyles Daughter then.
Desir'd Horatio to relate:
The death of her beloued friend,
Her lone Andreas woefull fate.
But when she knew who had him slaine:
Shee vow'd she would reuenge the same.

Then more to vexe Prince Baltazer,
Because he slew her chiefest friend:
She chose my sonne for her chiefe flower,
Thereby meaning to worke reuenge.
But marke what then did straight befall:
To turne my sweete to bitter gall.

Lorenzo then to finde the cause,
Why that his sister was vnkinde:
At last he found within a pause,
How he might sounde her secret minde.
Which for to bring well to effect:
To fetch her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his sight,
By threatneth for to rid his life:
Except straight wayes he should recite,
His sisters loue, the cause of strife.
Compell'd therefore for to vnfold his mind:
Sayd with Horatio shee's combinde.

The villaine then for hope of gaine,
Did straight conuaye them to the place:
Where these two louers did remaine,
Ioying in sight of others face.
And to their foes they did impart:
The place where they should ioy their heart.

Prince Baltazer with his compeeres,
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my sonne slayne they vpreare,
The more to worke my greater spight.
But as I laye and take repose,
A voyce I hard, whereat I rose.

And finding then his senselesse forme
The murtherers I sought to finde,
But missing them I stood forlorne,
As one amazed in his minde.
And rent and pull'd my siluered haire,
And curs'd and bann'd each thing was there.

And that I would reuenge the same,
I dipt a napkin in his blood:
Swearing to worke their woefull bane,
That so had spoyl'd my cheifest good.
And that I would not it forget:
It allwayes at my hart I kept.

The second part To the same tune.

Then Isabella my deare wyfe,
Finding her sonne bereau'd of breath,
And loving him dearer then life
Her owne hand straight doth worke her death.
And now their deaths doth meet in one:
My griefes are come, my Joyes are gone.

Then frantickly I ran about,
Filling the ayre with mournefull groanes,
Because I had not yet found out
The murtherers to ease my mones.
I rent and tore each thing I got,
And sayd, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
The Duke of Castiles house as then
A Letter there I did espy,
Which shew'd Horatios wofull end.
Which Bellimperia foorth had flung,
From prison where they kept her strong.

Then to the Court forthwith I went,
And of the King did Justice crave,
But by Lorenzos bad intent,
I hindred was, which made me rave.
Then vexed more I stamp'd and frown'd,
And with my poniard rypt the ground.

But false Lorenzo put mee out,
And tolde the King then by and by,
That frantickly I ran about,
And of my sonne did always cry,
And sayd twere good I should resigne:
My Marshall-ship which grieu'd my mind.

The Duke of Castyle hearing then,
How I did grudge still at his sonne,
Did send for me to make us friends:
To stay the rumour then begune.
Whereto I straight way gaue consent:
Although in heart I never meant.

Sweete Bellimperia comes to me,
Thinking my sonne I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I never meant God wot:
But when loue knew each others mind,
To worke revenge a meane I find.

Then Bloody Balthazar enters in
Entreating me to show some sport,
Unto his Father and the King:
That to his nuptiall did resort.
Which gladly I prepar'd to show.
Because I knew twould worke their woe.

And from the Chronicles of Spaine,
I did record Erastus life,
And how the Turke had him so slayne:
And straight revenge wrought by his wife.
Then for to act this Tragedy:
I gaue their parts Immediatly.

Sweete Bellimperia Balthazar killes,
Because he slew her dearest friend,
And I Lorenzos blood did spill,
And eke his soule to hell did send.
Then dyed my toes by dint of knife,
But Bellimperia ends her life.

Then for to specifie my wrenges,
With weeping eyes and mournefull hart,
I shew'd my sonne with bloody wounds,
And eke the murtherers did impart.
And sayd my sonne was as deare to me:
as thine, or thine, though Kinges you be.

But when they did behold this thing.
How I had slayne their onely sonnes:
The Duke, the Viceroy, and the King,
Uppon me all they straight did run.
To torture me they doe prepare,
Unlesse I should it straight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Euen with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did giue it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong:
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrowes me oppress.

They knowing well that I could write,
Unto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I should recite,
The authors of this bloody breach.
Then fained I my pen was naught
And by strange signes a knife I sought.

But when to me they gaue the knife.
I kill'd the Duke then standing by,
And eke my selfe bereau'd of life,
For I to see my sonne did lye.
The Kinges that scorn'd my griefes before,
With nought can they theire Joyes restore.

Here haue you heard my Tragicke tale
Which on Horatio's death depends,
Whose death I could anew bewayle:
But that in it the murtherers ends,
For murther god will bring to light:
Though long it be hid from mans sight.

Printed at London for *H. Gosson*,

FINIS.

A most excellent and famous Ditty of Sampson Iudge of Israel, how hee wedded Philistines Daughter, who at length forsooke him: also how hee slew a Lyon, and propounded a Riddle, and after how hee was falsely betrayed by *Dalila*, and of his death.

To the tune of the Spanish pauin.

WHen Sampson was a tall young man
his power and strength increased
And in the host and Tribe of Dan,
the Lord did blesse him still.
It chanced so upon a day,
As he was walking on his way,
He saw a Maiden fresh and gay
in Timnah.
With whom he fell so sore in loue,
That he his fancy could not moue:
His Parents therefore he did proue,
and craued their good wills.
I haue found out a wife quoth he,
I pray you Father giue her me,
Though she a strangers daughter be,
I passe not.
Then did he speake his Parents deere,
Haue we not many Maydens here,
Of Countrey, and acquaintance neere,
for thee to loue and like?
O no, (quoth Sampson presently)
Not one so pleasant in mine eye,
Whom I could find so faithfully
to fancy.
At length they granted their consent:
And so with Sampson forth they went,
To see the Mayd was their intent.
which was so faire and bright:
But as they were a going there,
A Lyon put them in great feare,
Whom Sampson presently did teare,
in peeces.
When they were come vnto the place,
They were agreed in the case:
The wedding day appointed was:
and when the time was come.
As Sampson went for beauties sake,
The Lyons carkasse there he sees,
Wherein a sort of honny bees
had swarmed.
Then closely Sampson went his way,
And not a word thereof did say,
Vntill the merry feasting day,
vnto the Company.
A Riddle I will shew, quoth he,
The meaning if you tell to me
Within seauen dayes, I will giue yée
great riches.
But if the meaning you doe misse,
And cannot shew me what it is,
Then shall you giue to me (I wisse)
so much as I haue said.
But sooner the Riddle (then quoth they)
And wee will tell it by our day,
Or we will lose (as thou dost say)
the Wager.

Then make (quoth hee) the totall summer
Out of the eater meate did come,
And from the strong did sweetnesse runne,
declare it if you can.
And when they heard the Riddle told,
Their hearts within them waxed cold:
For none of them could then vnfold
the meaning.
Then vnto Sampsons wife went they
And threatned her with delay,
If she would not the thing bewray,
to burne her Fathers house.
Then Sampsons wife with griefe and woe
Desired him the same to show:
And when she knew she straight did goe
to tell them.
Then were they all full glad of this,
To tell the thing they did not misse,
What stronger beast then Lyon is?
What sweeter meate then honny?
Then Sampson answered them full round:
If my Bayfar had not ploughed the ground,
So easily you had not found
my Riddle.
Then Sampson did his losses pay,
And to his father went his way,
But whilst with them he there did stay,
his wife forsooke him quite,
And tooke another to her Loue,
Which Sampsons anger much did moue,
To plague them therefore he did proue
his cunning.
A subtill slight he then had found,
To burne their corne vpon the ground,
Their Vineyards he destroyed round
which made them fret and fume.
But when they knew that Sampson he
Had done them all this injury,
Because his wife did him deny,
they killed her.
And afterwards they had decreed,
To murther Sampson for that deed,
Three thousand men they sent with speede
to bring him bound to them:
But he did breake his cords apace,
And with the Iaw-bone of an Asse,
A thousand men ere he did passe,
he killed.
When all his foes were laid in dust,
Then Sampson was full sore athirst,
In God therefore was all his trust,
to helpe his fainting heart:
For liquor there about was none:
The Lord therefore from the Iaw-bone,
Did make fresh water spring alone,
to helpe him.

Then Sampson had a ioyfull spright,
And in a Citty lay that nigh,
Whereas his foes with deadly spight,
did seeke his life to spill:
But he at midnight then awakes,
And tearing downe the Citty gates
With him away the same he takes,
most stoutly.
Then on Dalila faire and bright,
Did Sampson set his whole delight,
Whom he did loue both day and night,
which wrought his ouerthrow:
For she with sweete words did intreat,
That for her sake he would repeat,
Wherein his strength, that was so great,
consisted.
At length vnto his water fall,
And through her suite, which was not small
He did not let to shew her all,
the secrets of his heart:
If that my hayre be cut, (quoth he)
Which now so faire and long you see,
Likes other men then shall I be,
in weakenesse.
Then through deceit which was so deepe,
She lulled Sampson fast asleepe,
A man shee cald which she did keepe,
to cut off all his hayre.
Then did she call his hatefull foes,
Ere Sampson from her lap arose,
Who could not thē withstand their blowes
for weakenesse.
To binde him fast they did deuise,
Then did they put out both his eyes,
In prison woefully he lyes,
and there he grinds the Mill.
But God remembred all his paine,
And did restore his strength againe,
Although that bound he did remaine,
in prison.
The Philistines now were glad of this,
For ioy they made a feast (I wisse)
And all their Princes did not misse
to come vnto the same:
And being merry bent that day,
For Sampson they did send straightway,
That they might laugh to see him play,
among them.
Then to house was Sampson led
And when he had their fancies fed,
He plucke the house vpon their head,
and downe they tumbled all:
So that with griefe and deadly paine,
Three thousand persons there was slaine,
Thus Sampson then with all his traine,
was brained.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The wofull lamentation of *Edward Smith*, a poore penitent prisoner in the Iayle of Bedford, which he wrote a short time before his death. 309 310

To the tune of, *Daintie come thou to me.*

I Am a Prisoner poore
Oppreſt with miſerie:
O Lord do thou reſtore,
that faith which wants in me.
In woe I waile and weep,
In griping griefe I cry,
In dungeon darke and deep,
In fetters faſt I lie
Sighing I ſit and moane
My foule offences all,
My loathſome life is knowne,
which makes me liue in thrall
Ned Smith I am, the wight
In priſon that remaines,
Tormented day and night,
with bands and iron chaines.
My ioyes are turnd to nought,
My hopes are worne away,
My wickednesse hath wrought
my downe-fall and decay.
Thoſe gifts that God gaue me,
My wants for to ſupply,
Abuſed much I haue.
to pleaſe my fantaſie.
My name I did deny,
In Baptiſme giuen me,
That Sacrament whereby
regenerate I ſhould be.
No wit nor ſtrength may ſerue
The Law to ſatisfie:
For death I do deſerue,
in right and equity.
For I offended haue
Nobles of hie degree,
What fauour can I craue
for life or liberty.
But hope of life is paſt,
My acts ſo hainous be.
And liberty is loſt,
till death doe ſet me free.
All men both old and young
Which are at liberty,
And heare my dolefull ſong,
example take by me.
Be true and truſt in God,
Fly theft and vice eſchew,
Leſt Gods moſt heauie rod,
correct your deeds untrue.
Would I had nere bin borne
To do ſuch wicked deeds,
Which makes me liue in ſcorne
and ſhame that ſore exceeds.
But that which paſſed is,
I cannot now recall:
My ſinnes and my amiſſe,
O Lord forgiue them all.
Woe worth ill company,
Fie on that filthy crue:
Accurſt the day may be
that euer I them knew.
If life and death were ſet
Before me for to chooſe,
Though I might pardon get,
my life firſt would I looſe,
Then runne that wicked race,
And doe as I haue done,
Sweet Ieſus giue me grace,
that life ſo lewd to ſhun.
Farewell my louing wife
Who ſought to turn my minde,
And make me mend my life,
thy words full true I finde.
Farewell my children all,
My tender Babes adue:
Let this your Fathers fall,
be warning good for you.
Deare wife and infants three,
Serue God remember this,
That you true ſubiects be,
though I haue done amiſſe.
Farewell my muſick ſweet,
And Cittern ſiluer ſound,
Mourning for me is meet
my ſinnes do ſo abound.
O Lord on bended knees
And hands lift vp on hie,
Caſt on me gracious eies
with grace my wants ſupply
Lay not unto my charge,
The thinges that I haue done,
Though I haue runne at large,
and plaid the vnthrift ſonne.
Yet now I do repent,
And humbly come to thee
My ſinnes I do lament,
ſweet Ieſus comfort me.
O Lord I do Lament,
And onely ioy in thee,
To praiſe thee day and night,
for thou redeemedſt me.
Lord ſaue our royall King
Whoſe priſoner poore am I,
Prolong his daies on earth,
with fame and victory.
Againſt his Maieſtie,
I haue offended ſore,
Committing Fe'ony,
and now I die therefore.
A dolefull death God knowes,
Which once I did deſie:
Thus muſt I end my woes
which I take patiently,
By thee O Sauiour ſweet,
In heauen I hope to reſt,
In ioy where I ſhal meet, (bleſt
thoſe ſoules whom thou haſt
Where we ſhall ſing thy praiſe,
O God, with voyce high,
When I ſhall end my dayes,
and liue eternally.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcock. FINIS.

A pleasant new Song betwixt the Saylor and his Love.

To the tune of *Dulcina.*





WHat doth ailе my Love, so sadly
in such heavie dumps to stand:
Doth she grieve or take unkindly,
that I am so neere at hand:
Or doth she vow,
she will not know,
Nor speake to me when I doe come,
If that be so,
Away Ile goe:
First kisse, and bid me welcome home.

Had I ever thee forsaken,
putting thee out of my mind,
Thou then mightst have iustly spoken,
that I was to thee unkind;
Or should I take
Some other mate,
Then mightst thou have iust cause to mourn:
But let me dye,
Before that I
Doe so, then bid me welcome home.

Sooner shall the grasse leave growing,
from the Hare the Hound shall run;
Husbandmen shall leave their sowing,
flouds shall run the land upon,
The fish shall fly,
The Sea run dry.
The Birds no more shall sing, but mourne,
Ere I of thee
Unmindfull be:
Then kisse, and bid me welcome home.

Smile on me, be not offended,
pardon grant for my amisse:
Let thy favour so befriend me,
as to seale it with a kisse.
To me I sweare,
Thou art so deare,
That for thy sake Ile fancie more:
Then doe not frowne,
But sit thee downe,
Sweet, kisse and bid me welcome home.

If thou hast proved chaste Diana,
since from thee I did depart,
I as constant have beene to thee,
for on thee first was my heart,
No not for thee.
Jupiter sa,
Danae in her Tower alone,
Should me intice,
No, Ile be nice,
Then kisse, and bid me welcome home.

No nor Venus, Cupids mother,
nor the fairest wife of Jove,
Should Lucrecia or some other
seeke by gifts to win my love,
Should Hellen faire,
To me repaire,
And unto me for love make mone,
Yet none of these
My mind shall please,
Then kisse, and bid me welcome home.

The second part. To the same Tune.





FRom thy sight though I was banish't,
yet I alwayes was to thee,
Farre more kinde then was Vlisses,
to his chaste Penelope:
For why away
He once did stay
Ten yeeres and left her all alone,
But I from thee,
Have not bin three,
Sweet, kisse and bid me welcome home.

Come sweet heart, come sit downe by me
and let thy lap my pillow be,
While sweet sleepe my mind beguileth,
all my dreames shall be on thee.
I pray thee stay,
Steale not away
Let lull'aby be all my song;
With kisses sweet,
Lull me asleepe,
And say, sweet-heart thou'rt welcome home

The womans answer.

I have bin sad to see how from me,
thou so long from me didst stay,
Yet now I more rejoyce to see thee,
happily arriv'd this day.
Thou from our thore
shalt goe no more,
To wander thus abroad alone,
But thou shalt stay,
With me alway,
For heer's my hand thou'rt welcome home.

I have prov'd Diana to thee,
since from me thou wentst away,
I have had suters well inough there to,
and much adoe had for to stay;
But I denyed,
When they replyed,
And sent them all away in scorne,
For I had sworne,
To live forlorne,
Untill that I see thee come home.

Seeing thou art home arrived
thou shalt not goe away [illegible]
But lovingly come sit downe by me,
let thine armes imbrace my [illegible]
Farewell anger,
Welcome my love;
Now lullaby to all my sorrow,
For now my heart,
Sings lustily to part,
Then kisse, sweet-heart, thou'rt welcome

Since sweet heart, thou dost [illegible]
thus to take me to thy love,
Never more will I offend thee,
but will ever constant prove,
Thou hast my heart
Not to depart,
But ever constant to remaine,
And thou [illegible] mine,
And I am thine,
Then let us kisse and welcome home.

FINIS.

London printed for F. C. dwelling in the Old [illegible].

A new Ballad of the Souldier and *Peggy*.

To a new Northerne Tune.





IT was a brave Souldier
that long liv'd in warres,
He would into England,
to try his affaires,
A brave gallant Creature,
enchanted his eye:
It is for thy love Peggy,
I dye, I dye.

She had a good Husband
that loved Her well,
For Gold and for money,
none did her excell.
Yet Peggy would listen
to the Souldiers cry,
It is for thy love Peggy,
I dye, I dye.

O pretty Peggy,
let sorrowes remove,
And grant me a kisse
in token of love:
O take thee a thousand,
on's but a few,
Ile leave my owne husband,
to travel with you.

O pretty Peggy,
if thou wilt be mine,
All the gold that I get,
it shall be thine:
Father and Mother,
thou'se never see mere,
If thou wilt goe over Sea
with a Souldier.

She tooke the keyes from her side,
to her chest she's gone,
All the gold that she hath,
with her she'ath tane:
She left the Babe pitifully,
and the bed bare,
And she is gone over sea
with a Souldier.

As Peggy and the Souldier,
went over a plaine,
He twinked at her,
she smiled again:
He courted her bravely,
as Youngmen should doe,
And ever said Peggy,
I love none but you.

As Peggy went up the street,
so did she downe,
All that did meet her
askt whither she was bound:
She answered them quickly,
she could not tell where,
For she must goe over sea
with a Souldier.

Her Husband came home
so late in the night,
He asked for Peggy
his joy and delight,
They answer him quickly,
they could not tell where,
For she was gone over sea
with a Souldier.

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.





He ſadled his horſe
and rode to the ſhoare,
Thinking to take Peggy,
before ſhe got ore:
He asked for Peggy,
but ſhe was not there,
For ſhe was gone over ſea,
with a Souldier.

I pray thee good nurſe
be good to my child,
And thouſe have thy wages,
at every months end:
Thouſe nether want money,
wine nor good cheare,
Though Peggy be over ſea,
with a Souldier.

He curſed the Carpenter
that made the ſhip,
And eke the Plummer,
for plumming ſo deepe:
He banned the wind
and the water ſo cleere,
That carried her over ſea
with a ſouldier

Shehad not beene over ſea,
paſſing months three,
Ere ſhe would come home againe,
if it might be.
To ſpeake with her husband,
this matter to cleere,
Becauſe ſhe had bin over ſea
with a ſouldier.

This wanton lewd woman,
is come home againe,
When all her pleaſure,
and coine it was ſpent:
She could no longer,
in Ireland ſtay,
For ſhe had no gold
nor money to pay.

I pray you ſweet husband,
will you forgive me,
And all that's amiſſe,
amended ſhall be:
Ile live with my husband,
and Babie ſo deare,
And Ile never goe againe,
with a ſouldier.

Come hither ſweet Peggy,
thou art welcome to me,
So all that's amiſſe
amended may be.
I pray God forgive my ſinnes,
and Ile forgive thee,
If thou'l live at home,
with thy Babie and me.

All you good wives,
that heare this my ſong,
Live at home with your husbands
and doe them no wrong:
For youth it is wanton,
and will have a fling,
And Peggy is at home
with her husband againe.

And thus of my ſong,
I will make an end,
Praying for Gods favour,
for women and men,
Deſiring them all
in their Countrey to ſtay,
And never to wander
ſo vainely away.

Printed at London for *F. Coules* dwelling in the Old-Baily. FINIS.

A Song made of Nothing.

Yet he that doth read, or heare it ſhall find,
Something of nothing to pleaſure his mind.

To a dainty New tune.



SOme men of nothing doe matters endite.
Se ſome men of ſmall things large volumes doe write,
But if you will giue me leaue I will recite
A ſong made of nothing.

He that has nothing may ſooneſt ſpend all,
And he thats exalted may haue a downe-fall,
And he that is weakeſt may goe to the wall,
But I will ſay nothing.

He that preſumeth a Gallant to be,
And ſpends more in one yeare then he gets in three,
Shall beg hauing waſted his Patrimony,
But I will ſay nothing.

He that has nothing, no credit ſhall haue,
Although he be vertuous, he's counted a knaue,
Among roaring Gallants that goe fine and braue,
Cauſe he can ſpend nothing.

He that delights in Cards and in Dice,
And ſpends his reuenues in ſuch idle vice,
Shall met with lewd company him to intice,
Till he be worth nothing.

He that hath nothing, with troubles beſet,
Will ſteale or doe ſomething a lining to get.
But if he be caught in the hangmans net,
His life is worth nothing.

He that hath nothing, can nothing poſſeſſe,
And he that hath little may looke to haue leſſe,
But much want and ſorrow doth daily oppreſſe
the man that hath nothing.

He that will be a good husband indeed,
That vnto his buſineſſe doth goe with good heed,
Shall ſtill haue ſufficient to ſerue him at need,
And alwayes want nothing.

He that is maried vnto a good wife,
Shall liue in content all dayes of his life,
But if man and woman be giuen to ſtrife,
They ll fall out for nothing.

He that is idle and will not take paines.
But honeſt induſtry and labour diſdaines,
When others true labours are quitted with gaines,
Then he ſhall haue nothing.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.



He that in Drunkennes takes his delight.
To drinke and to ſwagger, to brabble and fight
He taketh the wrong, and leaueth the right,
But I wil ſay nothing.

He that in baſeneſſe his time doth here ſpend,
That never regards himſelfe nor his friend,
He ſtandeth in danger to haue a bad end,
But I wil ſay nothing.

He that takes pleaſure to curſe, ban and ſweare,
With vaine execrations his Maker to teare,
The Lord in his wrath, if he doe not forbeare,
wil bring him to nothing.

He that doth ruffle it out in vaine pride
That weareth gay clothes a foule carcaſſe to hide,
And beares more on's backe then he's worth beſide,
Ile truſt him for nothing.

He that delighteth to goe to the Law,
To ſue for a trifle that's ſcarce worth a ſtraw,
May ſue for a Woodcocke. and catch a Jack-Daw
For all comes to nothing.

He that his time ſtil carelelly ſpends,
And hopes to be rich by the death of his friends,
The piller whereon all his hope ſtill depends,
Perhaps comes to nothing.

He that deferreth amendment to'th laſt,
And takes not to thime till al remedie's paſt,
If he through his folly behind hand be caſt,
His hopes are worth nothing.

He that liues vprightly in his vocation,
And on the diſtreſſed hath commiſeration,
That man rightly merits a good commendation
He's guilty in nothing.

He that with vſury doth money beget,
And loues that young ſpend-thrifts ſhould be in his debt
The Deuill at laſt wil drag him in's net
But I wil ſay nothing.

He that can craftily cozen and cheat,
To get a baſe liuing by fraud and deceit,
Shal ſtand on the Pillory to coole his heate,
But I wil ſay nothing.

He that is often enclined to quarrell,
Wil bring both himſelfe & his friend in great perill
But that man is bleſt that can wiſely forbeare ill,
And learne to ſay nothing.

Here you ſee ſomething of nothing is made.
For of the word nothing, ſomething is ſaid,
That man who hath neither wealth, wit, nor trade,
Alas he gets nothing.

So kéep me being tedious, I now wil refraine,
And pray for King Charles that long he many raigne:
His foes and all traytors that wiſh Englands bane.
Good Lord bring to nothing

FINIS.

Printed at London for Iohn Wright.

The Sinners Redemption.

Wherein is described the blessed Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, together with his life on earth, and his precious death on the Crosse for Mankind.

To the tune of, The bleeding heart. *Or*, In Creet, &c.



ALL you that are to mirth inclin'd,
Consider well, and beare in mind,
What our good God hath for vs done,
In sending his beloued Son,
For to redeeme our soules from thrall,
This was the Saviour of us all.

Let all our songs of prailes be
Unto his heauenly Maiesty,
And euermore amongst your mirth,
Remember Christ our Saviours birth

The fine and twentieth of December,
God cause haue we for to remember,
In Bethelem vpon that morne,
There was our blest Messias borne.

The night before that happy tide,
The spotlesse Virgin and her Guide,
Went long time seeking vp and downe
To find their lodging in the towne.

But mark how all things came to passe
The Inns and lodgings so fill'd was,
That they could haue no roome at all,
But in a stilly Ore his stall.

This night the Virgin Mary mild,
Was safe deliuered of a Child,
According vnto heauens decree,
Mans sweet saluation for to be.

Nor Bethelem did Shepheards keepe.
Their herds and flocks of feeding sheep
To them Gods Angels did appeare,
Which put the shepheards in great fear

Prepare and goe the Angel said,
To Bethelem, be not afraid,
There shall you find this blessed morne
The Princely Babe sweet Jesus borne.

With thankfull heart and ioyful mind,
The shepheards went the Babe to find.
And as the heauenly Angel told,
They did our Saviour Christ behold.

Within a manger was he laid,
The Virgin Mary by him staid,
Attending on the Lord of life,
Being both Mother, Maid, and Wife.

Three Easterne Wise men from afar,
Directed by a glorious star,
Came boldly on and made no stay,
Vntill they came where Jesus lay.

And being come into the place,
Whereas the blest Messias was,
They humbly laid before his feet,
Their gifts of gold and odours sweet

See how the Lord of heauen and earth,
Shew'd himselfe lowly in his birth.
A sweet example for Mankind
To learn to beare an humble mind.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





NOeſtly robes nor rich attire,
Did Jeſus Chriſt our Lord deſire,
No muſick nor ſweet harmony,
Till glorious Angels from on hye,

Did in melodious manner ſing
Praiſes vnto our heauenly King,
All Honor, Glory, Might and Power,
Be vnto Chriſt for euermore.

Iaquiers of Angels did reioyce,
Well may Mankind with heart & voice
Sing praiſes to the God of Heauen,
That vnto vs his Son hath giuen.

Moreouer let vs euery one,
Call vnto mind and think vpon
His righteous life, and how hee dy'd
To haue poore ſinners inſtifi'd.

Suppoſe O man that thou ſhouldſt lie
In priſon ſtrong condemn'd to die,
And that no friend vpon the earth,
Could ranſome thee from cruel death:

Except thou canſt ſome partie find,
That for thy ſake will be ſo kind,
His owne hearts bloud for to diſpenſe,
And loſe his life in thy defence:

Such was the loue of Chriſt when we
Were loſt to hell perpetually,
To ſaue vs from the gulfe of woe,
Himſelfe much paines did vndergoe.

While in this world he did remaine,
He neuer ſpent an houre in vaine,
In faſting and in prayer diuine,
He daily ſpent away his time.

He in their Temples daily taught,
And many wonders ſtrange hee wrought:
He gaue the blind their perfect ſight,
And made the lame to goe vpright.

He cur'd the Lepers of their euills,
And by his power he caſt out deuils,
He raiſed Lazarus from the graue,
And to the ſick their health he gaue.

But yet for all theſe wonders wrought:
The Jews his dear deſtruction ſought
The traytor Judas was the man,
That with a kiſſe betray'd him than.

Then was he led to iudgment hall,
Like one deſpis'd amongſt them all,
And had the ſentence giuen, that he
Should ſuffer death vpon a tree.

Vnto his execution place, (grace,
They brought him on with much diſ-
With vile reproachfull taunts & ſcorns
They crown'd him with a wreath of (thorns.

Then to the croſſe through hands & feet,
They nayl'd our bleſſ Redeemer ſweet,
And further to augment his ſmart,
With bloody ſpear they pierc'd his heart

Thus haue you ſeene and heard aright,
The loue of Chriſt, the Lord of Might,
And how he ſhed his precious bloud,
Only to doe vs ſinners good:
And to redeeme our ſoules from thrall,
This was the Saviour of vs all.

FINIS.

The Sinners Redemption.

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Vnto his heauenly Maieſty,
And euermore amongſt your mirth,
Remember Chriſt our Sauiours birth

The fiue and twentieth of December,
Good cauſe haue we for to remember,
In Bethelem vpon that morne,
There was our bleſt Meſſias borne.

The night before that happy tide,
The ſpotleſſe Virgin and her Guide,
Went long time ſeeking vp and downe
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Hans ſweet ſaluation for to be.

Nor Bethelem did Shepheard keepe.
Their herds and flocks attending ſheep
To them Gods Angels did appeare,
Which put the ſhepheards in great fear

Prepare and goe the Angel ſaid,
To Bethelem, be not afraid,
There ſhall you find this bleſſed morne
The Princely Babe ſweet Jeſus borne.

With thankfull heart and ioyful mind,
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And as the heauenly Angel told,
They did our Sauiour Chriſt behold.

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The Virgin Mary by him ſtaid,
Attending on the Lord of life,
Being both Mother, Maid, and Wife.

Three Eaſterne Wiſe men from afar,
Directed by a glorious ſtar,
Came boldly on and made no ſtay,
Vntill they came where Jeſus lay.

And being come into the place,
Whereas the bleſt Meſſias was,
They humbly laid before his feet,
Their gifts of gold and odours ſweet

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His owne hearts bloud for to diſpenſe,
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Were loſt to hell perpetually,
To ſaue vs from the gulfe of woe,
Himſelfe much paines did vndergoe.

Whilſt in this world he did remaine,
He neuer ſpent an houre in vaine,
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And how he ſhed his precious bloud,
Only to doe vs ſinners good:
And to redeeme our ſoules from thrall,
This was the Saviour of vs all.

FINIS.

Saint *Bernards* Viſion.

OR, 310

A briefe Diſcourſe (Dialogue-wiſe) betweene the Soule and the Body of a damned man newly deceaſed, laying open the faults of each other: With a ſpeech of the Divels in Hell. To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe.*



The Writer ſpeaketh.

AS I lay ſlumbring in my Bed one Night,
A fearefull Viſion did me ſore affright:
Me thought I ſaw a Soule departed late,
By it the Body, in a poore eſtate.

Wailing with ſighes, the Soule aloud did cry
Upon the Body, in the Coffin by:
And thus the Soule to it did make her moane,
With grievous ſobs, and many a bitter groane.

The Soule ſpeaketh.

O ſinfull Fleſh, which now ſo low doth lye,
Whom yeſterday the World eſteem'd ſo hye;
It was but yeſterday the World was thine,
Thy Sunne is ſet, which yeſterday did ſhine.

Where is that Traine that did attend on thee?
Where is thy Mirth? where is thy Jollitie?
Where are thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Treaſure?
Thy pleaſant Walks, in which thou took'ſt ſuch pleaſure?

Gone is thy Traine, thy Mirth to mourning turn'd,
Thou in a Coffin in thy Shrine art Urn'd:
For thy rich Clothes, thou haſt a Winding-ſheet,
Thy high-built Roofe now with thy Noſe doth meet.

But I (poore Soule) was fram'd a noble creature,
In likeneſſe to my God, of heavenly feature:
But by thy ſinne, whil'ſt we on Earth aboade,
I am made fouler than a loathſome Toade.

O wretched Fleſh, with me that art forlorne,
That well may'ſt wiſh thou never hadſt bin borne;
Thou never would'ſt to any good agree,
For which we evermore ſhall damned bee.

I am and muſt for ever be in paine,
No tongue can tell the torments I ſuſtaine;
Both thou and I, we muſt deſcend to Hell,
There we in frying flames for aye muſt dwell.

It was thy Pride, Deceit, and Luxurie,
Hath brought theſe torments both on me and thee;
Thy Wife, thy Children, Friends, which thou didſt truſt,
Doth loath thy Carcas, lying in the Duſt.

The Worke of God, which is both true and ſure,
Witneſſe at large what ſinners ſhall endure:
Thou that within thy Bed of Earth art layd,
Ariſe, and anſwer to theſe things I ſayd.

The Body anſwereth.

I know thee well, my Soule, which from me fled,
Which left my Body ſenſeleſſe, cold, and dead:
Ceaſe then to ſay, the fault was all in mee,
When I will prove the fault was moſt in thee.

Thou ſay'ſt, that I have led thee oft aſtray,
And from well-doing drawne thee quite away.
But if the Fleſh the Spirits power can move,
The fault is thine, as I will plainly prove.

God you doe know, created thee moſt faire,
And of Celeſtiall knowledge gave you ſhare:
I was your ſervant, form'd of Durt and Clay;
You to command, and I for to obay.

'Twas in your power for to reſtraine my will,
And not to let me doe thoſe things were ill.
The Bodies workes be from the Soule derided,
And by the Soule the Body ſhould be guided.

The Body of it ſelfe none ill hath knowne:
If I did what thou bidſt, the guilt's thine owne:
For without thee, the Body reſteth dead;
The Soule commands it reſts upon thy head.

So to conclude, thy guilt exceedeth mine;
Oh, how the wormes doe teare me in my Shrine!
And therefore fare thou well, poore ſinfull Soule,
Whoſe treſpaſſes paſſe mine, though they are foule.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.



The Soule anſwereth.

MOſt wretched Fleſh, which in thy time of life
Waſt fooliſh, idle, vaine, and full of ſtrife;
Though of my ſubſtance thou didſt ſpeake to me,
I doe confeſſe I ſhould have bridled thée.

But thou through love of pleaſure fooliſh and ill,
Still me reſiſted and would have thy will:
When I would thée (O Body) have controul'd,
Straight the worlds vanities did thée withhold.

So thou of me didſt get the upper hand,
Inthralling mée in worldly pleaſures band,
That thou and I eternall ſhall be drown'd
In Hell, when glorious Saints in Heaven are crown'd.

But flatt'ring fancies did thy mind ſo pleaſe,
Thou never thought to dye, till death did ſeaze:
This was thy fault, and curſed is our fate,
Which we repent, but now alas too late.

The Body ſpeaketh.

Oh now I weep being ſcourg'd with mine owne rod,
Wée both ſtand guilty 'fore the face of God:
Both are in fault, and yet not equally,
The greateſt burthen (Soule) on thée doth lye.

No wit ſo meane, but this for truth it knowes,
That where moſt gifts of vertue God beſtowes,
There moſt is due, and ought repayed bée;
And unto this there's none but will agrée.

But fooliſhly thou yéeldeſt unto mée,
And to my vaine deſires didſt ſome agrée;
But (oh) I know that at the latter houre,
Both thou and I ſhall find a death moſt ſoure.

I greatly feare an everlaſting fire,
Yet one thing more of thée I doe deſire:
Haſt thou bèen yet amongſt the fiends of Hell?
Is no hope left, that we with Chriſt may dwell?

The Soule anſwereth.

Fond fleſh, remember Dives was denay'd,
When for one drop of water ſo he pray'd:
Thy queſtion (ſenſeleſſe Body) wanteth reaſon,
Redemption now is hopeleſſe, out of ſeaſon.

Vile Body goe, and rot in bed of Clay,
Untill the great and generall Judgement day:
Then ſhalt thou riſe and be with me condemn'd,
To Hells hot lake, for ever without end.

So fare thou well, I muſt no longer ſtay,
Harke how the fiends of Hell call mée away:
The loſſe of Heavenly joyes tormenteth mée
More than all tortures that in Hell can be.

The Divells ſpeake.

Ho, are you come, whom we expected long?
Now we will make you ſing another ſong:
Howling and yelling ſtill ſhall be your note,
And molten lead be powred downe your throat.

Such horror wée doe on our ſervants load,
Now thou art worſe than is the crawling Toad:
Ten thouſand thouſand torments thou ſhalt bide,
When thou in flaming Sulphure ſhalt be fride.

Thou art a ſouldier of our campe enrol'd,
Never henceforth ſhalt thou the light behold:
The paines prepar'd for thée no tongue can tell,
Welcome, O welcome to the pit of Hell.

The Writer ſpeaketh.

At this the groaning Soule did weepe moſt ſore,
And then the fiends with joy did laugh and roare:
Theſe Divells ſeem'd more blacke than pitch or night,
Whoſe horrid ſhapes did ſorely me affright.

Sharpe ſteely forkes each in his hand did beare,
Tuſked their teeth, like crooked mattocks were,
Fire and Brimſtone then they breathed out,
And from their noſtrils Snakes crawl'd round about.

Foule filthy hornes on their blacke browes they wore,
Their nayles were like the tuſhes of a Bore:
Thoſe fiends in chaines faſt bound this wretched Soule,
And drag'd him in, who grievouſly did howle.

Then ſtraight me thought appeared to my ſight
A beautious young man, cloathed all in white,
His face did ſhine, moſt glorious to behold,
Wings like the Raynebow, and his hayre like Gold.

With a ſweet voyce, All haile, all haile (quoth he)
Ariſe and write what thou didſt heare and ſée:
Moſt heavenly muſicke ſeemed then to play,
And in a cloud he vaniſht quite away.

Awaking ſtraight, I tooke my pen in hand,
To write theſe lines the young man did command,
And ſo into the world abroad it ſent,
That each good Chriſtian may in time repent.

Then let us feare the Lord both night and day,
Preſerve our Soules and Bodies wée thee pray,
Grant that we may ſo run this mortall race,
That wée in Heaven may have a reſting place.

Preſerve the King, the Queene and Progeny,
The Clergy, Councell, and Nobility,
Preſerve our ſoules, O Lord, we doe thée pray,
Amen, with me let all good Chriſtians ſay. FINIS.

Printed at London for *I. Wright*, dwelling in Gilt-ſpur ſtreet.

The Sinners ſupplication.

Confeſsing his ſins, and humbly craving pardon of the Lord: he hateth the world, and deſireth to inhabit in the heavenly Ieruſalem: and the deſcription thereof. To the tune of, *Troy Towne.*



O Gratious God and heavenly King,
That rules and governes every thing,
Whoſe power the heavens & earth do know,
Behold me wretch oppreſt with woe:
Be thou my God in this diſtreſſe,
And eaſe me of my wickedneſſe.
O Lord, Lord for thy mercy now forgive
me, come and receive me home.

The terrors of this fearefull death,
Which makes ſo many loſe their breath,
Doe make me feare my part therein,
For recompence of my great ſinne
O Lord unto my voice give heed,
And rid my life and ſoule from dread.
O Lord; Lord for thy mercy, &c.

Moſt gracious God now lend thine eare,
Bow downe thy ſelfe my cryes to heare,
Let not my words be ſpent in vaine,
But helpe me Lord now I complaine.
Be thou my rocke my ſtrength and ſtay,
For thou haſt promiſt helpe alway.

This grievous ſcourge which thou haſt ſent,
Upon us for our chaſtiſement:
We muſt confeſſe we have deſerved,
For from thy lawes we all have ſwerved.
Our ſinnes have ſore provoked thee,
In wrath againſt us all to be. &c.

The ſinnes of Sodome here doe raigne,
And in our Citie doe remaine,
Both old and young, both rich and poore,
Doe daily ſinne and vex thée ſore:
They ſweare and lye, they ſteale and kill,
no ſort old ſhoes the poore they ſell.

False beames and weights are daily uſed,
Whereby full many are abuſed,
And covetous Uſurers by exceſſe,
Have brought a number to diſtreſſe,
They purchaſe daily houſe and ground,
And racking rents the poore they wound.

And I O Lord amongſt the reſt,
Doe yeeld that I have ſore tranſgreſt:
But yet O Lord I thée deſire,
Not to rebuke me in thine ire.
Beare not in mind my former ill,
But frame me to thy holy will.

I was conceivd and borne in ſin,
And ſince I have moſt wicked bin,
Offending thée my gracious God.
Whereby I have deſerved thy rod.
But now O Lord I doe repent.
Let me not faile thy puniſhment.

My ſinnes are ſet before mine eyes,
My graceleſſe oathes I doe deſpiſe,
My want of grace I doe lament,
And youthfull time ſo vainely ſpent.
Forgive me Lord for Chriſt his ſake,
And let thy wrath and anger ſlake.

Vaine world adue thou flattering man,
I loath thée nowe for what thou can:
I yeeld my ſelfe moſt willingly
Unto my God to live and dye.
For under his wings I plainely ſee,
There is moſt ſafety for to be.

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The ſecond part, To the ſame Tune.



Oh where ſaid David ſhall I fly,
But God will there be preſently?
There is no place to ſcape from God,
If thou deſerve to feele his rod,
Thou man in thy vocation ſtay,
And God will thee defend alway.

I with my ſelfe am now reſolved,
And with S. Paul to be diſſolved,
From this Body of ſinne and mire,
I doe moſt earneſtly deſire,
And with my Saviour Chriſt to be,
To live with him eternally.

My thirſty ſoule deſires her draught,
My poyſoned mind would faine be out,
From chaines and fetters of the fleſh,
To live with him in happineſſe:
She longs to come into the coaſt,
Which ſhe by Sathans wiles hath loſt.

From Egypt now I will returne,
Where cruell bondage makes me mourne,
And eke from Babylon I would be,
Releaſed from captivity:
To be in new Ieruſalem,
Amongſt the Saints to ſing with them.

This is the home which I doe meane,
That City new Ieruſalem:
Where many thouſand Saints doe ſing
Praiſes unto their heavenly King.
Within that Citty there is peace,
Continues ſtill and never ceaſe.

There is an everlaſting ſpring,
There birds doe ever chirp and ſing,
There bluſtring winter never blowes,
It never freezeth there nor ſnowes:
Nor Summers parching doth no harme,
The weather there is temperate warme.

There pleaſant Gardens ever keepe,
All ſorts of Flowers ever ſweet:
The trees do bloſſome bud and beare
The fruits are mellow all the yeare
All ſorts of plants both freſh and greene,
At all times there are to bee ſeene.

The gates of equall diſtance be,
Moſt beautifull and faire to ſee:
Bedeckt with many precious ſtones,
And wrought with burniſht Ivory bones,
The walles of Jaſper richly built,
The ſtreets and houſes pav'd and guilt.

There pleaſant Wine in rivers flowes,
Upon the bankes the Suger growes,
Enclos'd in Reedes of Cynamon,
More ſweeter than the hony combe:
To ſee theſe ſights and many moe,
Who would not covet there to goe?

There is no need of Moone nor Sunne,
For there the day and night are one:
No heart can think nor tongue can tell,
The glorious ſightes for to excell.
The dwellers there are crown'd with gold,
Like Kings moſt glorious to behold.

Like loving friends they live in bliſſe,
Like ſpouſes they the Bridegroome kiſſe.
Their loving Lord and maſter deare,
Who feaſteth them with heavenly cheere,
O God of heaven of thy good grace,
Conduct us to that heavenly place.
O Lord, Lord for thy mercy, now forgive me, come and receive me home.

Printed at London for *Henry Goſſon*, dwelling on London Bridge.

Slippery Will, or The old Bachelors complaint, with his aduice to all yong men not to doe as he had done:

His youthfull time he ſpent away,
Which makes him now this Prouerbe ſay,
That he that will not when he may,
When he would, he ſhould haue nay.

To the tune of, *The Bonny Bonny Broome.*



LOng haue I liu'd a Batcheloꝛs life,
and had no mind to marry,
But now I would faine haue a wife,
either Doll, Kate, Sis, oꝛ Mary,
Theſe foure did loue me very well,
had my choice of many,
But one did all the reſt excell,
and that was pretty Nanny:
O young men all, to you I cry and call,
make not too long delay,
For if you will not when you may,
when ye would, ye ſhall haue nay.

Theſe Laſſes faire did loue me very deare,
when I was in my prime,
But now giue eare and you ſhall heare,
how I ſpent away my time:
I promiſ'd Kate to be her true loue
and would not falſifie,
But ſoone I did contrary proue,
oh I cannot it deny.
O young, &c.

After Kate I went and woed Doll,
ſhe was my ducke and my deare,
Her owne ſweet heart ſhe did me call,
of me ſhe had no feare,
But I left her foꝛ Siſſes ſweet ſake,
foꝛ which poore Kate did grieue,
And ſhe did proclamations make,
that no Maid ſhould me beleeue.
O young, &c.

Now Siſſy ſhe my true loue muſt be,
many fine woꝛds I her told,
And ſhe moſt faithfully beleeued me,
and gaue me ſilꝛer and gold;
Which freely I in company
did ſpend and made no care,
She called me her deare honny,
and bade I ſhould not ſpare.
O young, &c.

Now I hauing waſted much of her coyne,
ſhe then began to grow weary,
Then did ſhe ſeeke me to combine,
that I with her ſhould marry.
But I was loth to yeeld vnto her will,
I told her I would tarry.
Then afterward I did vſe my skill,
foꝛ to be beloued of Mary.
O young, &c.

Now Mary ſhe did thinke verily,
that I had beene her owne,
But ſhe was much deceiu'd in me,
as plainely ſhall be ſhowne,
She was ſo cunning, crafty and wiſe,
that ſhe would not part with her money,
Then when I found her ſo preciſe,
I went and woed Nanny.
O young men all, to you I cry and call,
make not too long delay,
For if you will not when you may,
when you would, you ſhall haue nay.

The second part. To the same tune.



SWeet Nan did loue me deare indeed,
she would not see me to lacke,
She gaue me money to serue my need,
and apparell to my backe,
She called me her honny, conny, deare,
her true delight and her loue,
no alwaies bade that I should not feare,
but that she would constant proue.
O young men all, to you I cry and call,
make not too long delay,
For if you will not when you may,
when you would, you shall haue nay.

Thus did I spend away my time of youth,
and now begin to waxe old,
The Prouerbe now I finde is truth,
Hot loue soone waxeth cold.
I went and tryed my Lalles eye againe,
but I found them all very strange,
They tell me now it is in vaine,
so often to fleet and change.
O young, &c.

When I came to proue my first true loue,
asking her if she did well,
But now she doth contrary proue,
and wish'd that the diuell of hell
Might take me by vpon his backe,
and carry me about to sell;
She bid me thence away to packe,
and not come where she doth dwell.
O young, &c.

From Kate to Doll I did then repaire,
and called her my owne Sweet-heart,
She asked me what I did there,
and bade me thence depart,
She cal'd me slaue and cheating knaue,
and swore she would procure
Some punishment for me to haue.
that I might smart endure.
O young, &c.

I hearing her to threaten me so,
went quickly from her sight,
Then to my Sisly I did goe,
which was my hearts delight;
But when she saw me at the doore,
she would not let me in,
But told me of my faults before,
and said, She would baste my skin.
O young, &c.

Then wandring from thence I went,
and came to Mistresse Mary,
Who was resolu'd with full intent,
my life for to miscarry:
She fetcht a spit and ran at me,
thinking to end my life,
She bled me most cruelly,
and at me drew her knife.
O young, &c.

Then presently to Nan I hi'd,
to see if she would be kind,
But she at me did raile and chide,
and swore she would beat me blind,
She tooke her Distaffe in her hand,
and laid on me very sore;
I thought it was no boot to stand,
but got me out of doore.
O young, &c.

I must confesse that I did amisse,
in louing of so many,
O but now what a plague is this?
am not beloued of any,
My heart is grieued very sore,
to thinke on former loues,
O I shall neuer see them more,
then list to me, young boyes.
For time and tide doth quickly glide,
and time for none will stay,
Then take your time when as you may,
or else perhaps you may haue nay.

Printed at London for E. B. FINIS.

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Seldome comes the better:
OR,

An admonition to all sorts of people, as Husbands, Wiues, Masters, and Seruants, &c. to auoid mutability, and to fix their minds on what they possesse.

To the tune of the He-Deuill.



YOu men that are well wiued,
and yet doe raile on Fate,
As though you were depriued
thereby of happy state:
Learne well to be contented
with a good wife, if you get her,
For often when the old wife's dead,
seldome comes the better.

I once had a wife,
O would to God she had liued,
For while the Lord lent me her life,
in different well I thriued;
Yet cause that she would chide at me,
I wisht that death would set her,
But since I haue got a worse then shee,
for seldome comes the better.

She would tell me for my good,
that I must leaue my vice,
But I not rightly vnderstood
her counsell of high price;
Full glad was I when she was dead,
so much at nought I set her,
But since I haue got a worse in her stead,
for seldome comes the better.

I now haue one thats not content
with any thing I doe;
The others tongue did me torment,
this scolds and beates me too.
I thought when I was rid of one,
that Fortune was my debtor:
But now I see when one wife's gone,
that seldome comes the better.

That wife would onely me reproue,
for wasting of my store;
But this, as well as I doth loue
the good Ale pot, and more,
She'l sit at the Alehouse all the day,
and if the house will let her,
Shee'l run on the score, and I must pay;
thus seldome comes the better.

The other was a huswife good,
when she a penny spent,
It went from her like drops of blood,
toth' Alehouse she ne're went,
Vnlesse it were to fetch home me,
for which at nought I set her,
But this wife is quite contrary,
for seldome comes the better.

And if I doe rebuke her as
a Husband ought and will,
She'l call me Rogue and Rascall base,
her tongue will ne're be still;
May much adoe I haue to shun
her blowes if much I fret her;
The other quickly would haue done:
thus seldome comes the better.

The Second part, To the ſame tune.





VVHen I conſider well of this,
it ſore doth vere my minde;
Then I thinke what tis to miſſe
a wife that's true and kinde.
There's many men like me that haue
good Wiues, yet wish for neater,
And faine would ſend the old toth'graue,
in hope they ſhall haue better.

But that doth ſeldome come to paſſe,
though many hope it will:
Therefore let him that has a good Laſſe,
deſire to keepe her ſtill:
Nay, though ſhe hath ſome ſmall defect,
to chide when he doth fret her,
Yet let him not her loue neglect,
for ſeldome comes the better.

Some thinke that were their old Wiues
ſuch are their fickle mindes (dead,
They ſhould get richer in their ſteads,
but few or none that findes
Their expectation anſwered.
ſuppoſe the portion's greater,
Yet he may ſay as I haue ſed,
that ſeldome comes the better.

There's many Lads, and Laſſes young,
that in good ſeruice light,
And yet they thinke that they haue wrong
to ſerue their time out quite,
They long to ſhift from place to place,
for b'ittle from the greater,
Till at laſt they ſay in wofull caſe,
faith, ſeldome comes the better.

Change of paſture makes fat Calues,
this is a proverbe old,
Which fore another like it ſaiues,
and helpes the firſt abus'd.
A rolling ſtone ne're gathers moſſe:
ſo hee that is a flitter
From houſe to houſe, ſhall find with loſſe,
that ſeldome comes the better.

Likewiſe ſome men and women both,
when they haue Seruants true,
To keepe them ouer-long th'are loth,
but ſtill they wish for new;
And hauing put the old away,
they take ſome farre vnfitter,
Which being tride, at laſt they ſay
faith, ſeldome comes the better.

And he that hath a perfect Friend,
let him retaine his loue,
Leſt loſing th'old, the new it's end
a faigned friend doe proue:
And ſo it happens many times,
as ſome can tell that yet are
Aline, and doe lament their crimes,
with ſeldome comes the better.

Therefore let all both Men and Wiues,
Seruants and Walkers all,
Thinke on this Proverbe all their liues,
the vſe on't is not ſmall;
If you are well, your ſelues ſo keepe,
and ſtriue not to be greater;
Be ſure to looke before you leape,
for ſeldome comes the better.

Printed at London. FINIS.

Seldome cleanely:

OR,

A merry new Ditty, wherein you may ſee,
The tricke of a Huſwife, in every degree:
Then lend your attention while I doe unfold,
As pleaſant a ſtory as you have heard told,
To the tune of, Vpon a Summers time.







DRaw nére you Countrey Girles,
and liſten unto me,
Ile tell you here a new conceit
concerning Huſwifery,
concerning Huſwifery,

Thrée Aunts I had of late,
good Huſwifes all were they:
But cruell death hath taken
the beſt of them away,
O the beſt of them away.

O this was one of my Aunts,
the beſt of all the thrée:
And ſurely though I ſay it my ſelfe
A cleanly woman was ſhe,
A cleanly woman was ſhe.

My Uncle careleſſe was,
in waſting of his ſtore:
Which made my Aunt to have a care
To looke about the more,
To looke, &c.

When Winter time drew on,
nére to Allhollon day:
My Aunt did caſt her wits about
To ſave her Straw and Hay,
To ſave, &c.

And like a provident woman,
As plainely did apeare:
She ſtarv'd her Bullockes to ſave her Hay,
Vntill another yeare,
O this was one of my Aunts,
the beſt of all the three,
And ſurely though I ſay't my ſelfe
a provident woman was ſhee.

But as ſhée went to ſée
her cattell in the fields:
When ſhée comes home two pound of duet,
Hang dragling at her héeles,
O this was one of my Aunts, &c.

And there ſhée let it hang
from Candlemas till May:
And then ſhée tooke a hatchet in hand,
And chopt it cleane away,
O this was one of my Aunts, &c.

In making of a chéeſe
my Aunt ſhewed her cunning:
Such perfit skill ſhée had at will,
ſhée never uſed running,
O this was one of my Aunts, &c.

For having ſtrained her milke,
in turning once about,
ſhée had the beſt curd that ever you ſa'w,
By the ſent of the ſteaming clout,
O this was one of my Aunts,
the, &c.

The second part, To the same tune.





SHée was the choysest Nurse,
that lived in all the West:
Her face was white as the charcoale flow'r,
So was her neck and brest, (er
O this was one of my Aunts,
the best of all the three
And surely though I say't my selfe,
a cleanly good Nurse was she.

The garments which she did weare,
did shine like the brazen Crock:
And where shée went she bore such a sent,
That the flyes blew in her frock,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

My Aunt so curious was,
as I to you may tell:
Shée used to make fat puddings,
In markets for to sell,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

The smallest candles end,
my Aunt would never lose:
It would helpe to make her puddings fat,
With the droppings of her nose,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

Another trick she had,
as I shall now declare,
Shée never swept the house,
About foure times a yeare,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

And when shée swept the Hall,
the Parler or the Spence:
The dust was worth to her at least,
A shilling or 14. pence,
O this was one of my Aunts,
the,&c.

One day my Aunt was set
by the fier side a spinning:
As she knew well what was to doe,
To wellen or to linnen,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

A change came in her minde,
her worke being in great hast:
She burn'd her Tow her Wheele and all,
Because she would make no wast,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

My Aunt so patient was,
of this I dare be bold,
That with her neighbours shée
Was never knowne to scold,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

Her lips with lothsome words,
shée seldome would defile:
But sometimes she would whisper so loud,
You might heare her halfe a mile,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

Yet one condition more,
unto you I will show:
Shée washt her dishes once a moneth,
And set them on a row,
O this was one of my Aunts,&c.

If other wise she had,
but of a dishclout faile,
She would set them to the Dog to lick,
and wipe them with his tayle.
O this was one of my Aunts,&c,

But to conclude in hast,
I hold it not amisse:
I love a cleanly huswife well,
As may apeare by this,
O this was one of my Aunts,
the best of all the three
And surely though I say't my selfe,
a cleanely woman was she. L.P.

London Printed for Iohn Wright *junior*, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily. FINIS.

A new Sonnet, shewing how the Goddess *Diana* Transformed *Acteon* into the shape of a Hart.

to a New Tune.





DIANA and her Darlings dear,
went walking on a Day,
Throughout the Wood and Waters clear,
for their disports and play.
The leaves aloft were very green
and pleasant to behold,
These Nymphs they walkt the trees between,
under the shadows cold.
So long, at last they found a place
of Springs and Waters clear,
A fairer Bath there never was
found out this thousand Year;
Wherin Diana dantily,
her self began to bathe.
And all her Virgins fair and pure,
themselves did wash and lave.
And as the Nymphs in water flood,
ACTEON palled by,
As he came runing through the Wood,
on them he cast his Eye,
And eke behold their bodies bare,
then presently that tide,
And as the Nymphs of him were ware,
with voice aloud they cry'd;
And clos'd Diana round about,
to hide her body small;
But she was highest of the Rout,
and seen above them all.
And when Diana did perceive
where Acteon did stand;
A furious look to him she gave,
and took her Bow in hand,
And as she went about to shoot,
Acteon began to run,
To hide he thought it was no boot,
his former sight were done.
And as he thought from her to 'scape,
she brought it so to pass,
Incontinently chang'd his shape,
even runing as he was;
Each Goddess took Diana's part,
Acteon to transform,
To make of him a huge wild Hart,
there they did all determ;
His Skin that was so fine and fair,
was made a tawny Red,
His body overgrown with hair,
from feet unto the head;
and on his head great Horns were set,
most wonderous to behold,
a larger Hart was never met,
nor seen upon the Mold;
His Ears and Eyes that were so fair,
transformed were full strange,
His Hands and Feet compelled were
throughout the Woods to range.
Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
and waxed fierce and grim;
His former shape did quite depart
from every joint and limb;
but still his Memory did remain,
although he could not speak,
Nor yet among his Friends complain,
his woful mind to break;
at length he thought for to repair
home to his dwelling place,
anon of him his Hounds were ware,
and 'gan to cry apace:
Then Acteon was sore agast,
his Hounds would him devour,
and from them then he fled full fast,
with all his might and power.



A Lullaby,

HE ſpared neither buſh nor brake
but ran through thick and thin,
With all the ſwiftneſs he could make,
to ſave his Skin:
Yet were his Hounds ſo near his tail,
and followed him ſo faſt,
That running might not him avail,
for all his ſpeed and haſte:
For why his Hounds would never lin
till they him overtook,
and then they rent and tore his Skin,
and all his body ſhook:
I am your Maſter Acteon,
then cry'd he to his Hounds,
and made unto them ruefful moans,
with ſad lamenting ſounds;
I have been he which gave you food,
wherein I took delight.
Therefore ſuck not your maſters blood,
his friendſhip to requite.
but thoſe Curs of a curſed kind,
on him had no remorſe,
although he was their deareſt friend,
they pull'd him down by force.
There was no man to take his part,
the ſtory telleth plain;
Thus Acteon a huge wild hart,
among the Does were ſlain:
You Hunters all that Range the woods,
although you riſe up early,
beware you come not nigh the Flood
where Virgins uſe to bathe:
For if Diana you eſpy
among her Derlings dear,
Your former ſhape ſhe will diſguiſe,
and make you Horns to wear:
and ſo I do conclude my Song,
have nothing to alledge;
If Acteon had right or wrong,
let all true Virgins judge.

COme little Babe, come ſilly Soul.
thy fathers ſhame & mothers grief
Born as I doubt to all our doles,
unto thy ſelf unhappy chief:
Sing Lullaby, and keep it warm,
Poor Soul, it thinks no Creature harm;
thou little think'ſt, & leaſt doſt know,
the cauſe of this thy Mothers moan,
thou wanteſt wit to wail or woe,
and I my ſelf am left alone: (wail
why doſt thou weep, why doſt thou
And knoweſt not what thou doſt ail.
Come ſilly wretch, ah ſilly heart,
my only joy what can I more?
if there be any wrong, thy ſmart,
that may thy diſtiny deplore,
'tis I, I ſay, againſt my will,
I wait the time, but be thou ſtill.
And doſt thou ſmile, O thou ſweet face,
I would thy Dad the ſame might ſee,
No doubt but it would purchaſe grace,
I know it would be for thee & me.
But come to Mother, Babe, and play,
Poor Father falſe is fled away.
Sweet babe, if'ſt be thy fortune chance,
thy father home again to ſend,
if Death doth ſtrike me with his lance,
yet may'ſt thou me to him commend:
if any ask thy Mothers name,
tell how by love ſhe purcha'ſt blame:
then will his gentle heart ſoon yeild,
I know him of a noble mind,
Although a Lion in the Field,
a Lamb in town thou ſhalt him find;
aſk bleſſing Lad, be not afraid,
His Sugred lips hath me betray'd.
then may'ſt thou joy and be right glad
although in woe I ſeem to mourn,
thy Father is no Raſcal Lad,
an able Youth of blood and bone,
His glancing look, if he once ſmile,
Right honeſt Women will beguile.
Come little boy, and rock aſleep,
ſing Lullaby and do not cry,
I can do nought elſe but weep,
and ſit by thee the Lullaby;
God bleſs the babe and Lullaby,
From this thy Fathers Cruelty.

Printed by and for T. M. and Sold by
the Booksellers of London.

The Shepheards Delight.

To the Tune of Frog Gallyard.



ON yonder hill there ſpring's a flower,
faire befall thoſe daintie ſweets,
And by that flower there ſtands a bower.
where all the heauenly Muſes meetes,
And in that Bower there ſtands a Chayre,
fringed all about with gold,
And therein ſits the fairest faire,
that euer did mine eies behold.

It was Phillida faire and bright,
and the Shepheards onely ioy,
She whome Venus moſt did ſpight,
and the blinded little Boy.
It was ſhe the wiſeſt rich,
whome all the world did ioy to ſee.
It was Ipſa, quæ the which,
there was none but onely ſhe

Thou art the Shepheards Queene,
pittie me thy woefull Swaine.
For by thy vertue haue been ſeene,
dead men reſtord to life againe:
Look on me now with thy faire eyes,
one ſmiling looke and I am gone.
Looke on me for I am he,
thy poore affliated Cornion,

Dead am I to all delights,
except thy mercy quicken me.
Grant oh Queene, or elſe I die,
a ſalue for this my malady:
The while we ſing with cheereful noyſe,
wood Nymphes and Satyres all may play,
With ſilver ſounding Phillicks voice,
reioycing at this happy day.

Finis.

A pleaſant new Ballad of Daphne

To a new Tune.

WHen Daphne from faire Phœbus did flie.
the Weſt winde moſt ſweetly
Did blow in her face:
Her ſilken Scarfe ſcarce ſhadowed her eyes,
The Boy cried, O pitie, and held her in chace,
Stay Nimph. Stay Nimph, cryes Apollo,
Carry and cast a thee, ſweet Nimph ſtay,
Lion nor Tyger doth thee follow:
Turne thy faire eyes and look this away.
O turne O preſent ſweet,
And let our red lips meet:
Pittie O Daphne, pittie O pitty me.
pittie O Daphne pittie me.

She gaue no care unto his cry,
But ſtill did neglect him the more he did mone,
He ſtill did entreat, ſhe ſtill did denie,,
And earneſtly prayes him to leaue her alone,
Never never cryes Apollo,
Unleſſe to loue thou do conſent:
But ſtill with my voice ſo hollow,
Ile trie to thee while life be ſpent.
But if thou turn to me,
I will praiſe thy felicitie
Pitty O Daphne, pittie O me,
pitty O Daphne, pitty me.

Away like Venus Doue ſhe flies,
The red blood her buskins did run all adowne,
He plaintiffe loue ſhe now denies
Crying, help help Diana and ſaue my renowne:
Wanton wanton luſt is neare me.
Cold and chaſt Diana aid,
Let the earth a Virgin beare me:
Or deuoure me quick a maid:
Diana heard her pray,
And turned her to a Bay,
Pittie O Daphne, pittie, O pittie me,
pitty O Daphne, pittie me.

Amazed ſtood Apollo then,
When he beheld Daphne turn'd as ſhe deſired,
Accurſt I am aboue Gods and men,
With griefe and laments my ſences are tired,
Farwel falſe Daphne moſt unkinde,
My loue is buried in this graue,
Long haue I ſought loue, yet loue could not finde,
Therefore this is my Epitaph
This tree doth Daphne couer,
That never pitied lover,
Farewell falſe Daphne that would not pittie me
though not my Loue, yet art thou my Tree.

FINIS.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke.

A New Ballad, Intituled, The ſtout Cripple of *Cornwall*, Wherein is ſhewed his deſſolute life and deſerved Death.

The Tune is, the Blind Beggar.





OF a ſtout Cripple that kept the high-way,
And beg'd for his living all time of the day,
A story I'll tell you that pleaſant ſhall be,
The Cripple of Cornwal ſirnamed was he.

He crept on his hands and knees up and down,
In a torn Jacket and a ragged torn gown,
For he had never a Leg to the knee,
the Cripple of Cornwal ſirnamed was he.

He was of ſtomach couragious and ſtout,
For he had no cauſe to complain of the Gout,
To go upon ſtilts moſt cunning was he,
With a ſtaff on his neck moſt gallant to ſee.

Yea, no good fellowſhip would he forſake,
Were it in ſecret a Horſe for to take,
His help was as good as any might be,
The Cripple of Cornwal ſirnamed was he.

When he upon any ſervice did go,
The crafty young Cripple prov'ded it ſo,
His ſtool he kept cloſe in an old hollow-tree,
That ſtood from the City a mile two or three.

Thus all the day long he beg'd for relief,
And all the night long he play'd the falſe thief;
For ſeven years together this cuſtom kept he,
And no man knew him ſuch a perſon to be.

There were few Gazers went on the way,
But unto the Cripple for paſſage did pay;
And every brave Merchant that he did eſpy,
He emptied their purſes e're they paſſed by.

The noble Lord Courtney both gallant and bold,
Rode forth with great plenty of ſilver and gold,
At Exeter there a Purchaſe to pay,
But that the falſe Cripple his journey did ſtay.

For why the falſe Cripple hard tydings of late,
As he ſat for alms at the Noble mans gate,
This is, qd. the Cripple, a booty for me,
And i'll follow it cloſely, as cloſely may be.

Then to his companions the matter he moved,
Which their falſe actions before has proved,
They make themſelves ready, & deeply they ſwear
The moneys their own before they come there.

Upon his two ſtilts the Cripple did mount,
To have the beſt ſhare it was his full account,
All cloathed in Canvas down to the ground
He took up his place his mates with him round.

Then came the L. Courtney with half a ſcore men,
Yet little ſuſpecting theſe thieves in their Den,
And they perceiving them come to their hand,
In a dark evening did them to ſtand.

Deliver thy purſe qd the Cripple, with ſpeed,
we be good fellows, and thereof have need.
No ſo, qd. L. Courtney, but this I'll tell ye,
Win it and wear it, elſe get none of me.

With that the Lord Courtney ſtood in his defence,
And ſo did his Servants, but e're they went hence,
Two of the true men were ſlain in this fight,
And four of the thieves were put to the flight.

And while for their ſafeguard they run thus away
The jolly bold Cripple did hold them in play,
And with his Pike-ſtaff he wounded them ſo,
As they were unable to run or to go.

With fighting the L. Courtney was out of breath
And moſt of his ſervants were wounded to death,
Then came other Horſemen riding ſo faſt,
The Cripple was forced to flye at the laſt.

And over a River that run there beſide,
Which was very deep, and eighteen foot wide;
With his long ſtaff and ſtilts leaped he,
And hikred himſelf in an old hollow-tree.

Then throughout the City was hue and cry made,
To have theſe thieves apprehended and ſtaid,
The Cripple he creeps on his hands and his knees,
And in the high-way great pailing he ſees.

And as they came Riding, he begging doth ſay,
O give me one penny good Maſters I pray,
And thus unto Exeter creeps he along,
No man ſuſpecting that he had done wrong:

Anon the L. Courtney he eſpies in the ſtreet,
He comes unto him, and kiſſes his feet,
God ſave your honour, and keep you from ill,
And from the hands of your Enemies ſtill.

Amen, qd. L. Courtney, and therewith threw down,
Unto the poor Cripple an Engliſh Crown,
Away went the Cripple, and thus he did think,
Five hundred pound more will make me to drink.

In vain that hue and cry it was made, (ſaid,
They found none of them though the Country was
But this grieved the Cripple night and day,
That he ſo unluckily miſt of his prey.

Nine hundred pound this Cripple had got,
By begging and thieving, ſo good was his lot,
A thouſand pound he would make it, he ſaid,
And then he would give over his trade.

But as he driv'd his mind to fulfill
In following his actions ſo lewd and ſo ill,
At laſt he was taken the Law to ſuffer,
Condemned and hanged at Exeter Aſſize.

Which made all men amazed to ſee,
That ſuch an impudent Cripple as he,
Should venture himſelf to ſuch actions as they,
To rob in ſuch ſort upon the high-way.

Printed by and for A. M. and ſold by the Book-ſellers of London.

The Spaniſh Tragedy,

ontaining the lamentable Murders of *Horatio* and *Bellimperia*:

With the pittifull Death of old *Hieronimo*.

To the tune of *Queene Dido*.



t haue loſt your former ioyes,
ow in woe your liues doe leade:
thought but dire annoyes,
our griefes all griefes exceede.
ur ſelues it is not ſo:
a ſight of greater woe.

eronimo was my name,
ont fortune ſmiled long:
flattering ſmiles to blame,
ng ſmiles hath done me wrong.
had dyed in tender yeares:
not beene this cauſe of teares.

was in prime of yeares,
great honour in the fielde:
age with ſilvered haires,
d had overſpyed
I warre and Cayde at home:
my honour to my ſonne.

ſweet onely childe,
ies aſpiring wings:
e him in the fielde,
nce Balthazer Captiue brings.
great honour did preſent:
e King Ieroſtivent.

Caſtyles Daughter then.
io to relate:
her beloued friend,
ees woefull fate.
ſhe knew who had him ſlaine:
d ſhe would reuenge the ſame.

her Prince Balthazer,
we her cheefeſt friend:
ſonne for her cheefe flower,
ning to worke reuenge.
what then did ſtraight befall:

Lorenzo then to finde the cauſe,
Why that his ſiſter was vnkinde:
At laſt he found within a pauſe,
How he might ſounde her ſecret minde.
Which for to bring well to effect:
To ſeeke her man he doth direct.

Who being come into his ſight,
He threatneth for to rid his life:
Except ſtraight wayes he ſhould recite,
His ſiſters loue, the cauſe of ſtrife.
Compell'd therefore to vnfold his mind:
Sayd with Horatio ſhee's combinde.

The Villaine then for hope of gaine,
Did ſtraight conuay them to the place:
& [illegible] theſe two louers did remaine,
[illegible]ing in ſight of others face.
[illegible] to their foes they did impart:
[illegible] place where they ſhould their paſſe.

[illegible]nce Balthazer with his [illegible]peeres,
Enters my bower all in the night,
And there my ſonne ſlayne they vpreare,
The more to worke my greater ſpight.
But as I laye and tooke repoſe:
A voyce I hard, whereat I roſe.

And finding then his helpleſſe ſonne
The murtherers I ſought to finde,
But miſſing them I ſtood forlorne,
As one amazed in his minde.
And rent and pull'd my ſilvered haire,
And curſ'd and ban'd each thing was there.

And that I would reuenge the ſame,
I dipt a napkin in his blood:
Swearing to worke their woefull baine,
That ſo had ſpoyl'd my cheefeſt good.
And that I would not it forget:

Solomons Sacrifice.

VVith his prayer in Gibeon, and how God appeared to him in a vision and granted his request.

To a pleasant new tune.



OF all the Kings in Israel,
that raigned long agoe,
I doe remember very well,
that Chronicles doe show,
That when it fell to Solomon,
He proued such a Paragon,
As neuer was there any one,
as after you shall know.

For when he came to bée a King,
He feared God in euery thing,
In Sacrifice and Worshipping
great cost he did bestow.
There was a place in Israel
call'd Gibeon at that day,
And thither went King Solomon
to Sacrifice and pray.

But God did in a vision
Appeare vnto King Solomon,
Whilst he was yet in Gibeon
and thus to him did say:
Because of thy humility,
Ask what thou wilt O King of me,
And speak that I may giue it thée
before thou goest away.

Then Solomon thus answered,
to thée be alwaies praise,
For that as thou hast promised
in our forefathers dayes,
For that as thou hast promised
Not to leaue their seat vnfurnished
But to leaue it garnished
by me that seekes thy wayes.

Thy holy wisedome grant to me,
thy holy Lawes to vnderstand,
An vnderstanding heart to see
the iudgements of the Land:
That I may wel gouern the same
As iustice rightly ought to frame,
To the glory of thy holy name,
with mercy in my hand.

Thē God which took it in good part
that Solomon had said,
Because it was so in his heart,
to aske as he had pray'd:
He said, I will giue vnto thée,
As neuer none the like shall be,
Neither before nor after thée,
therefore be not afraid.

And I wil giue thée wisdom great
and treasure passing store,
Now sitting on thy Fathers seat,
as no King had before.
With that arose King Solomon,
And went away from Gibeon,
To guide the charge he took vpon,
as no King had before,

Then after that in Israel,
He raigned long their king ful wel
As all the holy booke can tell,
with great increase and store.

FINIS.

Printed at London for
Henry Gosson.

Solomons Sentences.

An excellent Ditty, ſhewing the graue ſayings, and wiſe Sentences of *Solomon*.

To the tune of, Wigmores Galliard.



THeſe that will run a vertuous race,
and learn the precepts of the Sage
Thoſe that true wiſdome will imbrace,
and learne to liue in youth and age.
Let them approach hereto with ſpeed,
and to theſe leſſons giue good heed,
For hearing well theſe things away,
the Lord will bleſſe them night & day.

My ſonne (ſaith Solomon the wiſe,)
if thou true wiſdome wilt attaine,
Then feare the Lord that rules the skies
for ſo the Scripture teacheth plaine:
Imbrace his word and him obey,
this is the chiefe and only way:
For they that doe theſe things deſpiſe,
are fooles to God though worldly wiſe.

Vnto thy Father honour giue,
and thou ſhalt ſurely bleſſed be:
And be obedient while thou liue
vnto thy Mother courteouſly.
Then God will ſend thee encrmore
ſufficient wealth and treaſure ſtore:
All things ſhall proſper in thine hand,
and long thou ſhalt enjoy the Land.

The bleſſing of the Father deare,
doth cauſe the children good ſucceſſe,
But where the Mother doth appeare,
to curſe the childrens wickedneſſe,
Their whole foundation doth decay,
like withered leaues they fall away:
Then all good children learne by me,
to loue your Parents faithfully.

Set not thy mind on worldly wealth,
nor put thy confidence therein,
For riches doe conſume by ſtealth,
and couetouſneſſe is counted ſin,
For while thou liueſt on the earth,
thou art vncertaine of thy death:
And when that death doth ſtop thy wind
then muſt thou leaue thy goods behind.

Be friendly vnto euery man,
but vnto few familiar be:
And try thy friend if that thou can,
his inward thoughts to proue and ſee:
And if thou find him juſt and true,
change not thy old friend for a new:
For many promiſe much indeed,
but cleane forſake thee in thy need.

If thou haſt ſons inſtruct them well,
and on thy daughters neuer ſmile,
Their wanton wayes doe farre excell,
let no affection thee begnile.
With due correction loue them ſtill,
and giue them not their wanton will,
For if that they doe ſtubborne grow,
their duty then thee will not know.

Giue honor to the aged ſort,
and to thy betters alwayes bow,
So ſhalt thou haue a good report,
for God himſelfe doth it allow.
Of hatefull pride alwayes beware,
and haue an eye to after care,
Be not too raſh in any thing,
for that will ſoone repentance bring.

Lend not thy goods to mighty men,
whoſe countenance paſſeth thy degree,
For they are hard to get agen,
as we by daily proofe doe ſee.
For other men giue not thy word,
no further than thou canſt affoord,
Leſt after ward thou chance to rue,
and pay the debt when it is due.

With him that is a Magiſtrate,
in any wiſe goe not to Law,
Leſt thou repent the ſame too late,
for he will hold thee ſtill in awe:
Be alwayes wary of thy words,
for ſpightful tongues are cruel ſwords,
And looke to whom thou doſt impart
the thoughts and ſecrets of thy heart.

Be neuer jealous of thy Wife,
leſt ſhe thereby doe miſchiefe learne,
For ſo thou ſhalt ſoone purchaſe ſtrife,
then wiſely doe each thing diſcerne:
And doe no euill occaſion giue,
but louingly together liue.

For where that man and wife doe hate,
the curſe of God waits at the gate.

On harlots caſt not thou thy minde,
leſt thou thy ſelfe thereby conſume,
And waſte thy riches with the winde,
whilſt thou in fancie fret and fume:
Their ſoule inticement bringeth death,
and poyſon commeth from their breath,
Their eyes are wandring to and fro,
and euery one their faſhions know.

No woman praiſe for beauties ſake,
nor diſcommend no man by ſight,
And with thy tongue no lying make,
fulfill thy promiſe juſt and right:
Be merciſull vnto the poore,
and God will thee reward therefore:
Keepe not the labourers wages backe,
but comfort ſuch as comfort lacke.

Grieue not the heauy hearted man,
nor joy not at thy enemies harme,
Rebuke thy brother friendly than,
againſt no man vſe open charme.
Nor credit thou each tale in haſte,
leſt tryall make the matter waſte.
From hateſull ſlander keepe thy tongue,
and worke for age while thou art young.

Three things there are which God doth
as holy Scripture doth declare, (hate,
A man too proud in beggers ſtate,
a rich man for to lie and ſweare,
The ſee an old man giuen to luſt,
theſe things of God are ſure accurſt,
The lying tongue the ſoule doth quell,
but pride and luſt throw downe to hell.

While thou art liuing call for grace,
thy life is like a fading flower,
Death commeth ſtealing on apace,
thou canſt not know the day nor houre,
Thy ſpeech at all times may not laſt,
vſe well the time that now thou haſt,
And from repentance doe not ſtay,
thou canſt no time with death delay.

If thou conſider well this ſame,
and beare theſe leſſons ſtill in minde,
And thereunto thy ſelfe doe frame,
great comfort ſurely ſhalt thou finde.
Plant well theſe ſayings in thy heart,
and from theſe precepts neuer ſtart.
So ſhalt thou liue in perfect peace,
and God ſhall bleſſe thee with increaſe

FINIS.

The second part To the same tune.

Then Isabella my deare wyfe,
Finding her sonne bereaued of breath,
And louing him dearer then life
Her owne hand straight doth worke her death.
And now their deaths doth meet in one:
My griefes are come, my Ioyes are gone.

Then frantickly I ran about,
Filling the ayre with mournefull groanes,
Because I had not yet found out
The murtherers to ease my mones.
I rent and tore each thing I got,
And sayd, and did, I knew not what.

Thus as I past the streets, hard by
The Duke of Castiles house as then
A Letter there I did espy,
Which showd Horatios wofull end.
Which Bellimperia sooth had flung,
From prison where they kept her strong.

Then to the Court forthwith I went,
And of the King did Iustice craue,
But by Lorenzos hard intent,
I hindred was, which made me raue.
Then vexed more I stamp'd and frown'd,
And with my pompare rapt the ground.

But false Lorenzo put me out,
And told the King then by and by,
That frantickly I ran about,
And of my sonne did always cry,
And sayd twere good I should resigne:
My Marshallship which grieu'd my mind.

The Duke of Castyle hearing then,
How I did grudge still at his sonne,
Did send for me to make vs friends:
To stay the rumour then begunne.
Whereto I straight way gaue consent:
Although in heart I neuer meant.

Sweete Bellimperia comes to me,
Thinking my sonne I had forgot,
To see me with his foes agree,
The which I neuer meant God wot:
But when loue knew each others mind,
To worke reuenge a meane I find.

Then Bloody Balthazar enters in
Entreating me to show some sport,
Unto his Father and the King:
That to his nuptiall did resort.
Which gladly I prepar'd to show.
Because I knew twould worke their woe.

And from the Chronicles of Spaine,
I did record Erastus life,
And how the Turke had him [illegible]

And straight reuenge wrought by his wife.
Then forth to act this Tragedy:
I gaue their parts Immediatly.

Sweete Bellimperia Balthazar killes,
Because he saw her greatest friend,
And I Lorenzos blood did spill,
And eke his soule to hell did send.
Then dyed my foes by dint of knife,
But Bellimperia ends her life.

Then for to specifie my wronges,
With weeping eyes and mournefull hart,
I shew'd my sonne with bloody woundes,
And eke the murtherers did impart.
And sayd my sonne was as deare to me:
as thine, or thine, though Kinges you be.

But when they did behold this thing.
How I had slayne their onely sonnes:
The Duke, the Viceroy, and the King,
Vppon me all they straight did runne.
To torture me they doe prepare,
Unlesse I should it straight declare.

But that I would not tell it then,
Euen with my teeth I bit my tongue,
And in despite did giue it them,
That me with torments sought to wrong:
Thus when in age I sought to rest,
Nothing but sorrowes me oppest.

They knowing well that I could write,
Unto my hand a pen did reach,
Meaning thereby I should recite,
The authors of this bloody fleech.
Then fained I my pen was naught
And by strange signes a knife I sought.

But when to me they gaue the knife.
I kill'd the Duke then standing by,
And eke my selfe bereau'd of life,
For I to see my sonne did lye.
The Kinges that scorn'd my griefes before,
With naught can they theire Ioyes restore.

Here haue you heard my Tragicke tale.
Which on Horatio's death depends,
Whose death I could anew bewayle:
But that in it the murtherers ends,
For murther god will bring to light:
Though long it be hid from mans sight.

Printed at London for *H. Gosson*.

FINIS

The Lamentable and Tragical HISTORY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

WITH

The fall of his Sons in the Wars with the *Goths*, with the Manner of the Raviſhment of his Daughter Lavinia, by the Empreſſes two Sons, through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the Sword of Titus, in the War: with his Revenge upon their cruel and inhumane Act.

To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe*, &c.



YOu noble Minds, & famous Martial Wights,
That in Defence of Native Countries fights,
Give Ear to me that ten Years fought for Rome,
Yet reap'd Diſgrace at my Returning home:

In Rome I liv'd in fame full threeſcore Years,
my Name beloved was of all my Peers,
Full five and twenty valient Sons I had,
whoſe forward virtues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces felt,
againſt them ſtill my Sons and I were ſent;
againſt the Goths full ten Years weary War
We ſpent, receiving many a bloody Scar.

Juſt two and twenty of my Sons were ſlain,
before I did return to Rome again;
Of five and twenty Sons I brought but three
Alive, the ſtately Tower of Rome to ſee.

When wars were done, I Conquer'd home did bring,
and did preſent my Priſoners to the King:
The Queen of Goths, her Sons, and eke a Moor,
Which did ſuch Murders, like were none before.

The Emperor did make the Queen his Wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly ſtrife:
The Moor with her two Sons did grow ſo proud,
That none like them in Rome might be allow'd.

The Moor ſo pleaſed this new Empreſs eye,
that ſhe conſented to him ſecretly,
for to abuſe her Husbands marriage bed,
and ſo in time a Black-a-moor ſhe bred.

Then ſhe whoſe thoughts to murder was inclin'd,
Conſented with the moor with bloody mind,
Againſt my ſelf, my Kin, and all my friends,
In cruel ſort to bring them to their ends.

So when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and grief began then to encrease;
Among my sons I had one Daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight.

My Lavinia was betrothed then
To Cæser's son, a Young and noble man,
Who in a hunting, by the Empe'rors wife
And her two Sons, bereaved was of life.

He being slain, was cast in cruel wise,
into a darksome den from light of Skies;
The cruel Moor did come that way as then,
with my three Sons that fell into the Den.

The moor then fetcht the Emperor with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed:
And when my sons within the Den was found,
In wrongful Prison were they cast and bound.

But now behold what wounded most my mind,
The Empresses two Sons of Tygers kind,
My Daughter Ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour quite perforce.

When they had tasted of so sweet a Flower,
Fearing this sweet should turned be to sower;
they cut her tongue whereby she could not tell
How that dishonour unto her befel.

Then both her hands they basely cut off quite,
whereby their wickedness she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sow,
The bloody workers of her dismal woe.

My brother Marcus found her in a wood,
Staining the grassy ground with purple blood,
that trickled from her stumps and handless arms,
No tongue at all she had to tell her harms.

But when I saw her in that woful case,
with tears of blood I wet my aged face;
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Than for my two and twenty sons before.

When as I saw she could not write nor speak,
with grief my aged heart began to break,
we spread a heap of Sand upon the ground,
whereby the bloody tyrants out we found:

For with a staff, without the help of hand,
She writ these words upon a plat of sand:
the lustful Sons of the proud Empress,
Are Doers of this hateful wickedness.

I tore the milk-white hairs from off my head,
I curst the hour wherein I first was bred,
I wish'd the hand that fought for Country's fame
in cradle rockt had first been stricken lame.

The Moor delighted still in villany,
Did say, to set my Sons from Prison free,
I should unto the King my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sons should live.

The Moor I caus'd to strike it off with speed,
whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my Sons would willingly impart,
And for their ransom send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in vain,
They send to me my bootless hand again,
And therewithal the hearts of my three Sons,
which all'd my dying heart with fresher groans.

Then past relief, I up and down did go,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe;
I shot my arrows towards Heaven high,
and for Revenge to Hell did often cry.

The Empress thinking then that I was mad,
like furies she and both her Sons were glad;
So nam'd Revenge, and Rape, and murther, they
to undermine and hear what I would say.

I fed their foolish veins a little space,
Until my Friends did find a secret place,
where both her sons unto a post was bound,
where just reward in cruel sort was found:

I cut their throats, my Daughter held the pan,
Betwixt her stumps, wherein the blood it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for Pies straight therewithal.

then with their flesh I made two mighty pies,
and at a banquet serv'd in stately wise;
before the Empress set this loathsome meat,
So of her sons own flesh she well did eat.

My self bereav'd my Daughter then of life,
the Empress then I slew with bloody knife;
And stab'd the Emperor immediately,
and then my self, even so did Titus die.

then this revenge against the Moor was found,
alive they set him half into the ground,
whereas he stood until the time he starv'd;
and so God send all Murtherers may be serv'd.

Printed by and for A. M. and sold by the Booksellers of London.

Two pleaſant Ditties, one of the Birth, the other of the Paſſion of Chriſt. To the tune of Dulcina. Of Nativity.



66

IVry came to Ieru-ſalem,
(all the world was tared then)
Bleſſed Mary brought to Bethelem,
more then all the world agen:
A gift ſo bleſt,
So good, the beſt
that ere was ſeene, was heard or done,
A King, a Chriſt,
Prophet, and Prieſt:
a Jeſus, God, a Man, a Sonne.

Happie night, a day was never,
halfe ſo happie ſweet and faire:
Singing Soldiers (bleſſed quire)
fill the skie with ſweeteſt ayre.
Amaz'd men feare,
They ſee, they heare.
yet doubt and aske how this was done:
'Twas bid, be bold,
It was fore told,
this night hath God himſelfe a Son,

There appeares a golden Vſher,
Kings attending in their traine:
The bright Sun could not out bluſh her,
ſuch a Star ne're ſhone againe.
See now it ſtaies,
Becoming it ſayes,
Goe in and ſee, what there is done,
A Child whoſe birth,
Leagues heauen and earth,
Jeſus to vs, to God a Sonne.

Subtill Herod ſought to find him,
with a purpoſe blacke as hell:
But a greater power confind him,
and his purpoſe did repell:
Who ſhould betray,
Doe al obey,
as fitting was it ſhould be done:
They al adore,
And kneele before,
this God and Man, to God a Sonne.

'Twas vpon a Commets blazing,
Cuma to Auguſtus ſaid,
This fore-ſhewes an art amazing:
for a Mother ſtill a maid,
A Babe ſhall beare,
That al muſt feare,
and ſuddenly it muſt be done:
May Caſar thou,
To him muſt bow,
hee's God, a Man, to God a Sonne.

Is not this a bleſſed wonder,
God is Man, and Man is God:
Fooliſh Jewes miſlooke the thunder,
ſhould proclaime this King abroad.
Angels they ſing,
Behold the King,
in Bethelem where this was done:
Then we as they,
Reioyce and ſay,
We haue a Sauiour, God a Sonne.

The second part. To the same Tune.



TVrne your eyes that are affixed
on this woylds deceuing things:
And with ioyes and sorrowes mixed,
looke vpon the King of Kings,
Who let his throwne:
With ioyes vnknowne:
tooke flesh like ours, like vs drew breath
For vs to die,
Heere fixe our eye,
and thinke vpon his precious death.

See him in the garden praying,
while his sad Disciples slept:
See him in the Garden sweating
drops of blood and how he wept:
As man he was,
He wept (alas)
and trembling feare to loose his breath,
Yet to heauens will,
He yeelded still:
then thinke vpon his precious death.

See him by the Souldiers taken,
when with Aue and a kisse:
He that Heauen had quite forsaken,
had betrayd him and with this,
Behold him (bound
And garded round)
to Caiphas borne to loose his breath,
There see the Iewes
Heauens King abuse:
O thinke vpon his precious death.

See him in the hands of Pilat,
like a base offender skript:
See the moane, and teares they smile at,
while they see our Sauiour whipt.
Behold him bleed,
His purple weede
record, while you haue life and breath,
His taunts and scornes,
His Crowne of thornes,
or thinke vpon his precious death.

See him in the howre of parting,
hanging on his bloody Crosse:
See his wounds, conceiue his smarting,
and our gaine, by his liues losse.
On either side
A Fellon died,
the one deriues him leauing breath:
The other prayes,
And humbly saies:
O saue me by thy precious death.

See as in these pangs he thirsted,
and that heat to coole did call,
How these Iewes (like Indas cursed)
bring him vinegar and gall,
His spirit then,
To Heauen agen,
commending with his latest breath,
The world he leaues,
That man deceaues:
O thinke vpon his precious death.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke. Finis.

87.

Take time while 'tis offerd.

For *Tom* has broke his word with his ſweeting,
And loſt a good wife for an houres meeting,
Another good-fellow has gotten the Laſſe,
And *Tom* may go ſhake his long eares like an Aſſe.

To the tune of *Within the North country.*



WHen Titans fiery Steeds
Were lodged in the Weſt,
And euery beaſt and feathered fowle,
Betooke themſelues to reſt.

Abroad I walked then
To take the euenings ayre,
Hard by a gentle gliding ſtreame
I ſaw a damoſell fayre.

Sweet Tom, quoth ſhe, make haſte,
Why doſt thou ſtay ſo long?
If thou doſt not thy promiſe kéep,
Alas thou doſt me wrong.

Thou knoweſt I ventured haue
To meet thée here to night,
Why then wilt thou for my true loue,
Me churliſhly requite?

If that my mother knew
That I this time was milling,
To meet with thée, ſhé'd ſweare that I
Should neuer haue her bleſſing.

Yet is my loue ſo fixt,
Though I were ſure to die,
I would be ſure to méet with thee,
Loue lends me wings to fly.

But now I well perceiue,
When mayds loue yong men beſt,
They ale them like their ſeruile ſlaues,
And thus am I oppreſt.

At firſt they woo and pray,
And many oathes they ſweare,
Untill like birds they haue them caught
Into their craſty ſnare.

Then will they vs reiect,
And ſcorne vs to our face;
Thus for our kindneſſe oft we are
Rewarded with diſgrace.

This I my ſelfe haue proued
That here I do report,
For he to whom I gaue my heart
Makes me his laughing ſport.

L5. b. 20. (25.

The ſecond Part.

To the ſame tune.

THis night he promiſed me
To meet at five a clock,
Which houre's long paſt, therefore I doubt
With me he doth but mock.

While I ſit ſighing here,
He's bragging to his mates,
That his ſweet-heart within the fields,
Now for his comming waits.

Thus like a Lion fierce,
He inſulteth o're his prey,
Alas there is no remedy,
Being bound, I muſt obey.

Hard hearted creature here
To ſerue me in this kinde,
His flattring tong hath wrought my bane,
As now with griefe I finde.

Alas what ſhall I do,
I am poſſeſt with feare,
For rather then Ile homeward go,
My life Ile finith here.

For if that I go home,
My father he will bratle,
My mother ſhe will ſecond him,
And that's the worſt of all.

Sheele tell me I haue bin
A gadding after Tom,
Sheele ſweare Ile never leaue theſe tricks,
Till I come loaden home.

If he would meet me here,
Thoſe words I well could beare,
For when that I am armd with loue,
Their taunts I do not feare.

Sweet Tom make haſte away,
Or elſe I ſhall deſpaire,
For home vntill I ſee thy face
I meane not to repaire.

What ſhould the reaſon be,
That thou wilt me neglect,
For I haue caſt thy betters off
Thy perſon to affect.

If me thou doſt forſake.
Looke here to finde the like;
Me thinks experience might thee teach,
While the Iron's hot to ſtrike.

My portion is not ſmall,
My parentage not baſe,
My looking-glaſſe informes me that
I haue a comely face.

Yet haue I made a choyce
Againſt my parents will,
With one ſo meane, who cruelly
My tender heart doth kill.

I hearing her ſay ſo,
Did boldly to her come,
The night was darke, and ſhe beléeued
That I was her owne Tom.

She blam'd my tarrying long,
Which I did well excuſe,
I prayd her goe along with me,
Which ſhe did not refuſe:

Suppoſing all this while
That I had bin her Tom;
She ſwore ſhe had rather go with me,
Then to go ever home.

Thus Tom has loſt his Laſſe
Becauſe he broke his vow,
And I haue rayld my fortunes well,
The caſe is altered now.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed for *Richard Harper*.

362

Take *Time*, while *Time* is:

Being an Exhortation to all ſorts or Sexes, of what Degree ſoever, from the Higheſt to the Loweſt, Old or Young, Rich or Poore. To the Tune of, *The Ladies Daughter of Paris.*

194.



OH ſtay a while you luſty Lads,
that ſeeme to ſkip and mount,
From me your aged Patron,
although you make no count
Of Father, Mother kith or kin,
what ever they doe ſay,
You ſnuffe and ſnort when they correct,
you flie and will not ſtay.

Oh ſtay, I ſay, and learne of me
a Leſſon by the way:
You are vnfit for any vſe,
ſeeing you'l not obey.
Behold, I ſay, the Picture now
that here doth ſtand aboue,
And be you warn'd by what I ſay,
if that your ſelues you loue.

To you he offers now himſelfe,
vntill your thred be ſpun;
But as he offers, ſteales away
vntill your thred be done.
Lay hold on him therefore, I ſay,
and ſay, I warn'd anew,
Leſt that he ſteale away from you,
and bid you ſo adiew.

For Time doth ſtay here for no man,
bee't King, bee't Prince, bee't Peere;
He leaues them to what life they will,
bee't ioy, bee't loue, bee't feare:
Bee't life or death, I ſay, or ought
that blind Fate doth ordaine,
As ſome in bed aſleepe we ſee,
and ſome in field are ſlaine.

His Glaſſe that in his hand he holds
doth cut off all delay,
His Wings that on his backe do ſticks,
do ſhew he cannot ſtay
For any that comes after him,
be he ſwarthy or faire;
But he muſt come and ſtand before,
and take hold of his haire:

And when that you haue hold of it,
in no caſe let it goe;
For hauing once forſooke him quite,
your footſteps are too ſlow
For to lay hold on him againe,
when once that he is paſt:
So Fortunes fauours, you muſt thinke,
with you'l not alwaies laſt.

302

The ſecond Part, To the ſame tune.



The Dyall ſirſt vpon his Head,
moſt euident doth ſhew,
How fleeting is this mortall life,
and Time doth alwayes goe,
Although we not perceiue it moone,
old age doth come at laſt,
And brings diſeaſes on vs all,
our liues are but a blaſt.

His Sythe within the other hand,
doth ſhew how he cuts downe
The liues of all, from great to ſmall,
from Cottage to the Crowne:
We are like graſſe which ſoone doth fade,
and withereth in an houer,
When Time is paſt, grim Death doth come,
and ſeazeth with his powre.

The Flowers like to Youthfulneſſe,
is fragrant, ſweet, and fayre,
But ſoone is pluckt, and baniſhed,
as is the ſmoke in ayre;
The ſwift wing'd Swallow ſhewes vs plaine
how Time doth flee away,
We Summer haue, and Winter eke,
and Time for none will ſtay.

What though thy Father be be rich,
and thou be yong in yeares,
Thinkſt thou that God hath no meanes left
to blaſt thy Fathers eares
Of Coyne, or Cattell, or what elſe
that doth maintaine his fame?
Yea, God hath meanes enough in ſtore
for to confound the ſame.

But oh, the mighty number now,
that in this Land there be,
That doe goe vp to braue London,
out of their owne Countrey.
And there to ſport and play their fill,
they make it all their ioy:
Their carefull Parents counſels all,
they make of them a toy.

But if thou followſt on this life,
and mean'ſt therein to lie,
Thou ſhalt be barred from Gods bliſſe,
and damn'd eternally.
But be thou ruled by thy friends
when Counſell they thee giue,
And God ſhall proſper all thy waies,
that thou long dates maiſt liue.

Make much of Time therefore, I ſay,
before that thou bee'ſt old,
Leſt that he tell thee to thy teeth,
that thou art too too bold,
To truſt vnto this winged man
that flieth on ſo faſt:
For if thou car'ſt not what I ſay,
Repentance comes at laſt.

But now to make an end with you,
hoping you know my mind,
Concerning this ſame Picture here,
that I haue ſo deſin'd:
If that you marke it well, I ſay,
and what therein is meant,
I hope you'l turne your bias round,
and of the ſame repent.

And let vs pray vnto our God,
to bleſſe our ſoueraigne King,
Vnder whoſe happy gouernment,
we inioy euery thing
That God ean'n of his mercie giues,
and downe vpon vs ſends:
He grant we may be thankfull ſtill,
and ſend vs bleſſed ends.

FINIS.

London, Printed by *M. P.* for *Henry Goſſon*, dwelling vpon London-bridge, neere the Gate.

147

There's nothing to be had without money,
OR

Hee that brings mony in his hand
Is ſure to ſpeed by ſea or land,
But he that hath no coyne in's purſe
His fortune is a great deale worſe,
Then happy are they that alwayes haue
A penny in purſe their credit to ſaue.

To a new Northerne tune, Or the Mother beguil'd the Daughter.



You gallants and you ſwagring blades
Giue care vnto my ditty,
I am a bonie companion knowne
In country, towne, and city,
I alwayes lou'd to weare good cloathes,
And euer ſcorn'd to take blowes,
I am belou'd of all me knowes,
But god a mercy penny.

My father was a man well knowne
That lou'd to hoard vp money,
His bags of gold he ſaid to him
More I waſte were then bonny,
But I his ſonne will let it fly;
In tauerne, or in ordinary,
I am beloued in company,
But god a mercy penny.

All ſorts of men both farre and neare
Where euer I reſorted,
My fellowſhip eſteemed deare,
Becauſe I was reported
To be a man of noted fame,
Some ſaid I well deſeru'd the ſame,
Thus haue I got a gallant name,
But god a mercy penny.

All parts of London I haue tride
Where merchants wares are plenty,
The Royall Exchange and faire cheapeſide
With ſpeaches fine and dainty,
They bring me in for to behold
Their ſhops of ſiluer and of gold,
There might I chuſe what wares I would
But god a mercy penny.

For my contentment once a day
I walkt for recreation,
Through Paules, Ludgate, & Fleet-ſtreet gay,
To raiſe an elevation:
Sometimes my humour is to range,
To Temple, Strand, and new Exchange
To ſee their faſhions rare and ſtrange;
But god a mercy penny.

I haue beene in Weſtminſter hall
Where learned lawyers plead,
And ſhewne my bill among them all
Which when they ſaw and read,
My action quickly hath beene tride
No party there my ſuit denide,
Each one ſpake bravely on my ſide;
But god a mercy penny.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





THe famous abbey I haue ſeene
And haue the pictures view'd,
Of many a noble king and Queene
Which are by death ſubdu'd,
And hauing ſeene the fights moſt rare,
The water men full ready were
Ore the riuer of Thames To beare;
But god a mercy penny.

Beare garden when I doe frequent
Or the Globe on the bankeſide,
Or affoord to me moſt rare content
As a full ott ane tride,
The beſt paſtime that they can make
They inſtantly will vndertake,
For my delight and pleaſure ſake,
But god a mercy penny.

In euery place whereas I came
Both I and my ſweet penny,
Got entertainement in the ſame
And got the loue of many:
Both Taplers, Cookes, and Vintners fine
With other louiall friends of mine,
Will pledge my health in beere or wine,
But god a mercy penny.

Good fellowes company I lou'd
As alſo honeſt women,
The painted drabs I ſtill refuſ'd
And wenches that are common,
Where lurking lokes I doe deſpiſe
They ſeeme ſo lothſome in mine eyes,
Yet one a project did deuiſe
To gull me of my penny.

One euening as I paſt along
A laſſe with borrowed haire,
Was ſinging of a tempting ſong,
Kind Sir quoth ſhe, draw neere,
But he that bites this rotten crab
May after chance to catch the ſcab.
No pander, baud, nor painted drab,
Shall gull me of a penny.

But curled haire and painted face
I euer haue refrained,
All thoſe that get their liuing baſe
In heart I haue diſdained,
My conſcience is not ſtaind with pitch,
No tempting tongue ſhall me bewitch,
Ile make no punche nor pander rich,
Ile rather keepe my penny.

Yet will I neuer niggard be
While I remaine on earth,
But ſpend my money freelikeely
In friendſhip loue and mirth.
Ile drinke my beere, Ile pay my ſcore
And alſo diſpenſe ſome of my ſtore,
And to the needy and the poore,
Ile freely giue my penny.

Thus to conclude as I began
I wholly am inclinde,
Wiſhing that each true hearted man
A faithfull friend may finde:
You that my verſes liſt to heare
Draw money for to buy me beere,
The price of it is not to deere
T'will coſt you but a penny.

Printed at London for H. G. FINIS.

201. 381

A Table of good Nurture:

Wherein is contained a Schoole-masters admonition to his Schollers to learne good manners: the Father to his Children to learne vertue: and the Houſ-houlder to his Seruants to learne godlineſſe.

To the tune of, *The Earle of Bedford.*



GOod Children, refuſe not theſe leſſons to learne,
The path-way to vertue you here may diſcerne,
In kéeping them truely, you ſhall be moſt ſure,
The praiſe of all people thereby to procure.

Let God firſt be ſerued, who all things doth giue,
That by his good bleſſing thou long time maiſt liue:
And then to thy Parents thy duty vnfold,
Who keepeth thee daily from hunger and cold.

To all men be courteous, yea and mannerly both,
For feare leſt thy betters thy preſence doe loath:
For youth without manners no man can abide,
Much like a poore Begger poſſeſſed with pride.

Thy garments vnbutton'd delight not to weare,
Leſt ſlouenly nick-name fall vnto thy ſhare:
Thy Hoſe vngartered deſerueth like ſhame,
Whereby thou wilt purchaſe thy Tutor much blame.

Be comely and decent in all thy array,
Not wantonly giuen to ſport and to play:
But labour by deeds, in youth to obtaine
The loue of thy betters, their friendſhip to gaine.

Likewiſe commaund thee this leſſon to keepe,
No longer then dew time delight not to ſleepe;
Leſt ſloath in thy boſome ſuch harbour doe finde,
As will cauſe thee be tearmed a ſluggard by kind,

The morning appearing riſe thou with ſpeed,
Waſh hands and face cleanely before thou goe feed,
Let ſhoes be faſt tyed both cloſe to thy feet
The better to trauell all day in the ſtreet.

Thy ſhirt-band moſt comely about thy necke weare,
Vſe handkerchiefe likewiſe both cleanely and faire:
With hat ready bruſhed, that people may ſay,
There goes a child cleanely in all his array.

Goe neuer vntruſſed, for feare of the cold,
For it doth indanger both the yong and old,
Thy Girdle forget not, I put thee in minde,
No Girdle, no bleſſing that day thou ſhalt finde.

If thou be a Scholler, to Schoole make good haſte,
For he is a Truant that commeth there laſt,
For if thou doſt loyter and play by the way,
Be ſure with thy Maſter it will cauſe a fray.

But being there placed, I charge thee to looke
Thou loſe not thy Inkehorne, thy Pen, nor thy booke,
Thy Garters, thy Girdle, thy band, nor thy Hat,
For feare leſt thy Parents be grieued thereat.

Sweare not, nor curſe not, delight not to ſteale,
Thy maſter obey thou, his ſecrets conceale,
Take heed of falſe lying, ſet no man at ſtrife,
Nor be thou too deſperate to ſtrike with a knife.

Amongſt thy Companions be Gentle and kinde,
If that thou their fauours doſt looke for to finde:
For gentleneſſe gaineth thee loue from a foe,
And getteth thee glory whereeuer thou goe.

Play not, nor laugh not, thy Maſter to fret,
When thou amongſt Schollers art orderly ſet,
For ſilence is vertue, and vertue is grace,
Which ought to be vſed, thy betters in place.

Thus you good Children and Schollers each one,
Here in good order your follies are ſhowne:
In following theſe precepts you purchaſe alwaies,
The loue of your Parents, and Schoole-maſters praiſe

But if that in idleneſſe you doe delight,
Refuſing theſe Leſſons here plainely in ſight,
Looke for no kindneſſe no fauour nor loue,
But your Maſters diſpleaſure, if you him moue.

Therefore be wary you doe not offend,
Your Parents, your Maſter, nor iniure your friend,
Leſt ſtripes doe reward you, and make you to ſay,
Your Precepts Ile follow, your words Ile obey.

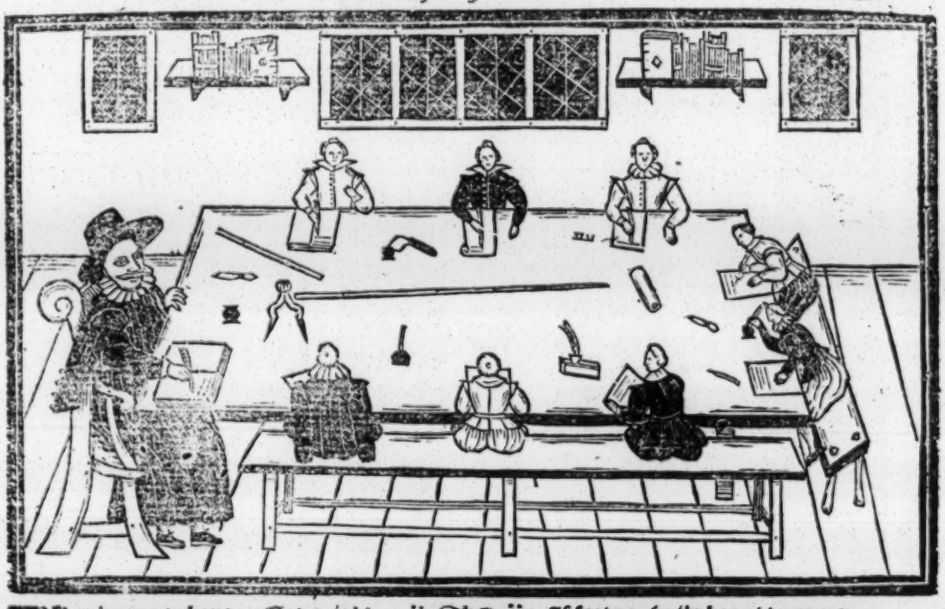
And now to conclude beare this well in mind,
A diligent Scholler much fauour ſhall finde:
But ſuch as will loyter, and lazie will be,
Shall for their labour be brought on their knée.

FINIS.

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The ſecond Table of good Nurture;

To the tune of, *Troy Towne.*



THen learne to honour God aright,
let loue and feare thereto prouoke:
Obey thy Prince with all thy might,
ſubmit thy ſelfe to prudence yoke.
Imbrace the good, eſchew the ill,
This is the ſumme of wiſdomes skill.

To know thy ſelfe doe thou apply,
firſt trye thy friend before thou truſt:
Loue him that dealeth faithfully,
let word and deed be alwaies iuſt,
Striue not to ſwim againſt the ſtreame,
Account not of a drouſie dreame.

Faint not though fortune fauours fooles,
fret not at others good ſucceſſe:
Delight to ſit in learned Schooles,
thy former faults ſeeke to redreſſe.
Sparne not at him that tels thy crime,
Pend it againſt another time.

Acquaint thy ſelfe with ſome graue man
marke well his talke and trade of life
His word of wit ſee that thou ſcan,
within thy mouth let them be rife.
Deſire to imitate his trade,
By dſe like him thou ſhalt be made.

Wiſh for no wealth by parents death,
a friend farre paſſeth worldly good:
And whil'ſt the body yeeldeth breath,
ſeeke not for to exceed in food.
For great exceſſe of meat and drinke,
Will cauſe thy ſoule in ſinne to ſinke.

If fortune ſmile be not too proud,
for why ſhe hath a frowning face:
If in her loue thy ſelfe thou ſhrowd,
make much of her while thou haſt ſpace
Her whirling wheele doth turne full oft,
Some lye full low, ſome fleete aloft.

Thinke not thine owne wit to be beſt,
keepe not the crew of cogging mates;
To ſweare and lye doe thou deteſt,
for thereby credit oft abates.
Beware of brazen face paſt ſhame,
And loue to liue in honeſt fame.

Where too much curteſie is bred,
take heed of fraud and ſubtile guile,
Good nature oft times is abaſed,
in ſimple ſight with ſubtile wile,
When all is ſaid and all is done,
Yet craft lyes vnder clowted ſhoone.

Report not on the preſent time,
but marke alſo what may enſue,
For cracke of credit is a crime,
change not an old friend for a new;
The ſecret councell of thy heart,
Take heed to whom thou doſt impart,

Praiſe no man till thou doſt him know,
diſpraiſe not raſhly any wight
Leſt ſhame thereby to thee may grow,
faire words are beſt place thine aright
To wiſdomes ſchoole thus muſt thou go,
And ſay experience taught thee ſo.

Printed at London for H. G. FINIS.

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The Times abuſes:

OR,

Muld-Sacke his grievances briefly expreſt,
Sewing the cauſes doth his mind moleſt,
But yet he merry makes, and dedicates
This Sog in love to all which baſeneſſe hates.

To the tune of, *Over and under.*



ATtend my Maſters and give eare,
whilſt here I doe relate
The baſe iniurious ſlanders
are throwne on me in hate,
My wrongs and great abuſes
ſo commonly are knowne,
As in in a Song to right my wrong,
ſhall inſtantly be ſhowne.
They call me ſudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none,
Cannot they looke to their buſineſſe,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

If I ſometimes a pot or ſo
doe drinke for recreation.
My reckning paid, away I goe,
and follow my vocation,
Not any good man grieving
offenſive for to be
By rooking or deceiving,
from that my thoughts are free.
They call me ſudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none,
Cannot they thinke on the blacke Jacke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

As I along the ſtreets doe ſing,
the people flocke about me,
No harme to any one I meane,
yet iearingly they flout me,
The Bar-boyes and the Maſters,
leave drawing of their Beere,
And running forth, in haſte they cry,
ſee where Muld-Sacke comes here.
Thus am I iered by them,
though harme I doe them none,
Cannot they looke to their ſmall kans,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The iearing cunning Curtezan,
and rooking roaring Boy,
Which day and night doe take delight
in drunkenneſſe to ioy,
They with their Pimps and Panders,
Decoyes, and cheating Knaves,
Which runs to whores & drinks & roars
and ſimple men deceives.
They have no grace to guide well,
and conſcience they have none,
Cannot they take heed of Bride well,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The Glutton rich that feedeth
of Beefe and Mutton froze,
And hates the poore that needeth
which goes from doore to doore,
And will not ſpend his money,
but for the love of drinke,
And grieves to give a penny,
ſo well he loves his chinke.
Too many ſuch alive is,
of whom I am ſure he's one,
Cannot he remember Dives,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The ſecond part. 4ii To the ſame tune.





TEarme-trotting Petty-ſoggers,
which are ſo fine and nice,
Will drinke if they meet rightly,
a cup of Ale and Spice,
Yet muſt they take their Chamber,
before they doe begin,
And if they can but hide it,
they thinke it is no ſinne.
When I in the ſtraits walke open,
to the view of every one,
Cannot they looke to their Clyents,
and let Ould-Sacke alone.

The ieering ſneering Coxcombe,
with hands behind his backe
All day, which ſtands from morn til night
to cry what doe you lacke,
With ſcoffing and with taunting,
will by the ſleeve me pull;
What is't you'l buy he'l to me cry,
yet like a braineleſſe gull,
He'l caſt on me a ſcorneful looke,
though harme I doe him none,
Cannot he looke to his Shop-booke,
and let Ould-Sacke alone.

The Taylors ſawcie prentices,
as I doe paſſe along,
They at my head will caſt their ſheds,
though I doe them no wrong,
The ſaying old hath oft beene told,
it plaine doth verifie,
Poore and proud ſtill Taylor like,
for they muſt ieeringly
Doe call me ſudling Ould-Sacke,
though drink I have got none,
Cannot they keepe their fingers true,
and let Ould-Sacke alone.

Alſo the ieering Tripe-wives,
which Puddings ſell and Sowce,
Cryes there goes ſudling Ould-Sacke,
doth wine and beere carouſe,
And with diſdainfull ſpeeches,
having no cauſe at all,
Will taunt and ſcoffe and iere and laugh,
and baſely me miſcall.
And calls me ſudling Ould-Sacke,
though I am no ſuch one,
Cannot the ſcrape wel her greaſie tripes
and let Ould-Sacke alone.

The Clownish country Carter,
will likewiſe with a iere,
Point at me as I goe along,
his head being fill'd with beere,
Yet for his ieres I care not,
but laughing lets him paſſe,
To follow his Cart with gee, gee ho,
moſt like a witleſſe Aſſe,
For like a home-bred Clownico,
good manners he knowes none,
Cannot he looke to his Waggon,
and let Ould-Sack alone.

The Bakers in the Suburbs,
with hearts devoid of pitty,
Bread light and ſmall they make for all,
both Country and the City,
And ſometimes of in two penny loafe,
of weight wants ounces three,
As merrily I paſſe them by,
they cannot let me be.
They call me ſudling Ould-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none,
Cannot they looke to their conſcience,
and let Ould-Sacke alone. Finis.

London, Printed for *J. Wright*, dwelling in Gilt-ſpur-ſtreet.

Times Alteration:

OR,

The Old Mans rehearſall, what braue dayes he knew
A great while agone, when his Old Cap was new.

To the Tune of, *Ile nere be drunke againe.*



VVHen this Old Cap was new,
tis ſince two hundred yeere,
No malice then we knew,
but all things plentie were:
All friendſhip now decayes,
(beleeue me, this is true)
Which was not in thoſe dayes,
when this old Cap was new.

The Nobles of our Land
were much delighted then,
To haue at their command
a Crue of luſtie Men,
Which by their Coats were knowne,
of Tawnie, Red, or Blue,
With Creſts on their ſleeues ſhowne,
when this old Cap was new.

Now Pride hath baniſht all,
vnto our Lands reproach,
When he whoſe meanes is ſmall,
maintaines both Horſe and Coach:
In ſtead of an hundred Men,
the Coach allowes but two;
This was not thought on then,
when this old Cap was new.

Good Hoſpitalitie
was cheriſht then of many:
Now poore men ſtarue and die,
and are not helpt by any:
For Charitie waxeth cold,
and Loue is found in few:
This was not in time of old,
when this old Cap was new.

Where euer you trauel'd then,
you might meet on the way
Braue Knights and Gentlemen,
clad in their Countrey Gray,
That courteous would appeare,
and kindly welcome you:
No Puritans then were,
when this old Cap was new.

Our Ladies in thoſe dayes
in ciuill Habit went,
Broad-Cloth was then worth praiſe,
and gaue the beſt content:
French Faſhions then were ſcorn'd,
fond Fangles then none knew,
Then Modeſtie Women adorn'd,
when this old Cap was new.

45. 6. 26. 211.

The Second Part. To the ſame Tune.





A Man might then behold,
at Chriſtmas, in each Hall,
Good Fires, to curbe the Cold,
and Meat for great and ſmall:
The Neighbors were friendly bidden,
and all had welcome true,
The poore from the Gates were not chidden,
when this old Cap was new.

Blacke Jackes to euery man
were fill'd with Wine and Beere,
No Pewter Pot nor Canne
in thoſe dayes did appeare:
Good cheare in a Noble-mans houſe
was counted a ſeemely ſhew,
We wanted no Brawne nor Sowſe,
when this old Cap was new.

We tooke not ſuch delight
in Cups of Siluer fine,
None vnder the degree of a Knight,
in Plate drunke Beere or Wine:
Now each Mechanicall man
hath a Cup-boord of Plate, for a ſhew,
Which was a rare thing then,
when this old Cap was new.

Then Briberie was vnborne,
no Simonie men did vſe,
Chriſtians did Vſurie ſcorne,
perfect among the Iewes,
Then Lawyers to be Fees,
at that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
when this old Cap was new.

No Captaine then carowſt,
nor ſpent poore Souldiers Pay,
They were not ſo abuſ'd,
as they are at this day:
Of ſeuen dayes they make eight,
to keepe from them their due;
Poore Souldiers had their right,
when this old Cap was new.

Which made them forward ſtill
to goe, although not preſt:
And going with good will,
their fortunes were the beſt.
Our Engliſh then in fight
did forraine Foes ſubdue,
And forſt them all to flight,
when this old Cap was new.

God ſaue our gracious King,
and ſend him long to liue,
Lord, miſchiefe on them bring,
that will not their Alms giue,
But ſeeke to rob the Poore
of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
when this old Cap was new.

FINIS. M. F.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The three merry Coblers,

Who tell how the case with them doth stand,
How they are still on the mending hand.

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To the tune of *The Spanish Gipsie.*



COme follow me, follow me,
To th'Alehouse wee'le march all three,
Leave Awle Last Thread, and Lether,
And let's goe altogether,
Our trade excells most trades ith'land,
For we are still on the mending hand.

Come Tapster fill us some ale,
Then hearken to our tale,
And try what can be made
Of our renowned trade:
We have Awle at our command,
And still we are on the mending hand.

Though Shoomakers us disdaine,
Yet tis approved plaine,
Our trade cannot be mist,
Let them say what they list,
Though all grow worse quite through the land,
Yet we are still on the mending hand.

When Shoomakers are decayed
Then doe they fall to our trade.
And glad their mindes they give
By mending shoes to live,
When in necessity they stand,
They strive to be on the mending hand.

Although there's but few of us rich,
Yet by our help we get inough.
Were't not for this barley broth
(Which is meat, drinke and cloth)
We sure should purchase house and land,
As worth we are still on the mending hand.

We deale most brightly,
Our neighbours that goe awry
We easily set bright,
The broken we unite,
When all men out of order stand,
Then we are most on the mending hand.

We cannot dissemble for treasure,
But give every one just measure,
If Bakers kept size like us,
They need not be frighted thus,
We feare not to have our doings scann'd,
For we are still on the mending hand.

What ever we doe intend
We bring to a perfect end.
If any offence be past,
We make all well at last,
We sit at works when others stand,
And still we are on the mending hand.

We bristle as well as the best,
All knavery we doe detest,
What we have promised
Weele doe unto a thread,
We use wax, but to scale no Band,
And still we are on the mending hand.

Our wives doe sit at the wheele,
They spin, and we doe reele,
Although we take no Fames,
Yet we can show our armes,
And spread them at our owne command.
Thus still we are on the mending hand.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame Tune.



POore weather-beaten Soles,
Whoſe caſe the body condoles,
We for a little gaine
Can ſet on foot againe,
We make the falling ſtedfaſt ſtand,
And ſtill we are on the mending hand.

Poor'd thinke we were paſt ſence,
For we giue pieces for pence,
Iudge, is't not very ſtrange
We ſhould make ſuch exchange,
Yet ſo weele doe at your command,
And yet weele be on the mending hand.

Our hands doe ſhow that we
Liue not by taking a Fee,
We pull a liuing forth
Of things but little worth,
Our worke doth th'owners vnderſtand,
Thus ſtill we are on the mending hand.

All day we merrily ſing,
And Cuſtomers doe bring,
Or vnto vs doe ſend,
Their Boots and Shoes to mend,
We haue our money at firſt demand,
Thus ſtill we are on the mending hand.

When all our money is ſpent,
We are not diſcontent,
For we can worke for more,
And then pay off our ſcore,
We drinke without either bill or band,
Becauſe we are ſtill on the mending hand.

While other Callings great,
For fraud and foule deceit,
Are lookt vnto by Law,
We need not weigh't a ſtraw,
Our honeſty ſpreads through the land,
For we are ſtill on the mending hand.

Therefore let's be of good cheere,
Though Lether be ſomething deare,
The Law ſome courſe will take
Amends for all to make,
And by their care we vnderſtand,
the world is now on the mending hand,

We pray for durty weather,
And money to pay for Lether,
Which if we haue, and health,
A fig for worldly wealth,
Will men vpon their heads doe ſtand,
We ſhall be ſtil on the mending hand.

FINIS. M.I

Printed at London for *F. Groue.*

The Turtle Doue.

Or, The wooing in the Wood, being a pleasant new Song of two constant Lovers.

To the tune of, the North Countrie Lasse.





WHen Flora she had decke
the fields with flowers faire,
my loue and I did walke abroad,
to take the pleasant ayre.

Faire Phebus brightly shun,
and gentle warmd each thing:
Where euery creature then did seeme,
to welcome in the Spring.

Into a pleasant greue,
by Nature trimly made:
My Loue and I together walkt,
to coole vs in the shade.

The bubling brookes did glide,
the siluer fishes leape:
The gentle Lambes & nimble Fawnes
did seeme to leape and skipe,

The Birds with sundred notes,
their pretie throats did straine:
And Shepheards on their oaten pipes,
made musicke on the plaines.

Then I began to talke,
of Louers in their bliss:
I wood her and coured her,
for to exchange a kisse.

With that she straight way said,
harke how the Nightingale,
Although that she doth sweetly sing,
doth tell a heauie tale.

That in her maiden yeares,
by man she had much wrong:
Which makes her now with thorne inbrest
to sing a mournefull song.

With that I cast an eare,
to heare sweete Philomell.
Amongst the other Birds in woods,
and she this tale did tell.

Fair maides be warnd by me,
I was a maiden pure.
Vntill by man I was ouercome,
which makes me thus indure.

To liue in woods and groues,
sequestred from all sight:
For heauily I doe complaine,
both morning, noone, and night.

The Throstle-cock did say,
fie, Phil you are to blame:
Although that one did doe amisse,
will all men doe the same.

No quoth the Ousell then,
though I be blacke of hew:
Vnto my mate and dearest loue,
I alwaies will proue true.

The Blackebird hauing spoke,
the Larke began to sing:
If I participate of ought,
my loue to it I bring.

The Mag-pie vp did start,
and straight began to chatter:
Beleeue not men they all are false,
for they will lye and flatter.

Then vp vpon a leafe,
the Wren leapt by and by,
And said bold Parrat your pide-coate,
shewes you can cog and lye.

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The Second part. To the same Tune.

THen Robin-Redbrest said,
This I in loue am true:
My coullor shewes that I am he,
if you giue me my dew.

So, said the Linet then,
your brest is to yellow:
For let your loue be neuer so true,
you lerhinke you haue a fellow.

Another bird start vp,
being called the Popenjay,
And said faire Maris drew me well,
my coate is fine and gay,

Away with painted stuffe,
the Peacock there did cry:
My coullor to the aboutne is,
and beares the bell away.

The Goldfinch then bespake,
my coullours they are pure:
For yellow, red, for blacke, and white,
all weathers will indure.

Each bird within the wood,
a seuerall sentence gaue:
And all did strine with seuerall notes,
preheminence to haue.

Then from an Ivie bush,
the Owle put forth her head
And said, not such an other Bird
as I, the wood hath breed.

With that each Bird of note,
did beate the Owle away:
That neuer more he durst be seene,
to flay abroad by day.

And then they all agreed,
to choose the Turtle Doue,
And that he should decide the cause,
betwixt me and my loue.

Who thus began to speake,
Behold sweet maiden faire:
Vow my behoue and my selfe,
doe alwayes liue a paire.

We neuer vse to change,
but alwaies liue in loue:
We kisse and bill, and therefore cald,
The faithfull Turtle Doue.

And when that each doth die,
we spend our time in mone,
Bewayling our deceased kind,
we liue and die alone.

We neuer match againe,
as other birds doe vse:
Therefore sweet Maiden loue your
doe not true loue refuse.

Thus ending of his speech,
they all did silent stand,
And then I turnd me to my loue,
and tooke her by the hand

And said, my dearest sweete,
behold the lore of these:
How euery one in his degree,
doe seeke his mate to please.

Then fairest grant to me,
your constant heart and loue:
And I will proue as true to thee,
as doth the Turtle Doue.

She said heere is my hand,
my heart and all I haue:
I kist her, and vpon the same
a token to her gaue.

And then vpon the same,
the Birds did sweetly sing:
That eechoes through the woods and
most lowdly then did ring. (groues,

Then vp I tooke my Loue,
and arme in arme did walke:
With her vnto her fathers house,
where we with him did talke.

Who soone did condiscend
when we weare both agreed
And shortly to the church we went,
and married were with speed.

The Bells aloud did ring
and Minstrels they did play
And euery Youth and maid did strive,
to grace our wedding day.

God grant my loue and I,
may haue the like successe:
And liue in loue vntill we die,
in ioy and righteousnes.

FINIS. Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The two Lester-sheire Louers.

To the tune of, and yet my thinkes I, loue thee.





VValking in a meddow greene,
for recreation sake,
To driue away some sad thoughtes
which sorrowfull old men make,
I spyed two lonely louers,
did beare eche others woe.
To poynt a place of meeting,
vpon the meddow bro.

Saying come my lonely sweeting,
com sit thee downe by me.
It is a merry meeting
if wee two can agree.
If wee two can agree,
to this I thee doe woe,
That thou shouldst onely make me:
vpon the meddow browe.

My Father is a gentle-man,
my Mother loues me dere:
She hath giuen me a netwette,
of twenty pound a yere,
And I haue spent it all
nay more I will spend too:
So thou wilt graunt to meete mee,
vppon the meddow broe,

My Maister hath forwarnd mee,
out of thy company,
And oftentimes hath chid me:
for staying so long with thee,
For staying so long with thee,
but I will stay the more:
So thou wilt graunt to meete mee,
vppon the meddow broe.

Sweet heart quoth shee I cannot,
for opertunitie,
A thing I can't accomplish,
our meeting doth denie
Els should thou mee command:
to ride to runne or goe:
Were it not so I'de meete thee,
vppon the meddow bro.

Sweete heart quoth he who feare you,
or who dares do thee wrong,
Dost feare thy maisters beanie hand:
or mistris nimble tong,
Dost feare the tell tale seruants
tut let such matters goe.
And prithe sweeting meete mee,
vppon the meddow bro.

Quoth shee you doe mistake sir,
t'is no such thing I feare,
Therefore to vrge it further:
I doe intreat forbeare,
I doe not greatly care,
for ought that they can doe.
Annother thing doth hinder me,
to meete on meddow bro.

What should the occasion then be?
O thou shouldst be so precise,
what is it should cause thee:
in loue to be vnwise.
Dost thou my loue despise,
or wouldst thou loue forgoe,
I pray thee sweeting meete mee,
vppon the meddow bro.

The young mans kinde reply vnto the comfortleſſe Mayde,
He grees with his Loue in all ſhee hath ſayd,
Shewing to her a part of his minde,
That he will be alwayes moſt louing and kinde.

To the tune *Of the pride of Leyſter Shire.*



HArke, harke, me thinks I heare one ſpeake
what ſhould this Eccho meane?
I thinke it be my owne true Loue,
my faire and onely Dame:
O why ſhouldſt thou, my Philladay,
complaine that I am gone,
And knoweſt I am the onely man,
that loueth thee alone?

I am not gone away from thee,
my onely hearts delight:
But comfort thou ſhalt finde by me,
by day and eke by night:
My owne ſweet Loue, and Turtle Doue,
be not diſturbd in minde:
For thou ſhalt finde, I will proue kinde,
and neuer change againe.

I promiſed thee for to be true,
and ſo I will endure,
Though I at firſt did proue thy heart,
tis good for to be ſure,
To proue thy minde, and know thee kinde,
for many falſe there be,
And ſo mightſt thou, for ought I know,
haue proued vnto me.

Though I did make a vow to thee,
and pawned with thee my heart,
Yet thou haſt ſpoken vnto me,
as though thou would'ſt depart:
But now I find thee true and kinde,
and I the like will be:
Whilſt death doth part, my tender heart,
I will not part with thee:

All you kind hearts that haue true loues,
by me example take:
And haue a care, whereto you ſweare
for the Almighties ſake:
Doe not goe on as I haue done,
to breed a Maydens ſmart:
But turne in time, in heart and minde,
and eaſe your true Loues heart.

Would God I ne'r had wrong'd my Loue,
nor beene to her vnkinde:
Then ſhould ſhe haue no cauſe to mourne,
nor be diſturbd in minde:
But being it's ſo, I well doe know,
I muſt vnto her goe:
And ſpeake my minde, in louing kinde,
and eaſe her of her woe.

Come, come, ſweet heart, doe not repent,
nor wraſtle in deſpaire,
Though I to thee haue beene vnkind,
Ile eaſe thee of thy care:
For I will proue conſtant in loue,
as alwayes thou ſhalt finde,
I will be true, not change for new,
but alwayes will be kinde.

Come, Loue, let's ſpeake no more of this,
but faithfully let's ioyne:
And looke before what was amiſſe,
I meane for to amend:
Come let vs now, performe our vow,
and make no more adoe:
But let vs ioyne in heart and minde,
and ſo to Church let's goe.

And ſo theſe Louers made an end,
of theſe their former words:
One loued the other heartily,
not breeding no diſcords:
In peace I pray long liue they may,
and all true Louers elſe:
What ere they be, or what degree,
ſo much is ſpoke of mee.

FINIS.

London Printed for *F. Coules.*

The Second Part.





I Tell thee gentle sweeting,
Queene Venus never runne:
So swift after Adonis.
as I to thee would come,
Queene Dina in her shower of gould,
did not so willing doe.
So I would be to meete thee.
vppon the meddow bow,

Quoth he as did Dame Venus
wouldst thou of mee make triall,
I would not like Adonis,
so sondly giue denisll.
No for thy sake my sweeting,
all ill I vnder goe.
So thou wouldst graunt to mett mee,
vppon the meddow bro.

Sir since I see you are louing,
tis tel to you the cause,
You know both maides and young men
line vnder countries lawes.
And should wee be but spied,
we should haue men enough:
Where we should be derided,
vpon the meddow brow.

If this be all you feare sweet;
leaue this alone towne.
I'le point a time conuenient,
non shall our meeting see.
Where wee will merry be,
and talk of whats to doe
Where a kisse or twaine i'le giue thee,
vppon the meddow broe,

When you haue me there Sir,
you then may doe your pleasure:
But I will haue you sweare sir,
like for to doe in measure.

Wee might repent at leasure,
should wee out of measure doe:
I am half affraide to meete you,
vppon the meddow broe.

Sweete heart I heare protest and sweare
to vse you there most kinde,
Keep promise in your meeting,
and loue mee as you find,
I will not crosse your minde,
what so euer I doe doe,
So you would grant to meete mee:
vppon the meddow broe.

Then heres my hand i'le meete thee,
appoynt both place and time
Quoth he vppon the meddow broe
to morrow morne betime.
I'le meete (quoth shee) bout fiue a clock
and thats the most i'le doe:
So gentle heart a kisse and part,
and meete on meddow brow.

Away then went these louing, twaine
but when that they did meete:
Let such as know the vse out,
iudg how these two did greete:
But might I spend my iudgment,
as an other man may doe.
I doubt they plaid the wantons,
vpon the medrow broe,

What ere they did might I but know
my young should prone no ranger,
But did they well or did they ill,
let them oppose the daunger.
Yet this shall be my wish for all,
that about such busines goe.
Heauen send all merrie meeting,
vppon the meddow broe.

FINIS

At London Printed for Iohn Trundle-

The Complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus.

To a pleasant new Tune.



POore Harpalus, oppreſt with loue,
ſate by a Chriſtall Brooke:
Thinking his ſorrowes to remoue,
oft times therein to looke:
And hearing how on pibble ſtones,
the murmuring riuer ran,
As if it had bewaild his groanes,
vnto it thus began.

Faire ſtreame (quoth he) if that pitties me,
and heare my matchleſſe mone,
If thou be going to the Sea:
as I doe now ſuppone,
Attend my plaints paſt all reliefe,
with dolefully I breath,
Acquaint the Sea-Nymphs with the griefe,
which ſtill procures my death.

Who ſitting in the cliffie Rockes,
may in their combs expreſſe,
While as they combe their golden locks,
poore Harpalus diſtreſſe:
And ſo perhaps ſome paſſenger,
that paſſeth by the way,
May ſtay and liſten for to heare
them ſing this dolefull Lay.

Poore Harpalus, a Shepheard Swaine,
more rich in youth then ſtore:
Lou'd faire Philena, hapleſſe man,
Philena, oh therefore,
Who ſtill, remorſleſſe hearted maid,
tooke pleaſure in his paine:
And his good will poore ſoule, repaid
with vndeſerv'd diſdaine.

Here Shepheard lou'd a Shepheardeſſe
more faithfully then he:
Here Shepheard yet beloued leſſe
of Shepheardeſſe could be.
How oft did he with dying lookes,
to her his woes impart?
How oft his ſighs did teſtifie
the dolour of his heart?

How oft from Vallies to the Hils,
did he his griefe rehearſe?
How oft re-ecchoed they his ills,
abacke againe (alas?)
How oft on Barkes of ſtately Pines,
of Beech, of Holly-greene,
Did he ingraue in mourneſull lines,
the griefe he did ſuſtaine?

Yet all his plaints could haue no place,
to change Philenas mind:
The more his ſorrowes did increaſe,
the more ſhe prou'd vnkind:
The thought thereof with wearied care,
poore Harpalus did moue,
That ouercome with high deſpaire,
he loſt both life and Loue.

FINIS. D. M.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke.

The Tragedie of Phillis, complaining of the disloyall Loue of *Amyntas*.

To a pleasant new Court Tune.

AMyntas on a Summers day,
to shunne Apollo's beames,
Was driuing of his flockes away,
to taste some cooling streames,
And through a Forrest as he went,
vnto a riuer side,
A voice which from a groue was sent
inuited him to bide.

The voyce well seem'd for to bewray
some mal-contented minde:
For oft times did he heare it say,
Ten thousand times vnkind,
The remnant of that raged mone,
did all escape his eare:
For euery word brought forth a grone,
and euery grone a teare.

And neerer when he did repaire,
both face and voyce he knew:
He saw that Phillis was come there,
her plaints for to renew.
Thus leauing her vnto her plaints,
and sorrow-slaking grones:
He heard her deadly discontents,
thus all breake forth at once.

Amyntas, is my loue to thee,
of such a light account,
That thou disdainest to looke on me,
or loue as thou wast wont? (make,
Were those the oathes that thou didst
the vowes thou didst conceiue,
When I for thy contentments sake,
mine hearts delight did leaue?

How oft didst thou protest to me,
the heauens should turne to nought,
The Sunne should first obscured be,
ere thou wouldst change thy thought?
Then Heauen, dissolue without delay,
Sunne shew thy face no more:
Amyntas loue is lost for aye,
and woe is me therefore.

Well might I, if I had beene wise,
foreseene what now I finde:
But two much loue did fill mine eyes,
and made my iudgement blind:
But ah, alas: th'effect doth proue,
thy drifts were but deceit,
For true and vndissembled loue,
will neuer turne to hate.

All thy behauiours were (God knowes)
too smooth and too discreet:
Like Sugar which impoysoned growes,
suspect because it's sweet:
Thine oathes & vowes did promise more,
then well thou couldst performe,
Much like a calme that comes before
an vnsuspected stormе.

God knowes, it would not grieue me
for to be kill'd for thee: (much,
But oh: too neere it doth me touch,
that thou shouldst murther me:
God knowes, I care not for the paine
can come for want of breath:
'Tis thy vnkindnesse cruell swaine,
that grieues me to the death.

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,
if any fault of mine,
Hath giuen thee cause thus to betray
mine hearts delight and thine?
No, no, alas, it could not be,
my loue to thee was such,
Vnlesse it that I urged thee,
in louing thee too much.

But ah, alas, what doe I gaine,
by these my fond complaints?
My dolour double thy disdaine,
my griefe thy ioy augments:
Although it pre.d no greater good,
it eases doth my mind:
For to reproach the ingratitude
of him who is vnkind.

With that, her hand, cold, wan, and pale,
vpon her breast she layes:
And seeing that her breath did faile,
she sighes, and then she sayes,
Amyntas, and with that poore maid,
shee sigh'd againe full sore:
That after that she neuer said,
nor sigh'd, nor breath'd no more.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocke.

The two feruent Louers.

OR

A warlike kind of wooing as here at large is said, Betweene a braue young man, and a faithfull hearted maid.

To the tune of the two louing Sisters, or lulling beyond thee.





AS Phebus in the lustrious aire,
the azure did adorne,
Diana with her Virgins faire,
vpon that chearefull morne,
Did dance and sing to see the Spring,
the chirping birds likewise,
Melodious sound made dales rebound,
and ecchoes pierce the skies.
This time a lad his darling had,
my sweet said he, once proue me,
And thou shalt finde in heart and minde,
how dearely I doe loue thee.

I drew me neare vnto the place,
to heare the friendly greeting,
A young man did his lasse imbrace,
and bidde the time of meeting:
Quoth he, my heart by Cupids dart,
is now so sorely pierced,
I dye, I dye vnlesse a salue,
I haue to be redressed.
Therefore my deare, while we are here,
in modesty once proue me,
And thou shalt finde in heart and mind,
how dearely I doe loue thee.

As faithfull Hero will I stand,
to his Penelope,
Leander like thou shalt command
my heart, so true I be:
My stormy eyes like winter skies,
thou here maist well perceiue,
My liuings, goods, my life and all,
for thy content will leaue.
Therefore my deare, &c.

Like English George I will appeare,
so valiant in behauiour,
For Sabrine bright, his chiefe delight,
who sought to win her fauour:
With sword and shield in dreadfull field,
as ancient stories say,
The firy dragon there he kil'd,
and conquest brought away.
Therefore my deare, &c.

If bold Sir Guy for chevalry,
in countries farre and neare,
Did venture life to get a wife,
his Phillis faire and cleare:
When he came backe she was not slacke,
to fold him with imbraces,
Within her armes, with hymnes & charms
bedewed each others faces.
Therefore my deare, &c.

South Hamptons Earle to win his girle,
incountred with a foe,
Mongst Pagans, Turkes and Infidels,
with many a bloody blow:
The Lions strong he layd along,
and forc'd the Serpent flye,
Great Askipart with lofty heart,
on ground he fore'd to lye.
Therefore my deare, &c.

The ſecond part, 105. To the ſame tune.



FIue yeeres be ſore I did indure,
all for the ſake of thee,
In direfull warres with bleeding teares,
as plainely thou maiſt ſee,
The Canon ſhot I dreaded not,
when I in place did come,
In ſtormes and wind with blaſts vnkind,
I march'd with ſound of Drumme.
Therefore my deare while we are here,
in modeſtie once proue me,
And thou ſhalt finde in heart and minde,
how dearely I doe loue thee.

In Spaine and France I did aduance
my warlike ſpeare and ſhield,
My truſty ſword did me afford,
great conqueſt in the field:
While Trumpets ſound mads ſtirs rebound,
my courage did not faile,
The Muſketiers let bullets flie,
like ſtormy drifts of haile.
Therefore my deare while we are here,
in modeſtie once proue me;
And thou ſhalt finde in heart and minde,
how dearely I doe loue thee.

Since from annoy my only ioy,
I paſſe haue ſuch trouble,
Doe not diſdaine nor me refraine,
to make my ſorrowes double:
One curteous word if thou afford,
my woes are all ſubuerted,
If ſcornefully thou anſwereſt me,
my griefes are freſh renewed,
Therefore my deare while we are here,
in modeſtie once proue me,
And thou ſhalt finde in heart and minde,
how dearely I doe loue thee.

The hearing of his louing talke,
how firme his minde was fixt
Said ſhe, my loue hath ſpoke his part,
and mine ſhall be the next:
This kinde reply then preſently,
in modeſty ſhe ſaid,
While thou art abſent from my ſight,
my heart was ſore afraid.
That griſly death had tane the breath,
of thee which ſo did loue me,
My heart and hand thou ſhalt command
the world ſhall not remoue me.

While Neptune rules the raging Seas,
and keepes within her bounds,
While Flora with her fragrant flowers,
bedeckes the dewy grounds:
While ſhepheards keepe their feeding ſheep,
along the pleaſant mountaines,
While roſes ſpring, and ſmall birds ſing,
in vallies, dales, and mountaines.
My loue with thine ſhall freely ioyne,
the world ſhall not remoue me,
Thou ſure ſhalt finde in heart and minde,
how dearely I doe loue thee.

The golden Sunne ſhall darkened be,
the Moone ſhall loſe her light,
The glittering ſtarres no eye ſhall ſee,
ſhine in the ſable night:
The Turtle ſhall forſake her mate,
the married wife a maide
Shall proue to be, ere I to thee,
deny the words I ſaid,
Then try and truſt I will be iuſt,
no creature ſhall remoue me,
The world ſhall quite diſſolued be,
ere I refuſe to loue thee.

Now will we goe, the man replied,
vnto the place with ſpeed,
To make of thee my louely bride,
my word ſhall be my deed:
So on they went with good intent,
together to be married,
Shee liked of her, hee liked of him,
nothing at all miſcarried.
So here I end, wiſhing each friend,
may true and faithfull proue,
Ioue guide and bleſſe with good ſucceſſe,
thoſe that doe truly loue.

London, printed for Fr. Coules. FINIS. L. P.

The Tvvo'kinde Louers:

OR,

The Maidens resolution and will To be like her truer Loue ſtill.

To a Dainty new tune.





TWo louely Louers,
walking all alone:
The Female to the Male,
was making pittious mone:
Saying, If thou wilt goe, Loue
let me goe with thee,
Becauſe I cannot liue,
without thy company.

Be thou my Maſter,
Ile be thy truſty Page,
To waite on thee
in thy weary Pilgrimage.
So ſhall I ſtill
enioy thy louely preſence,
In which alone
conſiſts my earthly eſſence.

Be thou the Sunne,
Ile be the beames ſo bright,
Be thou the Moone,
Ile be the lightneſt night:
Be thou Aurora,
the vſher of the day,
I will be the pearly dew,
vpon the flowers gay.

Be thou the Roſe,
thy ſmell I will aſſume,
And yeeld a ſweet
odoriferous perfume:
Be thou the Rain-bow,
Ile be the colours many,
Be thou the cloud,
Ile be the weather rainy.

Be thou the Lyon,
Ile be the Lioneſſe:
Be thou the ſeruant,
Ile be the Miſtreſſe:
Be thou the Porpentine,
and ile be the quill,
That whereſoeuer thou goeſt:
I may be with thee ſtill.

Be thou the Turtle
and I will be thy Mate,
And if thou dye,
my life ile euer hate:
Be thou the nimble Fairy,
that trips vpon the ground,
And I will be the circle,
where thou maiſt dance a round

Be thou the ſwan,
ile be the bubling riuer:
Be thou the gift,
and I will be the giuer:
Be thou the chaſt Diana,
and I will be as chaſt:
Be thou the Time,
ile be the houres paſt.

Be thou the Ship,
ile be the ſurging Seas,
That ſhall tranſport my Loue,
where he doth pleaſe:
Be thou the Neptune,
ile be triple Mace,
Be thou the iocund Hunter,
ile be the Deere in Chaſe.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.



BE thou the Shepheard,
ile be the Shepherdesse,
To sport with thee
in ioy and happinesse:
I will be the Marigold,
if thou wilt be the Sunne:
Be thou the Fryer,
and I will be the Nun.

I will be the Pelican,
and thou shalt be the yong,
Ile spend my blood,
to succour thee from wrong:
Be thou the Gardner,
and I will the flowers,
That thou maist make me grow
with fruitfull showres.

Be thou the Falconer,
the Falcon I will be,
To yeeld delight
and pleasure vnto thee:
Be thou the Anchorne,
I will be the light,
To lead thee to thy fancy
euery darke some night.

Be thou the Captaine,
ile be the Souldier stout,
And helpe in danger
still to beare thee out:
Be thou the louely Elme,
and I will be the Vine,
In sweet concordance,
to sympathize and twine,

Be thou the Pilot,
ile be the Mariners Card,
Ile be the Taylor,
and thou shalt be my ward:
Be thou the Weauer,
and ile the shuttle be,
Be thou the Planter,
and I will be the tree.

Be thou the Black-smith,
I will be the Forge:
Be thou the Waterman,
I will be the barge:
Be thou the Broker,
and I will be the Pawne:
Be thou the Parasite,
and I will learne to fawne.

These louely Louers
being thus combind,
Most equally agreed
both in heart and mind,
Accursed may they be,
who seeke to part these twaine
Whom Loue and Nature
did to loue ordaine.

I wish all yong men,
that constant are in Loue,
To find out a woman
that will soloyall proue:
And to all honest Maidens,
in heart I wish the same,
That Cupids lawes
may be deuoyd of blame. Finis

Printed at London, by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke.

312

A pleaſant new Ballad of *Tobias*: wherin is ſhewed the wonderfull things which chanced to him in his youth; and how he wedded a young Damſell that had had ſeven husbands and never enjoyed their company: who were all ſlaine by a wicked ſpirit.



IN Ninivie old Toby dwelt,
an aged man and blind was he,
And much affliction he had felt,
which brought him unto poverty.

He had by Anna his true wife,
one onely ſonne and eke no more,
Which was the comfort of his life,
and he by him did ſet great ſtore.

He brought him up moſt vertuouſly,
in true obedience and awe,
And every day he did apply,
to feare the Lord and keepe his Law.

Upon a time it came to paſſe,
he call'd to him his ſonne with ſpéed,
And thus to him his words did frame,
my ſonne, quoth he, thou knoſt my néed.

Thou muſt unto Gabael goe,
at Raguels in Media land,
For I did lend him long agoe,
ten talents on his only hand.

My father deare Tobias ſaid,
at your command ſtraight will I goe,
How ſhall I get the money paid,
ſeeing the man I did never know?

Take here the writing then, quoth he,
which is ſufficient being ſeene,
And get a guide to goe with thée,
leſt thou that way haſt never béene.

A Guid Tobias ſonne had got,
an Angell in the ſhape of man,
Which thing he did not know (God wot,)
the Lord did ſo appoint it than.

Tobias with his bleſſed guide,
went on his iourney then with ſpéed:
Untill they came to Tigris ſide,
at that faire flood they did abide.

Tobias would waſh him there,
by reaſon of the Summers heat,
A mighty fiſh put him in feare,
which leapt out of the waters great.

Cut up the fiſh, the Angell ſaid,
but kéep the Liver, Heart, and Gall,
To doe the ſame be not afraid,
great cures there ſhall be done withall.

When this was done, away they went,
and comming néere their iourneys end,
Wée'll lodge to night the Angell ſaid,
with Raguel thy fathers friend.

He hath a daughter faire of face,
and alſo of a vertuous life,
And when we come into that place,
Ile ſpeake that ſhe may be thy wife.

Why Azarias, then quoth he,
ſo Toby did the Angell call,
I wis ſhe is no mate for me,
ſwift death doth to her Lovers fall.

Seven men have to her married béen,
which in her love did take delight,
When her bed-chamber they have ſéen,
they have not liv'd out halfe the night.

A wicked ſpirit loves her ſo,
he will not ſuffer any man,
With her into the bed to goe,
but works his wrath do what he can.

The Angell ſaid, good courage take,
for ſo it ſhall not be with thée,
For ſuch perfumes I will thee make,
the wicked ſpirit away ſhall flée.

To Raguels houſe away they came,
where Sara met them faire and bright,
And after ſalutations done,
ſhe brought him to her Parents ſight.

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.



Great chére they made & downe they ſat,
and all for young Tobias ſake;
And after long and pleaſant chat,
betwixt theſe two a match they made.

By Moſes Law they married were,
the Brides chamber prepar'd likewiſe:
When young Tobias came in there,
the teares fell downe from Sara's eyes.

A pan of coales he brought with him,
the fiſhes heart and liver there
Within that fire did he caſt in,
which caſt a ſavour every where.

And by that ſweet and precious ſmell,
the wicked ſpirit was diſplac't,
Within that roome he could not dwell,
where out away he went in haſt.

In bed they laid the beauteous Bride,
the chamber doore they ſhut therefore,
Young Toby lay downe by her ſide;
whom he did thinke to ſee no more.

And therefore Raguel in the night
for him before had made a grave;
And to his wife he wept, and ſaid,
there is no meanes his life to ſave.

One of the maidens ſend, quoth he,
to ſée how all the matter ſtands:
If it be ſo that dead he be,
he ſhall be buried by my hands.

The maiden toyfull newes did bring,
Tobias is a live, quoth ſhe,
When Raguel heard of this thing,
he did reioyce exceedingly.

For joy he made a ſolemne feaſt,
the Bridall foureténe dayes he kept,
Thereto came many a friendly gueſt:
in ſorrow now no more they ſlept.

Then Azarias went ſtraight way,
and to the feaſt Gabael brought,
Reioycing at this marriage day,
did pay the mony which he ought.

But yet old Toby and his wife
did all the time in ſorrow dwell,
They thought their ſonne had loſt his life,
and nothing could their griefe expell.

His aged mother every day
did watch along the high way ſide,
And for his welfare oft did pray,
no meat nor drinke ſhe could abide.

But when the wedding ended was,
young Toby with his lovely Bride,
To Ninivy did homeward paſſe,
with goods and cattell on each ſide.

But Toby and the Angell bright,
before his Wife made haſte to go,
For to prepare all things aright
his lobely Bride to welcome tho.

His mother watching in the way,
ſaw ſone eſpy'd her tender ſonne,
Reioycing at the happy day,
ſhe told her husband he was come.

Whereat old Toby ſtumbled out,
for he was blind, and could not ſée:
Young Toby with the fiſhes Gall
rub'd both his eyes immediatly.

Whereat the whitenesſe of his eyes
incontinent did fall out quite:
So that before he did ariſe,
he had againe his perfect ſight.

Great joy was then on every ſide,
young Toby told his father all:
Who went to mét his lobely Bride,
with joy and mirth that was not ſmall.

Printed at London for *F. Coules* dwelling in the Old-Baily. Finis.

The true Mayde of the South :

OR

A rare example of a Maide dwelling at *Rie* in *Suſſex*, who for the loue of a young man of Leſter-ſhire, went beyond Sea in the habit of a Page, and after, to their hearts content, were both marryed at *Magrum* in *Germany*, and now dwelling at *Rye* aforeſaid. To the tune of, Come, come my ſweet and bonny one.



VVIthin the Hauen Towne of Rye,
that ſtands in Suſſex faire
There dwelt a Maide, whoſe conſtancie
tranſcendeth all compare:
This Turtle Doue
Did dearely loue
A Youth, who did appeare
In minde and face,
To be the grace
and pride of Leſter-ſhire.

This young man with a Noble Pære,
who lik'd his ſeruice well,
Went from his native Leſter-ſhire,
in Suſſex for to dwell:
Where liuing nye
The Towne of Rye,
this pretty Mayde did heare
Of his good parents,
Who by deſerts,
was pride of Leſter-ſhire.

For comming once into that Towne,
it was at firſt his chance,
To meet with her, whoſe braue renowne
all Suſſex did aduance:
And ſhe likewiſe,
In his faire eyes
When once ſhe came him nære,
Did plainely ſee,
That none but hee,
was pride of Leſter-ſhire.

Then little Cupid god of Loue,
began to play his part,
And on the ſudden from aboue,
he ſhot his golden Dart,
Which did conſtraine
Theſe Louers twaine
to prize each other deare:
Sweet Margery
Lou'd Anthony,
the pride of Leſter-ſhire.

Thus with concordant ſympathy,
theſe Louers were combin'd,
One lou'd the other heartily,
yet neither told their mind,
She long'd to ſpeake,
Her minde to breake
vnto her Louer deare,
She durſt not tell,
Though ſhe lou'd well
the pride of Leſter-ſhire.

Within ſhort time it came to paſſe.
to Sea the young man went,
And left this young and pretty Laſſe
in woe and diſcontent:
Who wept full ſore,
And griev'd therefore,,
when truely ſhe did heare,
That her ſweet-heart.
From her muſt part,
the pride of Leſter-ſhire.

The second part. To the same tune.

IT was his hap that time to goe
to travell with his Lord,
Which to his heart did breed much woe,
yet could he not afford
A remedy
To's misery,
but needs hee must leave here
His Madge behinde
Who griev'd in minde
for the pride of Lester-shire.

She being then bereaved cleane
of hope, yet did invent,
By her rare policy, a meane
to worke her hearts content:
In garments strange
She straight did change
her selfe, rejecting feare,
to goe with him
Whom she did deeme
the pride of Lester-shire.

And in the habit of a Page,
she did intreat his Lord,
That being a Boy of tender age,
he would this grace afford,
That he might goe,
Service to owne
to him both farre and neere,
Who little thought
What love she ought
to the pride of Lester-shire.

This Lord did take her, as she seem'd
to be a prettie Lad,
And for his Page he her esteem'd,
which made her heart full glad:
To Sea went shee,
And so did hee,
whom shee esteem'd so deare
Who for her sake
Great moane did make,
and shed full many a teare.

Thus he poore Lad, lay with his Love
full many a tedious night,
Yet neither of them both did prove
a Lovers true delight:
She heard him weepe,
When he should sleepe,
and shed forth many a teare
For Margery,
Who then lay by
the pride of Lester-shire.

Long time these Lovers travelled,
and were bed-fellowes still,
Yet she did keepe her Mayden-head,
untill she had her will.
Shee heard his moane,
Yet still unknowne
she kept her selfe for feare,
Yet at the last
She cleared full fast
to the pride of Lester-shire.

For having travelled fire weekes
unknowne unto her Lover,
With roisie blushes in her cheekes
her minde she did discover:
See here, quoth she,
One that for thee
hath left her Parents deare:
Poore Margery
The Mayde of Rie
I am, behold me here.

When Anthony did heare this word,
his heart with joy did leape,
He went unto his Noble Lord,
to whom he did report
This wonderfull thing,
Which straight did bring
amazement to him there:
Of such a Page,
In any age,
quoth he, I did not heare.

At Magum then in Germany,
their Lord did see them married,
From whence unto the Towne of Rye
in England were they carry'd;
Where now they dwell
Beloved well
of neighbours farre and neere,
Sweet Margery
Loves Anthony
the pride of Lester-shire.

You Mayds and young-men warning take
by these two Lovers kinde,
Who ever you your choyce doe make,
to them be true in minde,
For, perfect love,
Comes from above
as may by this appeare,
Which came to passe
By Sussex Lasse,
and the Lad of Lester-shire.

Printed at London for Francis Coules. Finis.

A true Relation of one *Susan Higges*, dwelling in *Risborrow* a Towne in *Buckinghamshire*, and how shee lived 20. yeeres, by robbing on the High-wayes, yet unsuspected of all that knew her; till at last, comming to *Messeldon*, there robbing a woman; which woman knew her and called her by her name: now when she saw she was betrayed, she killed her, and standing by her while she gave three groanes, she sat three drops of blood in her face, which never could be washt out; by which shee was knowne and executed for the aforesaid murder at the Assises in Lent at *Brickhill*.

To the tune of, *The wort by London Prentice.*

45.



TO mourne for my offences,
and former passed sinnes,
This sad and dolefull story,
my heavie heart begins:
Most wickedly I spent my time,
devoid of godly grace:
A lewder woman never liv'd,
I thinke in any place.

Neere Buckingham I dwelled,
and Susan Higges by name,
Well thought of by good Gentlemen,
and Farmers of good fame:
Where thus, for twenty yeares at least,
I liv'd in gallant sort: (much,
Which made the Countrey marvell
to heare of my report.

My state was not maintained,
(as you shall understand)
By good and honest dealings,
nor labour of my hand:
But by deceit and cozening shifts,
the end whereof, we see
Hath ever beene repaid with shame,
and ever like to be.

My servants were yong country girles,
brought up unto my mind,
By nature faire and beautifull,
and of a gentle kinde:
Who with their sweet entising eyes,
did many youngsters move
To come by night unto my house,
in hope of further love.

But still at their close meetings,
(as I the plot had laid)
I kept in still at unawares,
while they the wantons plaid,
And would in question bring their
except they did agree (names,
To give me mony for this wrong,
done to my house and me.

This was but petty cozenage,
to things that I have done:
My weapon by the high way side,
hath me much money won:
In mens attire I oft have rode,
upon a Gelding stout,
And done great robberies valiantly,
the Countries round about.

I had my Scarfes and Vizards,
my face for to disguise:
Sometimes a beard upon my chin,
to blind the peoples eyes:
My Turky Blade, and Pistols good,
my courage to maintaine:
Thus tooke I many a Farmers purse,
well cram'd with golden gaine.

Great store of London Merchants,
I boldly have bid stand,
And shewed my selfe most bravely,
a Woman of my hand:
You ruffling Roysters every one,
in my defence say then
Wee women still for gallant minds,
may well compare with men.

The second part, To the same tune.



But if so be it chanced,
the Countries were beset,
With hue, and cryes, and warrants,
into my house I get:
And I so being with my Maids,
would cloake the matter so,
That no man could by any meanes,
the right offender know.

Yet God that still most iustly,
doth punish every vice,
Did bring unto confusion
my fortunes in a trice:
For by a murther all my sinnes
were strangely brought to light,
And such desert I had by law,
as Iustice claim'd by right.

Upon the Heath of Misseldon,
I met a woman there,
And rob'd her, as from Market,
home wards she did repaire,
Which woman cal'd me by my name,
and said that she me knew; (blood,
For which even with her lives deare
my hands I did imbrew.

But after I had wounded,
this woman unto death,
And that her bleeding body,
was almost reft of breath,
She gave a groane, and therewithall,
did spit upon my face,
Three drops of blood that never could
be wiped from that place.

For after I returned
unto my house againe,
The more that I it wash'd,
it more appeared plaine: (birds,
Each houre I thought that beasts and
this murther would reveale,
Or that the ayre so vile a deed,
no longer would conceale.

So heavie at my conscience,
this woefull murther lay,
That I was sone enforced,
the same for to bewray,
And to my servants made it knowne,
as God appointed me:
For blood can never secret rest,
nor long unpunisht be.

My servants to the Iustices,
declar'd what I had said;
For which I was attached,
and to the Jayle convey'd,
And at the Assises was condemn'd,
and had my iust desert:
Even such a death let all them have
that beare so false a heart.

So fare well earthly pleasure,
my quaintance all adue,
With whom I spent the treasure,
which causeth me to rue.
Leave off your wanton pastimes,
lasciv'ious and ill,
Which without Gods great mercy,
doth soule and body kill.

Be warned by this story,
you ruffling Roysters all:
The higher that you climbe in sinne,
the greater is your fall:
And since the world so wicked is,
let all desire grace,
Grant Lord that I the last may be,
that runneth such a race.

FINIS.

Printed at London for F. C. dwelling in the Old-Baily.

Truths Integrity:

OR,

A curious Northerne Ditty, called, *Love will finde out the way.*

To a pleasant new Tune.





OVer the Mountaines
and vnder the Waues,
Ouer the Fountaines
and vnder the Graues:
Ouer Rockes which are the steepest,
which doe Neptune obey,
Ouer flods which are the deepest,
Loue will find out the way.

Where there is no place
for the Glow-worme to lye,
Where there is no space
for the receit of a flye,
Where the Gnat the dares not venter,
lest her selfe fast she lay,
But if Loue come hee will enter,
and will find out the way.

You may esteeme him
a child by his force,
Or you may deeme him,
a Coward which is worse:
But if hee whom Loue doth honour,
be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards vpon him,
Loue will find out the way.

Some thinke to lose him
which is too vnkind,
And some doe suppose him
poore heart to be blinde:
If that he were hidden,
doe the best that you may,
Blind Loue, if so you call him,
will find out the way.

Well may the Eagle
stoope downe to the fist,
Or you may mueagle
the Phenix of the East,
With feare the Tigers's moued,
to giue ouer his prey,
But neuer stop a Louer,
he will poast on his way.

From Douer to Warwicke,
and Nations thoroughout,
Braue Guy of Warwicke,
that Champion so stout,
With his War-like behauiour,
Through the world he did stray
To win his Phillis fauour,
Loue will finde out the way.

In order next enters,
Bevis so braue,
After aduentures,
and policie graue,
To see whom he desired,
his Iosian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired,
Loue found out the way.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





THe Gordian knot,
which true lovers knit,
Undoe you cannot,
nor yet breake it:
Make vle of your inventions,
their fancies to betray.
To ſcruſtrate your intentions,
Love will finde out the way.

From Court to the Cottage,
in Bower and in Hall,
From the King unto the Beggar,
Love conquers all:
Though here ſo ſtout and Lordly,
ſtrive doe what you may,
Yet be you here ſo hardy,
Love will finde out the way.

Love hath power over Princes,
and greateſt Emperour,
In any Provinces,
ſuch is Loues power,
There is no reſiſting,
but him to obey,
In ſpight of all contelling,
Love will finde out the way.

If that hee were hidden
and all men that are,
Were ſtrictly forbidden,
that place to declare:
Winds that have no abidings,
pitying their delay,
Will come and bring him tidings,
and direct him the way.

If the earth ſhould part him,
he would gallop it ore,
If the Seas ſhould overthwart him,
he would ſwim to the ſhore:
Should his love become a Swallow,
through the ayre to ſtray,
Love would lend wings to follow,
and will finde out the way.

There is no ſtriving
to croſſe his intent,
There is no contriving,
his plots to prevent:
But if once the meſſage greet him,
that his true Love doth ſtay,
If death ſhould come and meet him,
Love will finde out the way.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *F. Coules*,
dwelling in the Old-Baily.

A Wo unfortunate Lovers, or, a true Relation of the lamentable end of *Iohn True*, and *Susan Mease*:

Their lives this Ditty doth relate,
And how they dy'd unfortunate.

To the tune of, The Brides Buriall.



ATtend you lovers and give eare,
unto my mournefull song,
Of two that loved faithfully,
yet each did other wrong.

At Coventry in Warwickshire,
this young man he did dwell,
His name Iohn True a Shoe-maker,
and liv'd of it full well.

At Corley did this Maiden dwell,
three miles from Coventry:
Yet for the love he bare to her,
oft times he would her see.

And comming unto her one day,
he told to her his mind:
Susan, quoth he, I love thee deare,
be not to me unkind.

If thou canst love and fancy me,
in heart and eke in mind:
I will prove loving unto thee,
and never be unkind.

Thy cheerfull loks reioyce my heart,
and merry make my mind:
Sweet Susan then love me againe,
be not to me unkind.

God Iohn I thank you for your love,
and wish ye'd home to tarry,
I am too young for you to wed,
and have no mind to marry.

Where you doe dwell are Maids good store
of beauty faire and free,
Set not your love upon me then,
for I cannot love thee.

This answer struck him to the heart
as cold as any stone: (paire,
Then homewards straight he did re-
with many a sigh and grone.

Wishing that he had nere bin borne,
or in his cradle dy'd,
Unhappy man to love so true,
and yet to be deny'd.

Quoth he, I will to her againe,
and heare what she doth say,
It may be she may be more kind,
though first she said me nay.

Then comming to the towne againe,
he sent for her straight way,
Desiring her to speake with him,
but she did it denay.

Then did he sigh, lament and grieve,
and knew not what to say,
Then did he take his pen in hand,
and writ these words straight way;

My hearts delight and onely joy,
kill not me with disdaine,
Vouchsafe that I may speak with thee
and rid me of my paine.

Resolve me sweetest I thee pray,
why is thy hatred such:
I know no cause, unlesse it be
for loving thee too much.

As is my name so is my love,
sweet Susan unto thee:
True is my name, true is my love,
and ever so shall be.

My love is loyall iust and good,
kill me not with disdaine,
Rather doe me that courtesie,
to love for love againe.

When she had read and understood,
his mind and his intent,
She then began to like and love,
and yeeld him hearts content.

Iohn I am thine, if thou best mine,
for ever and for aye,
It was to prove thy constancy,
that I did say thee nay.

But here's my hand, my heart & love
Ile nere thee more deny,
My love is constant firme and true,
and shall be till I dye.

Then they imbrac'd each others love,
and joy'd in heart and voyce,
That he of her, and she of him,
had made so sweet a choise.

But fortune which doth often frowne,
where she before did smile,
The mans delight and maidens joy,
full soone she did beguile.

The second Part, to the same tune. 270

When she was setled in her love,
then he would change his mind,
And for to try her constancy,
would be to her unkind.

And thus resolved in his mind,
he'd come to her no more,
But went and wood another maid,
which griev'd her heart full sore.

(Quoth he) she proved unto me,
hard-hearted and unkind,
But now her true love I have won,
Ile beare the selfe same mind.

When she perceiv'd his love to her,
not as 'twas wont to be,
She did lament sigh, weep and grieve
and then these words spake she.

False-hearted man adue, quoth she,
disloyall and unkind,
And if I dye for love of thee,
thou shalt not know my mind.

Woe to the time I did beleeve,
that flattering looke of thine,
Would God that I had never seene,
the teares of thy false eyne.

Hard hap had I to set my love,
on one that mocked me,
Sure all the countrey doth not yeeld,
a man so false as he.

Thus was she brought to weak estate
all comforts from her fled,
She did desire to speake with him,
before that she was dead.

Her friends did seek to cheere her heart
and to make glad her mind,
But she was kild with loving him,
that prov'd to her unkind.

False-hearted man, may never maid
love thee as I have done,
But may my death remembred be,
to time that is to come.

And may all maids example take,
by this my mournefull death,
And now sweet Lord receive my soule
to thee I yeeld my breath.

Thus dy'd the patterne of true love,
thus dy'd a vertuous maid,
Thus dy'd as god a harmelesse Lasse
as ever Love betray'd.

Six maids in white as custome is,
did bring her to the grave,
Her parents grieve, lament & mourn,
no child at all they have.

When as her Lover understood,
for truth that she was dead,
He rag'd, and ready was to teare
his haire from off his head.

But when he came into the towne,
whereas his true Love lay,
He straightway ran unto her graue,
and these words there did say.

Susan (quoth he) Ile kisse thy grave,
upon my bended knee,
Whereby Ile shew to all the world,
how deare I loved thee.

And as he lay upon the graue,
he heard a voyce to say,
Iohn True if ere thou lou'dst me deare,
make hast and come away.

Then started he up from the graue,
and stood like one strucke dumb,
But when he had regain'd his speech,
he cryed, I come, I come.

And thus like one out of his wits,
he rag'd in piteous sort,
That all the neighbours presently,
were grieu'd at this report.

And thus with sorrow & grief of heart,
he lay a whole fortnight:
But when he had confest his fault,
he yeelded up his spright.

According to his hearts desire,
and as he did request,
They dig'd his graue, & laid him down
by her whom he lou'd best.

You yong men all that haue true loues
prove true unto your friend,
And if you loue, be sure your loue
be true unto the end.

And thus I end my story true,
so full of griefe and woe.
May never any seeke againe,
to wrong each other so.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.

The Virgins A. B. C.

OR,

An Alphabet of vertuous Admonitions for a chaſte, modeſt, and well governed Maid. To the tune of, *The Young-mans A B. C.*



ALL youthfull Virgins
to this Song giue eare,
And learne the Leſſons
which are taught you here.
An Alphabet of Vertues
here are ſet,
And being learn'd
doe make a Maid compleat.

Eare not a ſcornefull mind,
although you are
Beauteous as Hellen,
or like Venus faire;
It ill becomes
a forehead ſmooth and white,
To threaten anger
in a Louers ſight.

Vſe then a modeſt carriage,
and ſtill be
Courteous, and not too coy
in company:
They're Natures Changlings
and too much vnkind,
Who haue a lonely face,
and ſcornfull mind.

Iſdainefull neuer ſeeme,
nor yet too much
Doat on thy faces beauty,
fleighting ſuch
As ſue for loue,
leſt creeping age come on,
And then too late
your folly you bemone.

Exchange no loue,
but alwayes conſtant be,
Eſteeme true Loue
a perfect treaſury;
For where true Loue
and beauty both vnite,
It yields both parties
both their hearts delight.

Eigne no affection
but where vowes are paſt,
Fixe there your heart,
let there your loue be plac't,
For if by feigned wiles
Loues knot be ty'd,
It breeds diſſention
'twixt the Groome & Bride.

Row not to proud,
though ſmiling fortune doe,
Great ſtore of wealth,
and her beſt gifts beſtow:
For Pride the Prouerbe ſayes,
muſt haue a fall,
And ſo muſt Maidens,
Widdowes, Wiues and all.

Aſte not too much
for marriage, nor the thing
Which doth not pleaſure only,
but griefe bring,
For haſty Louers
often doe deſtroy
The ſweets of Loue,
ere they their hopes enioy.

Yet you chuſe
a Mate whom you affect,
Iniure him not
with any diſreſpect;
But wary be,
and ere Loues knot you tie,
Proue firſt your owne,
and then his conſtancie.

Nowledge is gain'd
by'xperience, and by this
Thou maiſt arriue
vnto the height of bliſſe;
Firſt try, then truſt;
and when you both haue
You may both loue, (proo'd
and be as well beſeo'd.

Poke ere you leape,
the Prouerbe ſtill doth ſay,
Let no ſmooth tongues
your loue to luſt betray;
In fairеſt graſſe
a Snake is often found,
And ſmoothеſt tongues
with falſhood moſt abound.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

Mourne not too much,
nor be thou alwayes sad,
Birth sometimes may
become a vertuous Maid:
Yet vse not too
much laughter, lest you be
Sleighted and scorn'd
for your immodesty.

Nor vse vnciuill talke,
no gesture light,
Nor in,baseemely
wantonnesse delight,
But keepe a chaste
behauiour, that you may,
Haue good report
in euery kind of way.

Ffend not with
a foule and slanderous tongue
Others, that doe
not wish thee any wrong,
But speake thou well
of all, and alwayes doe
With others, as (you.
you'd haue them deale with

Paint not your beauty
when it is decay'd,
Prize not that for
a Jewell, which must fade,
And when you haue done
your best will fal away,
And through red cheeks
a wrinckled brow display.

Wench in thy selfe
all lusts inflaming fires,
Which may prouoke
thee to vnchast desires,
For though a while (mind,
such pleasures please thy
Yet sorrow, want,
and beggery come behind.

Emember next
how like a fading flower,
Rich earths best treasures
vanish in an hower,
And how the best
of things that you enioy,
The Sith of Time
will cut, and Death destroy.

Eeke therefore richer
gifts than thee can giue,
So shalt thou in
a state securer liue;
For though fraile beauty
decke thy outward part,
Yet inward vertue
best adornes the heart.

By that rich Gemme, (tain'd
which when thou hast at-
Thou hast a beauteous
Maids chiefe beauty gain'd.
And if faire Vertue
doe thy comlies stere,
Like loues chaste Daughter
thou shalt bright appeare.

Fine Beauty's but
a trifle, that a while
Dame Nature lends the
with a flattering smile,
Which Louers gaze at,
and with greasy hands,
Each one to crop
a blossome of it stands.

Vile in its fullest
ripenesse it is growne,
When its decay'd,
their loues are with it gone
Let this then be
thy care, and chiefest strife,
To liue a vertuous Maid,
an honest Wife.

Antippe-like,
the Wife of Socrates,
Affect not thou
thy husband to displease,
Nor with a rapling
tongue pursue him still,
But in humility
obey his will.

Eeld not to others
when you once are wed,
The pleasures of
your lawfull husbands bed,
For if thou guilty
be of such an act,
Thou shalt not scape
vnpunisht for thy fact.

Ealous then be
in all these Vertues,proue
Both constant, chast,
and loyall in your loue.
And if these Lessons
well thou learnst,for thee
This truely still,
The Virgins A B C.

FINIS.

Printed at London by *M.P.* for *F.Coules*, dwelling in the Old-baily.

The Young-Mans A. B. C.

Or, Two Dozen of Verses which a Young-Man sent hi

Love, who proved unkind. The Tune is, The Young-mans A. B. C.



EEpt thou but some favour to me yield, I shall be glad with love in Venus field: I am so discontent in mind and heart, That neither means nor time can cure my smart.

FOrget thou not the woe wherein I dwell, My torments do all all other griefs excell; Consider well my woful sable nights, And days I spend away without delights.



GRant me thy love to mitigate my pain, The like thou shalt receive from me again; So love will we as doth the turtle-dove, Whose firm affection ever constant prove.

CEept, dear love, these shadows of my grief, And let thy pity yield me some relief: A Captive to thy will I must remain; For thou art only she must ease my pain.

BE kind to me as I am kind to thee; Let not thy fame with cruelty to me: But let thy inward parts thy features grace, beauty in heart adorns the outward face.

HAve you respect on this the grief I take, Which out of sleep doth sometimes me awake; In Dreams I see that which I most desire; But waking sees my senses all on fire.

COnsider how my service hath been bent Continually to gain thy sweet content; Canst thou, my Dear be so obdure to me? Cross unto him that is so true to thee.

IN doleful sort these words I now relate, which makes me think my self unfortunate; To set my heart where I had nought but scorn, which makes me rue the time that I was born.

DEfer no time to understand my grief, but with some speed come ease me with relief: Thy beauty rare hath struck my heart so deep, That all my dates I mean to wail and weep.

KIll me not in this desperation deep, To think how I neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep; To think of that which I cannot obtain, The which hath near my heart with sorrow slain.

LEt tender pitty move thy
gentle heart,
And so from thee
my love shall never start,
To gain thy love
I'll venture life and limb,
And for thy sake the
Ocean I will swim.

MY life I loath because
my woes increase,
Therefore my torments cease
and me release:
then be not hardy whereas
thou wouldst be kind,
but for my love
let me no hatred find.

NEither deny to grant
me this request,
Nor seek thou not to
work me more unrest,
For if you do the
worst share fall to thine.
the worst can come
ends but one life of mine.

OH that thou wouldst but
now conceive aright,
then would my darkness soon
be turn'd to light:
My greatest sorrows
I should then destroy
And all my grief and care
exchange to joy.

PIerce then no deeper
to my bleeding heart,
The which is ready
now for to depart:
He still that loves and
is not lov'd again,
Had better die than
still to live in pain.

QUench thou the flames
of this my burning breast,
which for thy sake
no time nor tide can rest:
My love to thee hath
evermore been true,
Therefore the same
see that I have from you.

REgard my grief how
still it more exceeds,
My life is like the Herb
that's spoil'd with weeds:
Among the finest wheat
the tares do grow,
And thou my love hath
wrought my overthrow.

SWeet love now take on me
thy friend, some care,
Regard my grief that
still lives in dispair
Of thy true love, which
is more dear than gold;
My griefs are more
than numbers can be told.

TOo long I've liv'd and
yet too late repent,
For why the glory
of my life is spent;
In loving her that
never did love me,
O then what day
of pleasure can I see?

WOuld I had never
liv'd thy face to have seen,
O then full happy surely
had I been,
For never any one
under the Sun,
But thou alone,
could me this wrong done.

THousand times
more cruel is thy mind,
Than heathens, Jews,
or Turks are in their kind
Or any one that
on the earth doth go,
And woe is me,
for I have found it so.

YEt if thy mind be
so perverse bent,
That nothing can
procure my hearts content,
Know this from me,
that I have learn'd of late,
No more to dote on her
that doth me hate.

ZEnobia to Tamberlain
ne'er was
More dear than thou
to me, but now alas!
I find my toyl, my sighs
and sobs in vain,
Why should I love,
and not be lov'd again?

NOw to set a
period to my woe,
if thou wilt have me,
prithee tell me so:
if otherwise thou mean'st,
thy mind it send,
Resolve me off or on,
and there's an end.

Printed by and for A. Milbourn, and sold by the Booksellers of *Pye-corner* and *London-Bridge*

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Youths Warning-peice.

In a true Relation of the woefull Death of *William Rogers* of *Cranbroke* in *Kent* an Apothecary, who refusing all good counsell, and following lewd company, dyed miserably since *Christmas* last. 1635.

To the Tune of Doctor Faustus.

135.





WHat mournefull ditty, or lamenting verse
Shall I compose this subiect to rehearse?
It being indeed most dolefull to declare,
Doth with all youth in time for to beware.

If it was feigned, or not true indeed,
It should not in men so much dolour breed:
Or had it beene some fable or old thing,
It might haue past without much sorrowing.

But it is true, and to too lately knowne (thowne
'Twas done, not farre from hence, and cleerely
By men, whose credits are wel knowne i'th' City,
Come then, and listen to my dolefull ditty.

Thus I begin, Will. Rogers was his name,
His Parents and his Kindred of good fame:
These gaue him education, and good Arts,
By which he was endued with able parts.

He an Apothecary was by Trade,
By which it doth appeare he Learning had:
For none can know the mysteries of that Art,
Without some knowledge, or some good desert.

Moreouer, he in Chyrurgery had skill,
And practis'd it with successe, & goodwill
Of many grieued Patients whom he cur'd
Of their corrupted soares which they endur'd.

His carriage was most milde and temperate,
By which he loue and estimation gat:
He did not take any excessiue gaines,
But often gaue the poore his time and paines.

His practike brought him into fauour great,
And caused him some meanes to gaine and get,
So that he did receiue two hundred pound
By each yeares practice, as it cleere was found.

His ciuill Education did impart
The knowledge of Religion to his heart,
Whereby he able was account to giue,
How he in Christ by faith alone did liue.

All these were hopefull blossomes in a youth,
That in their seasō might good fruits haue prou'd,
And caus'd him to haue liued in good fame,
And dyed in the credit of his house and name.

But see of this mans life the fatall change,
When in the world he did begin to range:
For presently all goodnesse was forgot,
His latter course was to his first a blot.

What pitty 'tis that in so faire a face
Such spots and blemishes should possesse a place,
Or that such good beginnings should be left;
Or that men should be of such hopes bereft.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

WE cãnot blame Dame Fortune as ỹ cauſe,
Nor yet religion which giues better lawes,
Nor yet our Parents, or our Maſters care,
Nor yet accuſe a Planet, or a Starre.

All theſe are frée, and cléere from any blame,
'Tis wée our ſelues that doe procure our ſhame,
It is our negligence that will not vſe
Our gifts aright, but often them abuſe.

So did this young man by lewd courſes ſpend,
His time and means ỹ ſtock, which God did ſend,
He vainely laviſh'd out in toyiſh ſport,
Mongſt vaine companions which to him reſort.

He left the councell of his deareſt friend,
The Paſtor of the Pariſh who did ſend,
Directions graue and honeſt, iuſt, and good,
All which this young man mightily withſtood.

Hee did forget his former promiſe made
To God, and others, that that ſinfull trade
Should quite be left, and ỹ he would put on,
The practiſe of the pure Religion.

But wholy gaue himſelfe to wine and drinke,
With company all times, which ſoone wil ſinke
A mans eſtate, the bane and ſource of ill,
And doth all goodneſſe and Religion ſpill.

Hence he grew careleſſe of his Patients lame,
Still ſwilling his careuſes downe amaine,
Kept company, neglected Church, each time
Slighted the vſe of the Sacraments Diuine.

So he grew ſetled in his ſinfull tracke,
No friendly councell could reduce him backe:
But obſtinately ſtill hee did perſiſt,
And ſcornfully all councell did reſiſt.

His Paſtor told him he would be ſo bold,
To excommunicate him from Chriſts fold:
Which wrought vpon his conſcience, ſo that he
Promiſ'd to diuers, a new man to be.

But ſickneſs Deaths bold Sergeant did arreſt
Him, that he faild of what he did proteſt.
In which his viſitation hee exclaim'd,
That Hel was his, and that he ſure was dam'd.

Viſits were made, and councel graue was giuen
That yet he might poſſeſſe a place in Heaven:
But he ſtil did raue, and ſtriue curſe and crye,
That he ſhould go to Hell immediately.

Somtimes he blames his ſin with ſome remorſe,
which had brought down Gods heauy rod & curſe
Then he aduiſes others to beware
Of ſinne, ſo euen ſeeming to deſpaire.

He crydes out fearefully that he muſt go,
To Hell, the place of miſery and woe;
There to endure all torments, griefe and paine,
Milions of millions of ages to remayne.

And fearefull tis to thinke, that in ſuch wiſe,
In raging fury, ends his life and dyes.
We cannot iudge of his Eternall ſtate,
But leaue to him, who rules all liues and Fate.

So you haue heard his end, I wiſh you all
To take a warning by his fearefull fall,
Of all lewd company, and drinking too,
Which alwayes are the Harbengers of woe.

Reiect not councell, nor Gods ordinance ſcorne,
Nor yet Church diſcipline, as men forlorne:
Follow your callings diligently ſtill,
So God ſhall keep you in your wayes from ill.

God bleſſe our gracious Soveraign Queene and
With all the royal Progeny, ỹ thence (Prince
Bleſſings may flow on all our Nobles, and
For ever prove a bleſſing to our land.

If any deſire further information touching the manner of this mans Life, ſickneſſe, and death, let them read the Sermon Preached at his funerall, which is Printed by Authority.

London printed for *A.K.* 1636.

FINIS.

A most excellent Song of the loue of young *Palmus*, and faire *Sheldra*, with their vnfortunate loue. To the tune of *Shackley hay*.



YOung Palmus was a Ferriman,
whom Sheldra faire did loue:
At Shackley where her sheep did graze,
she there his thoughts did proue.
But he vnkindly stole away,
and left his loue at Shackley-hay.
Fa la la, fa, la la la la.
So loud at Shackley did she cry,
the woods relound at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, fa, la la la la.
But all in vaine she did complaine,
for nothing could him moue:
Till wind did turne him backe againe,
and brought him to his loue.
When she saw him thus turn'd by fate,
She turn'd her loue to mortall hate.
Fa la la, &c.
Then weeping to her did he say,
Ile liue with thee at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
No, no, (quoth she) I thee deny,
my loue then once didst scorne,
And my prayers wouldst not heare,
but left me here forlorne:
And now being turn'd by fate of wind,
Thou think'st to win me to thy mind.
Fa, la la, &c.
Or, go, farewell I thee denay,
Thou shalt not liue at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
If that thou dost my loue disdaine,
because I liue on seas,
Or that I am a Ferry-man,
my Sheldra doth displease:
I will no more in that estate,
Be carried vnto wind and fate,
Fa, la la, &c.
But quite forsake Boate, Oares & Sea,
And liue with thee at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.

My Sheldra's bed shall be my Boat,
her armes shall be my Oares,
where loue in stead of stormes shal float
on pleasant downes and shores:
Her sweetest breath my gentle gale,
Through tides of loue to driue my saile
Fa, la la, &c.
Her loue my praise and she my ioy,
To liue with me at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Not Phao shall with me compare,
so fortunate to proue:
Faire Venus never was his fare,
Ile beare the Queene of loue:
The working waters neuer feare
For Cupids selfe our Barge shall steere
Fa, la la, &c.
And to the shore I still will cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
To streim my Boate for thy auaile,
I'le rob the flowrie shores,
And whilst thou guid'st the silken saile,
Ile row with siluer Oares:
And as vpon the streams we float,
A thousand Swans shal guide our boat.
Fa, la la, &c.
And to the shore still will I cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
And haue a story painted there,
wherein there shall be seene,
How Sapho lou'd a Ferriman,
being a learned Queene:
In golden letters shall be writ,
How well in loue himselfe he quit,
Fa, la la, &c.
That all the Lasses still shall cry,
With Palmus wee'le to Shackley hay
Fa, la la, &c.

And walking easily to the Strand,
wee'le angle in the brooke,
And fish with thy white-lilly hand,
thou need'st no other booke,
To which the fish shall soone be brought
a strife which shall the first be caught.
Fa, la la, &c.
A thousand pleasures will we try,
As we doe row to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
And if we be oppress with heate
in mid-time of the day,
Vnder the Willowes tall and great,
shall be our quiet bay,
Where I will make thee fans of boughes,
From Phœbus beames to shade thy (browes,
And cause them at the Ferry cry,
A boat, a boat to shackley-hay
Fa, la la &c.
A troupe of dainty neighboring girles,
shall dance along the strand,
Vpon the gravell all of pearles,
to wait when thou shalt land,
And cast them selues about thee round,
Whilst thou with garlands shalt be crown'd,
Fa, la la, &c.
And all the shepheards with ioy shall cry
Sheldray is come to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Although I did my selfe absent,
'twas but to try thy mind:
But now thou maist thy selfe repent,
for being so vnkind:
For now thou art turnd by vsing fate
In stead of loue to hast purchast hate.
Fa, la la, &c.
Wherefore returne thee to the Sea,
And bid farwell to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.

The second part to the same tune.

THus all in vaine he did complaine,
and no remorse could find:
Young Palmus through his owne disdaine
made Sheldra faire unkind:
But she is from him fled and gone,
He laid him in his boat alone,
Fa, la la. &c.
And so betook him to the Sea,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Then from the happy sandy shore,
into the floating waues,
His vessell freught with brinish teares,
into the maine hee laues.
But all in vaine, for why he still
With weeping eyes his boat did fill,
Fa, la la, &c.
And launcht his boat into the sea,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Now farewell to my Sheldra faire,
whom I no more shall see:
I meane to leaue my life at sea,
by thy inconstancy.
Come Neptune, come to thee I cry,
With thee I'le liue, with thee I'le dye.
Fa, la la, &c.
Thus he launcht himselfe into the sea,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la &c.
But farre from thence he had not gone,
ere Sheldra faire returned,
Whose heart kind pitye made to moane,
such passion in her burned:
But when she to that place arriu'd,
She found the shore from him depriu'd.
Fa, la la, &c.
And her deare Palmus now at sea,
Shee bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
She then with bitter sighes complaind,
her griefe did so abound:
Oft grieuing that she him disdaind,
whom shee so louing found:
But now (alas) 'twas all in vaine,
For he was gone by her disdayne.
Fa, la la &c.
Leauing that place to her alone,
Who now laments that he is gone.
Fa, la la, &c.
O wretched Sheldra, then, quoth she,
confesse what sond disdayne,
Hath wrath caused to fall on thee:
could this long suffering paine,
Be thus (alas) so soone forgot,
Borne to thy loues strange hatefull lot.
Fa, la la, &c.
And thus to lye, and for him crie,
Whom then so fondly didst deny.
Fa, la la,fa, la la la fa.

Who once did truly loue, I see,
shall neuer after haue
As doth too well appeare by me,
in my forsaken state.
Alas, I meant my scorne to proue,
by onely tryall of his loue.
Fa la la,fa, la la la fa.
Now hapelesse me, since I doe see,
he hath forsaken wofull me,
Fa, la la, &c.
Thus all this while in roughest seas,
poore Palmus boat was tost:
Eu more his mind with his disease,
because he Sheldra lost.
In mids of this, he her forswears,
He rent his boat and tore his haires.
Fa, la la, &c.
Threw hope away, for he alas,
Could be no more drowned then he was.
Fa, la la, &c.
Euen as his griefe had swallowed him,
so strone the greedy waues:
About his boat and ore the brim,
each lofty billow raues:
There is no trust to swelling powers,
That what it may it still deuoures,
Fa, la la, &c.
But by the breach the seas might see,
The boat felt more the rage then hee.
Fa, la la, &c.
Thus wrackt and scatterd was their state
while he in quiet swomme:
Through liquid paths to Thetis gate
by soft degrees went towne (Girles,
Whom when the Nymphs beheld, the
Beone layd aside their soring pearles.
Fa, la la, &c.
And vp they heau'd him as a guest,
Unlookt for now come to their feast,
Fa, la la, &c.
His case they pitied: but when they
beheld his face right faine,
For very loue into the sea,
they pulld him backe againe:
So were they with his beauty mou'd,
For what is faire is soone belou'd.
Fa, la la, &c.
Thus with Nimphs he liues in the sea,
That left his loue at Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la, &c.
Then Sheldra faire to Shackley went,
to end her wofull daies,
Because young Palmus cast himselfe
into the floating Seas.
At Shackley-hay did fayre Sheldra dye,
And Palmus in the sea doth lye,
Fa, la la, &c.
So as they liu'd so did they dye,
And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.
Fa, la la,fa, la la la la.

FINIS.

Printed at London for I. W.

32.

A Yong-mans most earnest affection to his Sweet heart.

Expresst in a dainty Courtly Sonnet:
First read and heare it, then censure vpon it.

To a curious new Northerne tune.





COme come my Deare that art so pretty,
Let me sue and pitty some pitty,
For all the world shall not from me me,
Untill the day I doe bow to one thee:
And all the birds in our valley
Will gladly sing the praise of *Iacke* and *Dolly*.

Thy rare perfection I admire,
Thy company I doe desire,
Thy presence yields to me such pleasure,
I would not loose thy sight for any treasure.

Be thou my louing constant euer,
And I in lone will ay persuer:
The Ocean sooner shall be dryed,
Than my firme lone to thee shall be denyed.

Let me enioy thy louely presence,
Which I do hold my earthly essence,
And with reciprocall affection
I will be constant to my first election.

Though both my parents friends and kindred
Seeke meanes to haue my meaning hindred,
I will not alter my resolution.
Though they were loue the same were my confusion

Then shall we not be loath to marry,
But with contentment to tarry
A iowen space for that happy meeting,
patiently would stay for thy my sweeting.

Then let not thy affections wauer,
nor let me still remaine thy languer:
We not vnkind nor fickle minded,
Thy face hath found more woe then euer tyme did.

I many proffers haue refused,
Wherat my friends haue greatly mused:
When I to take on thee that so surpasses,
Then for thy sake I loath all other lasses.

The sparkling fyry shining eyes I see still,
Which in a moment doth me kill,
Thy comely face thy stature manly,
And making euery part to be the substance rightly.

Thy body is straight small and slender,
Thy skin is white soft soft and tender:
Thy leg and foote is framed neatly,
And all thy lineaments are made compleatly.

The Poet with his witty phrases,
Will gladly write thy pretty praises,
And all the Birds in euery valley
Will gladly sing the praise of *Iacke* and *Dolly*.

The Second part. To the ſame tune.



A Dam thou haſt a ſtately wenny
Search thy conſcience plump and witty,
Both deſerue a Queene and Cowne
Lo maſter of the prize of Troy and Troian.
And all the birds in euery valley,
Will ſweetly ſing the paſſe of *Iacke* and *Dolly*.

How can I then be diſcontented?
Or why ſhould my choice be vnwiſhed?
Though thou haſt of ene to pare Totten,
Ile not recant the words that I haue ſpoken.

I might haue riches out of meaſure,
But what care I for worldly treaſure?
Giue me a Laſſe endowed by nature,
Ile labour hard or beg for ſuch a creature.

No forgiues that man can endure,
Shall make my fancy proue impure:
No parents frowne, nor friends reproouing,
Shall make my ſtedfaſt mind to be removing.

Then ſith my perſwaſion ſatisfies
Submits it ſelfe to thy correction,
Let not thy fearfull ſuſpicion miſſing,
(Like Creſida) be miſtaken in thy loue.

Be thou like Hero to Leander,
Let not thy thoughts wander,
Haue thy faith
Duplicity

That vnlike th'art falſe and friende ſo vnkinde,
'Gainſt Court of heauen is allowed,
And be or ſhe that the ſame doth infringe,
But know y' ſuch contempt great loue auengeth.

But why ſeem I to mi ſdoubt thy doing,
No juſt occaſion by thee knowing?
No, though I ſpeake all this in paſſion,
I dare be ſworne thou haſt all of that faſhion.

Then be not thou my Deare offended,
Nor let thy angry browe be bended:
Yet if thou ſpeake, to thee I'le be beholding.
I loue to heare thy voice, though't be in ſcolding.

Then be thou conſtant in thy carriage,
Vntill that we be linkt in marriage,
Then farewell care and melancholly,
Since lucke hath preſt to his deareſt Dolly.
And all the birds in euery valley,
Will ſweetly ſing the paſſe of *Iacke* and *Dolly*.

FINIS.

103.

The Young-mans Wish,

OR,

Behold his mind fulfil'd, whom Love had almoſt kil'd,
With joy reviv'd againe, as heere appeareth plaine:
The like to this, ('twixt *Man* and *Wife*)
I never heard yet, in all my Life.

To the tune of, *I am in Love, and cannot tell with whom.*



What ſtrange affections have my thoughts poſſeſt,
that nothing will nor can my mind content?
Or why ſhould love my inward parts moleſt,
or time away in patience thus be ſpent?
The cauſe Ile ſhew, but oh my heart will breake;
I am in love, but know not how to ſpeake.

My Humors and my Fancies all are croſt,
my minde ſo much diſturb'd I cannot ſleepe;
My day my wits like tennis Balls are toſt,
and every hower in dolefull dumps moſt deepe:
I am caſt downe, all pleaſures I forſake,
The reaſon is, I love and cannot ſpeake.

Sometimes my Muſe aſcendeth up on high,
and climes Parnaſſus hils for learnings loze;
As ſoone againe it in the deepe doth lie,
now high, then low; now rich, and ſtraightway poore:
Now laugh & ſmile, yet ſtraight my heart will breake;
For ſtill I love and know not how to ſpeake.

I wander up and downe, and yet ſtand ſtill;
I walke abroad, and yet lie ſick in bed:
I live at liberty, and yet my will
is into deſolation captive led:
My health I have, yet life doth me forſake,
Though ſtill I love, I know not how to ſpeake.

I feede, I feaſt, I fare on dainty dyet;
I drinke the freſheſt wine, yet ſtill am dry:
I take my reſt, and yet can have no quiet;
I ſtand in water, yet in flames I frye:
I ſulphur greatly, yet with cold I ſhake;
I love in heart, and yet I dare not ſpeake.

I weare good clothes, and yet I naked goe,
with decent geſture ſeemely to beheld;
I am adorn'd from top unto the toe;
And yet my ſhape is lothſome double ſold:
I have my wits, and yet I doe miſtake,
Tis all becauſe I love, and cannot ſpeake.

I heare, I ſee, I ſmell, I taſte, I touch,
and yet am ſenceles growne in every thing;
Great want I feele, yet have (me thinks) too much,
each ounce of mirth, a pound of griefe doth bring:
I am inforc'd thus to the world to breake
My minde; but to my Love I cannot ſpeake.

I live in peace, yet hold an inward ſtrife,
Cupid that villaine wounded ſo my heart;
I ſingle am, yet faine would have a Wife,
to eaſe me of my dolour, griefe and ſmart:
But ſhe with whom I gladly would partake,
Makes me abaſh'd, I know not how to ſpeake.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame Tune.



O That ſome Orator would be ſo kinde,
to plead my cauſe, and certifie my love;
My paſſions and diſturbances of minde.
to try if ſhe will prove my Turtle Dove:
What almes or anſwer ſhe to me would make,
For oh alas, I love, but cannot ſpeake.

But ſince no meanes or way I can invent,
to bring her tidings of my hearts deſire;
My time in Wiſhes ſhall be wholly ſpent,
and Phœnix-like Ile waſt my ſelfe in fire:
For while I live Ile ſorrow for her ſake,
Becauſe I want both Art and heart to ſpeake.

O that I were ſome curious Ring of Gold,
to weare upon her finger for delight;
That by ſome Merchant ſo I might be ſold
for her owne uſe and ſervice day and night:
Or would I were a bond-ſlave for her ſake;
That feare might force, or Love me cauſe to ſpeake.

Could I but crave to light her to her bed,
it ſurely would revive my drooping heart;
Or lay ſoft pillowes underneath her head;
till dalliance long had made us loth to part:
So finding ſcope, my wiſhed mind I'd breake,
By ſignes, to heare, or touch, if not to ſpeake.

But O my heart, my wiſhes are in vaine,
no hopes have I for this which here I crave;
Nor know I any way her love to gaine;
O would the Fates had dig'd my timeles grave:
Where I might reſt ſecurely in my Tombe,
And not be found untill the day of doome.

His Love (at laſt) who from a window high
had heard the griefes and ſorrowes he indur'd;
Thus comforts him with words immediately,
thy love-ſicke heart (ſaid ſhe) ſhall ſoone be cur'd:
Thou ſhalt no longer cauſe have to complaine;
If thou lov'ſt me, Ile quit thy love againe.

Thou wiſhedſt but my company a time;
now here's my hands for ever and for aye,
In weale or woe I will be wholly thine,
my heart, my hand, my life ſhall thee obay:
So, laſtly; thus their loves were truely tride,
He was her Bridegroome, ſhe his lovely Bride.

FINIS. *L. P.*

Imprinted at London for *Iohn Wright*, the younger, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the upper end of the *Old-Bayley*.

A warning for all lewd livers,

By the example of a disobedient Childe, who riotously wasted and consumed his Fathers and Mothers goods, and also his own, among strumpets, and other lewd livers, and after dyed most miserably on a dung-hill.

To the tune of *Sir Andrew Barton.*





MY bleeding heart with griefe and care,
doth warne all young men to beware,
That they no such like steps may tread,
nor leade the life that I have led.

My Father was a Gentleman,
as many gallants witnesse can,
He had no sonne but onely I,
which made his gold and siluer fly.

When as my Father hath me sent,
to sell his goodes or take my rent,
I did consume and waste the same
in drinking and vnlawfull game.

The Cards and Dice were my delight,
I haunted tauernes day and night,
Lewd women were my chiefest toyes,
and my consorts were cutpurse boyes.

Gods holy word I disobey'd,
I cared not what the Preacher said,
For quaffing cans of Ale and Beere,
was all the seruice I would heare,

Thus acting my vngratious part,
I broke my aged Fathers heart,
When gaskly death did on him seaze,
I thought my selfe in happy case.

What he had left I thought well got,
but now the shame falls to my lot,
Fiue hundred pound in good red gold,
for Wine and Beere I quickly sold.

Then was I preest to serue the King,
that might my name to honour bring,
A Souldiers life I held it base,
and alwaies tooke it in disgrace.

And hauing thus consum'd my store,
I to my Mother went for more,
Who sold and morgag'd all her land,
and put the money in my hand.

And with these words with teares she said
thou knowest my Son thy father's dead
No more is left but I and thee,
therefore deare Sonne be good to me.

If that thy loue from me should fall,
I haue on earth no friend at all,
Therefore good Son, to me proue kind,
and then in Heauen reward shalt find.

Then on my bended knees fell I,
desiring of the Lord on high,
A shamefull death might be his end,
that would his Mother once offend.

All you that doe no reckoning make,
of swearing when your words you speake,
Giue eare to this which I will tell,
lewd liuers seldome died well.

You disobedient children all,
draw neare and listen to my fall,
Example take, repent in time,
least that your woes be like to mine.

You Fathers deare and Mothers kinde,
beare you this lesson well in minde,
Trust not too much a wicked child
for oftentimes men are beguild.

When twigs are greene you may them ply
but let them grow till they be dry,
They will so stiffe and stobborne stand,
you cannot bend them with your hand.

So I that ran a wicked race,
to mend my life had not the grace,
Sixteene score pound in ready gold,
into my hand my Mother told.

But in the compasse of one yeare,
I spent it all as may appeare,
And hauing left no meanes at all,
I vnto robbing straight did fall.





THendid I steale my Mothers rings,
her brasse, her pewter, & such things,
The very bed whereon shé lay,
I like a villaine sould away.

What ever I could get or take,
I thereof straight would money make,
My flinty heart did séele no griefe,
to see my Mother want reliefe.

At last shé grew exceeding poore,
and begs her bread from doore to doore,
No Infidell nor Pagan vild,
could bring to light so bad a child.

At last my Mother lost her breath,
as she constrained was by death,
Who yeelds reliefe whē friends grow scant
and easeth those that are in want.

From place to place I then was tost,
by every man and woman crost,
No harbour could I get, whereby
I might at night in safegard lye.

My dearest kinsfolkes doe me chide,
my neare & friends mocke and deride,
Those that were my consorts of late,
their love is changed into hate.

Those that have feasted many a time,
and fed upon that which was mine,
Despise at me along the street,
as if they should a Serpent meet.

Both old and young both great and small,
both rich and poore, despise me all,
No friend to take my part had I,
but was constrain'd in fields to lye.

In this my extreme misery,
my griefe and my necessity,
No creature gave for my relieve,
one peece of bread to ease my griefe.

But as a poore despised wretch,
his latest gaspe that he did fetch,
Was on a dounghill in the night,
when as no creature was in sight.

But in the morning he was found,
as cold as clay upon the ground:
Thus was he borne in shame to die,
and end his dayes in misery.

Take warning young men by this vice,
learne to avoid the Cards and Dice:
Lewd womens company forbeare,
they are the high way unto care.

All Parents while your babes be young,
looke to their wales in hand and tongue,
Then wickednesse will not abound,
but grace in children may be found.

FINIS.

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Lambert*, and are to be sold in *Smithfield*, at the Hospitall gate. *L.P.*

207

The vvofull Lamentation of *William Turcas*, vvho for murtherin his Mother at *Thaxted* in *Essex* was executed at *Chelmsford*.

To the tune of, *The rich Merchant*.



THe Swan before her death,
most pleasantly doth sing:
But I a heavie hearted note
with teares my hands doe wring,
With teares my hands doe wring,
yet not a teare for death;
For I am weary of my life,
desiring losse of breath.

No feares for death I shed,
but for my sinnes I mourne;
Oh, for that sin that makes me wish,
I never had bin borne,
I never had been borne,
mercy good Lord I crave:
Oh would my mothers tender womb,
had bin my timelesse grave.

Ah me, that very word
strikes through my wounded heart,
The name of Mother (oh my soule)
doth aggravate my smart,
Doth aggravate my smart;
and much increase my woe,
Ne'r villaine did so vile a deed
as I have done, I know.

Oh now (alas) I know,
but now (alas, too late,
Drinke then depriv'd me of my sense,
and of my humane state.
Oh, that detested Vice
is that we should detest,
A thousand thousand times I curse,
though once I lov'd it best.

Yea, once I lov'd it well,
oh, too too well indeed:
For that I did in drinke ore-gone,
my woe-tyr'd soule doth bleed.
For this soule spotted fault,
my mother many a time
Would gently chide me, & would wish
me leave this loathed crime.

Shee'd tell me 'twas a sinne
that many sinnes did feed,
As swearing, whoring, and such like,
and true she said indeed.
With teares she oft did say,
a wicked end 't will have,
Therefore my son doe thou take heed,
take heed of it I crave.

With heavie heart she thus
would seeme to turne my minde,
But slightly I de regard her words,
which now in too true I finde.
Her Hony words to me
more bitter were than gall;
I tooke her for my foe, when she
was most my friend of all.

Shee'd speake to me in love,
I'de answer her in rage,
Without all feare or reverence
of title, or of age.
Thus oft with words wee'd part,
till good with bad I crost;
But at the last, in drinking rage
my wit and sense I lost.

Her words I would not heare,
in rage I drew my knife,
To take deare life away from her,
by whom I had my life.
The sight of which did make
her heart much sorrow feele:
(Then as I should have done to her)
she unto me did kneele,

And on her knees did beg,
that I her life would spare,
And 't were but for my soule, on which
she pray'd me have a care:
Oh spare me, sonne, she said,
forget not who I am,
Thy aged Mother doe not then
thy cares against me bam.

Alas how canst thou, sonne,
endure to see me kneele,
And beg & weep and wring my hands,
and no compassion feele?
For telling thee thy fault,
and wishing thee to leave,
I pray thee doe not desperately
me of my life bereave.

Thus kneeling would she beg,
and begging, weep apace; (hands,
And weeping, she would wring her
in lamentable case.
Yet nothing was I mov'd
with all her pitious moane,
My heart for her did feele no griefe,
but was as hard as stone.

The second part. To the same tune.



THus stubborne did I stand,
against my Mother deare:
This second Part, the bloody part,
discourst you shall heare.

Now, now, oh now againe,
full heavily I sing;
And in relation of my woe,
both heart and hands I wring:
For that I now shall tell,
will draw forth brinish teares
From any that have humane hearts,
or my laments that heares.

Her kind intreats I crost,
with bitter words and oathes,
Such as the wicked love to heare,
such as the vertuous loathes.
And after all these wandring words,
with Hels prepared knife,
I quickly wounded her to death,
from whom I had my life.

Vile Nero (I have read)
his Mother ript to see
The place where he an Embrion lay;
O soule impietie!
Yet none more vile than this,
than this that I have done;
Oh, never did there ever live
so impious a sonne.

Cain branded was a Slave,
for murthering of his Brother;
Oh, what am I then, what am I,
for murthering of my Mother?
Aye me, my Mother deare,
that bitter paines did prove
In bearing me, and ever since
full dearely did me love.

Full dearely did me love,
as any Mother could:
And carefull was she still for me,
as any Mother should.
Her best in all she did,
still working for my good:
Yet all her paine and care I quit,
with shedding of her blood.

With shedding of her blood,
her kindnesse I did quit,
By the Devill goaded on to do't,
even in my drunken fit.
All you that take delight
in this abhorred Vice,
The end of it come finde of me,
and learne to be more wise.

This staines my soule as much
as any sinne of seven, (keep
That blacks the soule, that we should
most faire and fit for Heaven.
So long is a man a man,
as Reason he retaines:
But Reason gone, he is no man,
that shape's but little gaines.

If man be then no man,
when Reason is away,
Man is no man when he is drunke,
for Drinke doth Reason sway.
O, what's a Drunkard then,
of Reason dispossest!
As other creatures reasonlesse,
he is a brutish Beast.

And thus by me take heed
of Drunkennesse (I end.)
O flie this Vice, and see what sinnes
doe not this Vice attend.
For that I did in drinke,
now I am here to dye:
Ten thousand deaths I have deserv'd
for this impietie.

Thus sorry for my sinne,
I pray that all may mend:
And Christ I pray receive my soule
after my shamefull end.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules*, dwelling in the Old-Baily.

A new ballad intituled, the stout Cripple of Cornnwall, wherein is shewed his dissolute life, and deserued death. To the tune of the Blinde Begger.

14

OF a stout Cripple that kept the high way,
and begd for his liuing all time of the day:
Harke Ile tell you that pleasant shall be,
the Cripple of Cornwall sirnamed was he.

He crept on his hands & his knees up and downe,
in a torn iacket and ragged patcht gowne:
For he had neuer a leg to the knee,
the Cripple of cornwall sirnamed was he,

He was of stomacke couragious and stout,
for he had no cause to complaine of the gout:
To go upon stilts most cunning was he,
with a staffe on his neck gal ant and free.

Yea no good fellowship would he forsake
were it in secret a purse for to take:
His help was good as any might be,
the Cripple of Cornwall sirnamed was he.

When he upon any such seruice did go,
the crafty young cripple prouided it so:
His tooles he kept close in an old hol ow tree,
that stood from the City a mile two or three.

Thus all the day long he begd for relicfe,
And late in the night he plaid the false theefe:
And seuen yeares together this custome kept he
and no man thought him such a person to be,

There was few gralliers went on the way,
but unto the cripple for passage did pay,
And euery braue Marchant that he did descry,
he emptied their purses ere they passed by,

The gallant L. Courtney both valliant and bold,
rode forth with great plenty of siluer and gold:
At Exeter there a purchase to pay,
but that the false cripple his iourney did stay.

For why the false cripple heard tidings of late
as he lay for alms at this noblemans gate:
What day and what houre his iourney should be,
this is quoth the cripple a bootie for me,

Then to his companions this mater he moued,
which he in like actions before time had proued.
They make themselues ready & deeply they sweare
this monies their owne before they come there.

Upon his two stilts this cripple doth mount
to haue his best share he makes his account
All clothed in canuis downe to the ground
he takes up his stading his mates with him round

Thē comes the L. Courtney with half a score mē,
that little suspected these theeues in their den:
And they perceiuing them come to their hand,
in a darke euening they bid him stand

Deliuer thy purse quoth the Cripple with speed,
for we be good fellowes and thereof haue neede

Not so quoth L. Courtney but this I tell thee,
winne it and weare it, else get none of me.

With that they L. Courtney stood in his defence
and so did his seruants but ere they went hence
Two of the true men were slaine in the fight,
and foure of the theeues were put to their flight,

And while for their safegard they ran thus away
the iolly bold cripple did hold the rest play.
And with his pikestaffe he wounded them so
as they were unable to run or to goe.

With fight the L. Courtney was driuen out of breath
and most of his seruants wounded to death,
Then came other horsemen riding so fast,
the cripple was forced to fly at last.

And ouer a riuer a riuer that ran their beside,
which was very deep and eighteen foot wide,
With his long staffe and his stilts leaped he,
and shifted himself in an old hollow tree.

Then through the country was hue and cry made
to haue these theeues apprehended and staid,
The Cripple he creeps on his hands & his knees
and on the hie way great posting he sees,

And as they came riding he begging doth say,
O giue me one penny good Master I pray:
And thus vnto Exeter creeps he along
no man suspecting that he had done wrong.

Anone the L. Courtney he spide in the street:
he comes unto him and kisses his feet:
Saying, God saue your honour & keep you frō ill
and from the hands of you enemies still.

Amen qd. L. Courtney & therwith flung downe
unto the poore Cripple an English crowne:
Away went the cripple and thus did he crie,
fiue C. pounds more would make me to drinke

In vaine that hue and cry it was made. (laid
they found none of them though the country was
But this grieued the cripple both night and day,
that he so unluckely mist of his pray

Nine hundred pounds this cripple had got,
by begging and robbing so good was his lot,
A thousand pound he would make it he said,
and then he would quite giue ouer his trade.

But as he striued his minde to fulfill,
in following his actions so lewd and so ill,
At last he was taken the law to suffice,
condemned and hanged at Exeter Assise,

Which made all men amazed to see,
that such an impotent person as he,
Should venture himself in such actions as they,
to rob in such sort upon the hye way.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcock. FINIS.

A new Ballad, intituled, A warning to Youth, shewing the lewd life of a Marchants Sonne of London, and the miserie that at the last he sustained by his riotousnesse. To the tune of the Lord Darley.

IN London dwelt a Marchant man,
that left unto his Sonne,
A thousand pound in Land a yere,
to spend when he was gone:
With coffer cramb'd with golde crownes
most like a Father kinde.
To have him follow his olde steps,
and beare the selfesame minde.
Thus every man doth know, doth know,
and his beginning see,
But none so wise can shew, can shew,
what will his ending be.
No sooner was his father dead,
and clozed in his graue.
But this his wilde and wanton sonne,
his minde to lewdnesse gaue.
And being but of tender yeares,
found out such companie,
Which prou'd his fatall ouerthrow,
and finall miserie.
In gluttonny and drunkennesse,
he daily took delight,
And still in Strumpets company,
he spent the silent night:
Forgetting quite that drunkennesse.
and filthy lechery,
Of all the sinnes will soonest bring
a man to miserie.
Within the Seas of wanton loue,
his heart was drowned so deep.
A night he could not quietly
without strange women sleep.
And therefore kept them secretly,
to feed his foule desire,
Apparell'd all like gallant youthes
in Pages trimme attyre.
Their garments were of Crimson silke,
bedect with lace of gold,
Their curled haire was white as milke,
most comely to be hold.
He gaue them for their Cognizance,
a Purple bleeding heart,
In which two siluer arrowes seem'd,
the same in twaine to part.
Thus secret were his wanton sports,
thus priuate was his pleasure,
Thus Harlots in the shape of men,
did waste away his treasure.
Oh woe to lust and lecherie,
oh woe to such a vice
That buyes repentance all too late,
and at too deare a price,
Yet he repented not at all,
so wilfull was his mind,
He could not see his infamy,
for sin had made him blind.
But in his heart desir'd a change
of wanton pleasures so
That day by day he wishes still,
strange women for to know.
And so discharging of his traine,
and selling of his land.
To trauell into countries strange,
he quickly took in hand,
And into Antwerpe speedily,
thus all aflaunt he goes,
To see the dainty Flemish Girles,
and gallant Dutchland Froes.
For still, quoth he the Dutchland Froes,
are kinde to Englishmen.
Ile haue my pleasure of those Girles,
or neuer come againe:
And being arriu'd in Antwerpe streets,
he met a louely Dame,
That was a Widowes daughter deare,
of good report and fame.
Her beauty like the Purple rose,
so glistered in his eye,
That rauisht with the same, he crau'd
her secret company.
But she like to an honest Maid.
by no meanes would consent,
To satisfie his lustfull eye,
as was his false intent,
A hundred dayes he wholly spent.
as many nights in vaine,
As many angels he consum'd,
Her maiden-head to gaine.
But nothing he preuaild at all,
untill that Satans aid,
And cursed counsell helping him,
for to deflowre this maid.
For like a lustfull Lecher he,
found such conuenient time,
That he inforced her to drink,
till she was drunk with wine.
And being ouercharged with wine,
as Maidens heads be weake:
He rauisht her there, when that she
could no resistance make.
For being senceleste there she lost
her sweet virginity,
Which she had kept full twenty yeares,
with great seuerity,
Therefore good Virgins take good heed
lest you be thus beguild.
When Wine is settled in your braine,
you may be got with Child.
And marke, I pray what then befell,
unto this modest Dame:
When she recouered her lost sence
and knew of her defame,
In pining grief, she languisht long.
like Philomel by night
And would not come for very shame,
in honest Maidens sight:
Her wombe at last began to swell,
her Babe receiued life:
And being neither Widow nor Maid,
nor yet a maried Wife,
Did wish that she had nere been borne,
but in her Cradle dy'd,
Then Angels at the gate of Heauen,
had crownd her Virgin bright.
This Babe that breedeth in my wombe,
(quoth she) shall nere be borne,
Nor call'd a bastard by such wiues,
that hold such loue in scorne:
For I a Strumpet in disgrace,
though one against my will,
Before I will so shame my friends,
my deare liues bloud Ile spill.
For as with wine I was deceiu'd
and made a vicious Dame,
So will I wash and ay with Wine
my scarlet spots of shame.
Then drinking up her burning Wine,
she yeelded up her breath,
By which likewise the vnborne Babe,
was scalded unto death.
Her Mother falling on her knees
to heauen did cry and call,
If euer Widowes curse, quoth she,
on mortall man did fall,
Then say, Amen to mine O Lord
that he may neuer thriue.
That was the cause of this mischance,
but rot away aliue.
His nailes from off his fingers dropt,
his eyes from out his head.
His toes they roted from his feet,
before that he was dead.
His tongue that had false-swoorne so oft,
to compasse his desire
Within his mouth doth glow and burne,
like coales of sparkling fire:
And thus in torment in his Bane,
this wicked Caitife dyed,
Whose hatefull Carkes after death.
in earth could not abide,
But in the wawes of Carrion Crowes,
and Rauens made a Tombe,
A vengeance iust on those that use
on such vile sinnes presume:
For Widowes curses haue full oft:
been felt by mortall wights,
And for oppressed Widowes wronges,
still heauenly Angels fights:
For when King Henry the 6 by force
was murthered in the Tower,
And his fair Queen Widow mad,
by Crooke-backt Richards power:
She so exclaimed to the heauens,
for to reuenge that deed,
That they might die in such like sort,
which caused him to bleed
Her curses so preuaild God wot,
that euery one was slaine,
Or murdered by lie cruell hands,
not one there did remain.
Both Crookebackt Richard, & his mate
Lord Louel and Buckingam,
With many more did feele her curse
which needlesse are to name
For widows wrongs still pierce the gate
of Gods celestiall Throne,
And heauen it selfe will still reuenge
oppressed widowes mone,
Take heed, take heed, you wanton youths,
take heed by this mishap:
Least for your lust and lechery,
you be caught in a trap.
Leaue off your foule abuses
you shew to maide and Wiues.
And by this wanton Marchants fall,
learne how to mend your liues.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke. FINIS.

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A Warning for Maides:

Or the falſe diſſembling,, cogging,
Cunning, cozening young Man,
Who long did try and uſe his skill,
To wo a coy young Maid to his will
And when he had obtain'd her love,
To her he very falſe did prove.
To a dainty new tune, called, *No, no, not I.*

103.



All in a May morning in the merry month of May
into the grẽn Meddowes I did take my way,
There I heard a young Man to his Love make reply,
But ſhe anſwered him ſcornfully, no no not I.

Sweet heart quoth this young Man, my love is intire,
my heart is inflamed with Cupids hot fire.
Your love I intreat, why ſhould you deny?
But ſhe anſwered him ſcornfully, no, no not I.

O ſweet 'tis thy love that I doe ſo much crave,
and I will maintain you ſtill gallant and brave.
Faire Miſtreſſe, for your love I certain ſhall die,
Quoth ſhe, away fooliſh man, I care not I.

Will you ſeek to wrong a Man in ſuch a caſe?
if I die for love, it will be your diſgrace,
I hope you will yeld me ſome other reply,
But ſhe anſwered him ſcornfully, no, no not I.

Sweet, have you no more regard of a young man?
I will ſtrive to doe thee all the good I can,
Methinks you ſhould yeld unto me by and by,
But ſhe anſwered him ſcornfully, no, no not I.

And if that all Maids ſhould be of your mind,
then what would or ſhould become of us mankind?
Sweet let you and I now try our deſtiny,
But ſhe anſwered him ſcornfully, no, no not I.

Pray what is the reaſon? I am young and faire,
beſides you doe know I am my Fathers heire:
Sweet let me intreat your love and courteſie,
But ſhe anſwered him ſcornfully, no, no not I.

For vaulting or leaping, or ſuch exerciſes,
for dancing or skipping I ſtill won the priſes,
Come grant me thy favour my pretty pigmie,
But ſhe anſwered him ſcornfully, no, not I.

I am in all parts moſt compleat like a man,
and I can doe as much as any can:
Then prethee ſweet heart doe not my love deny,
Now ſhe anſwerd him kindly, ſweet Love not I.

If gold will content thee, why gold thou ſhalt have,
or any thing elſe that thou canſt wiſh or crave:
'Tis onely on thy love that I doe rely,
Now ſhe had forgot to ſay, no, no not I.

Pp. 6. 24. 103.

297

The ſecond Part, To the ſame tune.



Ile be thy maintainer, thou ſhalt know no want,
then let no diſparagement my ſwéet heart daunt:
Thou ſhalt be my Bride, and Ile love thée truly.
This Maid had forgot to ſay, no, no not I.

With ſwéet ſalutations theſe Lovers did part,
he call'd her his joy, and ſhe call'd him ſwéet heart,
Yet after this young Man his Love did deny,
As I will declare unto you, by and by.

In little ſpace after ſhe met with her Deare,
deſiring of him ſome farther newes to heare:
She wiſhed him to marry her immediatly,
But he anſwered her ſcornfully, no, no not I.

Swéet Love, nér'e deny me, thou knowſt I am thine,
and thou oft did'ſt promiſe that thou wouldſt be mine:
Now thy bitter anſwer makes me mourn and cry,
To heare thee ſay unto me, no, no not I.

Faire Miſtreſſe, remember, when I ſued to you,
you made a ſcoffe at me, and from me you flew:
Now Ile give you leave to ſigh, ſob, and cry,
Though you are diſpos'd to wed, ſo am not I.

When firſt I came to thée, to aske thy good will,
thou mad'ſt a ſcorne of me, now I am as ill,
I will not be tide for to wed by and by:
Though you are diſpos'd to wed, ſo am not I.

Quoth ſhe, will you prove ſo perfur'd unto me?
I am ſorry that ere I conſented to thée:
Let no Maid truſt young-men, for they'l falſifie:
Canſt thou anſwer ſcornfully, no, no not I?

Farewell thou falſe young-man, farewell and adue,
the like ſaid this wanton youth, farewell to you.
Now I doe ſée Maidens can love men truely:
But I never meane to wed, no, no not I.

Was ever poore Maiden in ſuch a like caſe,
to yéeld to undoing, and ſuch foule diſgrace?
I might have béen wiſe, and ſtill made this reply:
I will never yeeld to thee, no, no not I.

Ile never truſt falſe young-man for his ſake,
I had warning before, yet no warning could take:
Theſe young-men will promiſe and preſent deny,
Ile never truſt falſe tongue more, no, no not I.

Now ſhall I be mocked of other young Maids,
they'l flout me, and ſay, ſée how her colour fades:
She is ſick for love, and forſooth they'l cry:
Her Love now hath left her, and her doth deny.

But I wiſh all them that laugh me to ſcorne,
hereafter beware, and eſcape the like harme:
For young-men are cunning, and full of policy:
But Ile never truſt them more, no, no not I.

I am not the firſt that hath ſo béen deceived,
yet of a great number ne're was one more grieved.
But now alas I can find no remedy:
Ile ne're truſt falſe young-man more, no, no not I.

R. Climſall.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *John Wright* the younger, dwelling at the upper end of the *Old-Bayley*.

The witty VVesterne Lasse:

OR,

You Maids, that with your friends whole nights have spent,
Beware back-fallings, for feare of the event.

To a new tune, called the *Begger Boy*.





SWeet Lucina lend me thy aid,
thou art my helper and no other,
Pitty the state of a Teeming Maid,
that never was Wife, yet must be a Mother:
By my presage it should be a Boy,
that thus lyes tumbling in my belly,
Yeeld me some ease to cure my annoy,
and list to the griefe I now shall tell ye.

I was beloved every where,
and much admired for my beauty,
Young men thought they happy were,
who best to me could shew their duty:
But now alack, paine in my back,
and cruell gripings in my belly,
Doe force me to cry, O sick am I,
I feare I shall die, alack, and welly.

Instead of mirth now may I weepe,
and sadly for to sit lamenting,
Since he I loved, no faith doth keepe,
nor seekes no meanes for my contenting:
But all regardlesse of my mone,
or that lies tumbling in my belly,
He into Sweathland now is gone,
and left me to cry, alack, and welly.

It doth the Prisoner be warrie,
folly it were to complaine me,
Those that desired my company,
scornfully they now they disdaine me:
Wanting his sight, was my delight,
and cruell gripings in my belly,
Doe force me to cry, O sick am I,
I feare I shall die, alack, and welly.

Thus am I to the World a scorne,
my dearest friends will not come nigh me:
Shall I then for his absence mourne,
that for his dearest doth deny me?
No, no, no, I will not doe so,
with patience I my griefe will smother,
And as he hath cozened me,
so will I by cunning gull another.

Incontinent to Troyndvant,
for my content I le thither hie me,
Where privately, from company,
obscurely I le lye, where none shall descry me:
And when I am eased of my paine,
and cruell gripings in my belly,
I for a Maid will passe againe,
and need not to cry, alack, and welly.

F

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





SOme Tradeſman there I will deceiue,
by my modeſty and carriage,
And I will ſo my ſelfe behaue,
as by ſome trick to get a Marriage:
And when I am married, I will ſo carry it,
as none ſhall know it by my belly,
That euer I haue formerly
had cauſe to cry, alack, and welly.

And if he be a Husband kind,
Ile true and conſtant be vnto him:
Obedient ſtill he ſhall me find,
with good reſpect Ile duty owe him:
But if he crabbed be, and croſſe,
and baſely beat me, back and belly,
As Vulcans Knight, Ile fit him right,
and ſcorne to cry, alack, and welly.

A ſecret friend Ile keepe in ſtore,
for my content and delectation,
And now and then in the Tauerne roare,
with ſonnall Gallants, men of faſhion:
Sacke, or Claret, I will call for it,
Ile ſcorne to want, or pinch my belly,
But merry will be in company,
no more I will cry, alack, and welly.

And if I cannot to my mind
a Husband get, that will maintaine me,
Ile ſhew my ſelfe to each man kind,
in hope, that it ſome one will gaine me:
But yet ſo warie I will be,
Ile ſhun from ought may wrong my belly,
Through miſery, to cauſe me cry,
as formerly, alack, and welly.

Had he I lou'd, but conſtant prou'd,
and not haue beene to me deceitfull,
No ſubtill Sinon ſhould haue mou'd
me to theſe odious courſes hatefull:
But ſince that he proues falſe to me,
not pittying that is in my belly,
No more I will grieue, but merry will be,
and cry no more, alack, and welly.

With reſolution firmely bent,
Ile caſt off care and melancholly,
Sorrow and griefe, and diſcontent:
to fret, and feare, it is but a folly,
Or ſeeke by woe to ouerthrow,
or wrong the firſt fruits of my belly:
No, no, no, no, Ile not doe ſo,
no more will I cry, alack, and welly.

FINIS. Robert Guy.

Printed at London for I.W.

The wooing Maid,

– OR –

A faire maid neglected,
Forlorne and reiected,
That would be reſpected:
Which to have effected,
This generall Summon
She ſendeth in common,
Come Tinker, come Broomman,
She will refuſe no man.

To the tune of, If'be the dad ont.





I Am a faire Maid
if my glaſſe doe not flatter,
Yet by the effects
I can find no ſuch matter:
For every one elſe
can haue Suters great plenty,
Moſt marry at fourteene,
but I am paſt twenty.
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O if you lack a maid,
take me for pitty.

I ſee by experience,
which makes me to wonder,
That many haue Sweethearts
at fifteene, and vnder,
And if they paſſe fifteen
they think their time waſted,
O what ſhall become of me,
I am out-called:
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O if you lack a maid,
take me for pitty.

I vſe all the motines
my ſex will permit me,
To put men in mind,
that they may not forget me:
Nay ſometimes I ſet
my commiſſion o'th tenters,
Yet let me doe what I will
neuer a man centers.
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O if you lack a maid
take me for pitty.

When I goe to weddings,
or ſuch merry meetings,
I ſee other maids
how they toy with their ſweet-
But I ſit alone (tings,
like an abiect forſaken,
Woe's me for a husband
what courſe ſhall be taken?
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O if you lack a maid
take me for pitty.

When others to dancing
are courteouſly choſen,
I am the laſt taken
among the halfe dozen,
And yet among twenty
not one can excell me:
What ſhall I doe in this caſe,
ſome good man tell me.
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O if you lack a maid
take me for pitty.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





IT is ſaid that one wedding
produceth another,
This I haue heard told
by my father and mother:
Before one ſhall ſcape me,
Ile goe without bidding,
O that I could find out
ſome fortunate wedding.
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O if you lack a maid
take me for pitty.

Sure I am vnfortunate
of all my kindred,
Elſe could not my happineſſe
be ſo long hindred:
My mother at eighteene
had two ſons and a daughter,
And I'm one and twenty,
not worth looking after.
Come gentle, &c.

My ſiſter that's nothing
ſo handſome as I am,
Had fiue or ſeuen Suters,
and ſhe did deny them:
Yet ſhe before fifteene
was luckily marry'd,
O Fates, why are things
ſo vnequally carry'd?
Come gentle, &c.

My kinſwoman Siſly
in all parts miſ-ſhapen,
Yet ſhe on a husband
by fortune did happen,
Before ſhe was nineteens
years old (at the furtheſt)
Among all my Linage
am I the vnworthieſt.
Come gentle, &c.

There are almoſt forty
both yonger and yonger,
Within few yeares marry'd,
(yet I muſt ſtay longer)
Within foure miles compaſſe,
Dis't not a wonder,
Scant none aboue twenty,
ſome fifteens, ſome vnder.
Come gentle, &c.

I hold my ſelfe equall
with moſt in the pariſh,
For feature, for parts,
and what chiefly doth cheriſh,
The fire of affection,
which is ſtore of money,
And yet there is no man
will ſet lone vpon me.
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O let me not die a maid,
take me for pitty.

Who euer he be
that will eaſe my affliction,
And caſt vpon me
an auſpicious affection:
Shall find me tractable
ſtill to content him,
That he of his bargaine
ſhall neuer repent him.
Come gentle, &c.

Ile neither be giuen
to ſcold nor be iealous,
He neere ſhall want money,
to drink with good fellowes
While he ſpends abroad,
I at home will be ſauing,
Now iudge, am not I a Laſſe
well worth the hauing?
Come gentle, &c.

Let none be offended,
nor ſay I'm vnciuill,
For I needs muſt haue one,
be he good or euill:
Nay rather then faile
Ile haue a Tinker or Groom,
A Pedler, an Inkman, (man,
a Rat man, or ſome man.
Come gentle, come ſimple,
come fooliſh, come witty,
O let me not die a maid,
take me for pitty.

M.P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſ-ſhoo in Smithfield.

A vvell vvishing to a place of pleasure.

To an excellent new Tune.



See the building,
where whilest my mistris liued in,
was pleasures essence,
See how it droopeth,
And how nakedly it looketh
without her presence:
Euery creature
That apperiaines to nature,
'bout this house liuing,
Doth resemble,
If not dissemble,
the praises giuing.
Harke, how the hollow
Windes do blow
and seeme to murmur,
in euery corner,
for her long absence:
The which doth plainly show
The causes why I do now
All this griefe and sorrow shew.

See the garden,
Where I receiude reward in,
for my true loue:
Behold those places,
Where I receiude those graces,
the Gods might moue
The Queene of plenty
With all the fruits are dainty
delights to please.

Flora springing,
Is euer bringing
Dame Venus ease.
Oh see the Arbour where that she
with melting kisses
distilling blisses,
From her true selfe,
with ioy did rauish me.
The pretty Nightingale
did sing melodiously.

Haile to those Groues,
Where I inioyde those loues
so many dayes
Let the flowers be springing
And sweet birds euer singing
their Roundelaies,
Many Cupids measures
And cause for true Loues pleasures,
be daned around,
Let all contentment
For mirths presentment,
this day be found:
And may the grasse grow euer green,
where we two lying
haue oft been trying,
Aboue seuerall wayes
thee beauties louely Queen,
When she in bed with Mars
by all the Gods was seen.

An Inconſtant Female.

With a reward of her diſdaine in equalitie.

To the ſame tune.





LOuing mortall,
In loue I here erhort all,
in that eſtate:
Loue is walking,
But euerlaſting
is womens hate.
Why then liue ye,
Or wherefore alwaies giue ye
your teares and praiers
To fond woman,
Whoſe minde, ſo common,
reſpect no teares.
Oh be tuld, and be aduis'd
by one hath ſeen them,
by one hath known them,
by one hath found them
And their loues to ſmall,
For what muſt parted be,
To me is nought at all.

Once I loued
But thouſand times haue proued
a curious Faire
Helenes feature
Weares this cop creature
and Venus haire.
Cupids dandling,
Her tender breaſts handling,
betwixt them lies.
Loue purſued,
The more I viewed,
loue did more riſe.
She did feed me with delay,
and ſwore to haue me,
not once to leaue me,
but vow'd to loue me,
With the like reſpect,
When ſhe another Sweet-heart
Better did affect,
Void of ſorrow,
A patience pure I borrow,
and wait the time:
She neglectfull,
Of ſome reſpectfull,
doth let me pine.
Loue increaſed,
But could not be releaſed,
the more I ſue,
She ingrateful.
To me turnes hatefull.
falſe, faire, untrue
Spend I loue, or time of feares,
I am neglected,
not once reſpected,
but quite reiected,
And can nothing gaine,
But falſe diſſembling loue,
Or fond to loue in vaine

Now a Troylus
I ſtill muſt liue, yet topleſſe
of Creſida:
Loues miſtaken,
And I forſaken,
and left for ape:
Faire ſhe ſed me,
Vntill my Daphne fled me,
with ſwiftfeet wings,
Faire ſhe proued,
But falſe ſhe loued
ſo Syrens ſings (vntrue,
But now my Loue hath proued
diſdaining pitty,
to one ſo witty,
I'le ſing this ditty,
Thus the note ſhall ſound,
Falſe-hearted fickle Maids
Are better left then found.

Printed by the Aſſignes of Thomas Symcocke FINIS.

Wit's never good till 'tis bought:

397 OR,

Good counsell for improvident men,
Fit to make use of now and then.

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To the tune of *Basses Carreere.*





ONce musing alone,
vpon things many a one,
Well obserue'd and knowne by my selfe,
especially how,
that which late did flow,
I haue wasted and now I want pelfe:
this vexed me sore,
and made me deplore,
That I had not before of it thought,
from experience I learn'd,
what I since haue discern'd,
That true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Full many a time,
when I was in my prime,
My ambition to climbe honor's hill,
did me forward pricke,
but my jade did so kicke,
And dame fortune a trick found to kill,
my hope in the bloome,
and debased my plume:
I did further presume than I ought,
then I wisht I had stayd,
at my owne proper trade,
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

To fight and to brawle,
and to quarrell with all,
And my betters miscall, I haue vs'd,
but with woe I did find,
all are not of one minde,
Though I oft in some kinde was excus'd,
yet sometimes I got,
a knocke with a pot,
When to speake and when not, thus I'me taught,
now where euer I come,
Ile keepe peace in the roome,
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I vsed to roare,
and to drinke on the score,
And I never thought more on the shot
come Tapster said I,
one tooth still is dry.
Then fill's (by and by) tother pot,
I cal'd still apace,
but within a short space,
Into a strong place, was I brought,
then for eight houres wait,
foure dayes I must fast,
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

I once had command,
of houses and Land,
Thus my case well did stand, among men:
but moued with pride,
and contention beside,
I would wrangle or chide, now and then:
if a horse I but found,
to leape into my ground,
Straight away to the pound, he was brought:
now I wish I had still,
kept my neighbours good will,
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

This rancor and spleene,
my ruine hath beene,
As may plainly be seene, by my state:
contention in Law,
did my purse empty draw,
Which I never sawore til 'tis too late,
vpon euery slight thing,
I my action would bring,
But my hands now I wring, with the thought:
now I wish I had that,
which hath made others flat.
But true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





IN company baſe,
that are voyd of all grace,
I came often in place, by mere chance,
but being with them,
whom alone I de condemne,
I'de in preſence eſteeme, and advance:
but being apart,
catechiſing my heart,
It much ſorrow & ſmart hath me brought:
then with ſad melancholly,
I weepe for my folly.
Thus wits never good till 'tis bought.

Weeres now and then,
I have happed with men,
That too cunning have bin, at the catch:
And then in my drinke,
I with paper and inke,
Have made I did thinke, a good match:
but after when I,
more deliberately,
The buſineſſe to try, all had brought,
I have found my ſelfe cheated,
and baſely defeated,
Thus wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Moreover I have,
told my mind to a knave,
Thinking him truly graue, truly iuſt:
I my heart have expoſ'd,
and my ſecrets diſcloſ'd,
As a friend I repoſed, on his truſt:
but the Raſcall ignoble,
his heart being double,
Hath much woe and trouble hath wrought
but I'me learnd ere ſince that,
to take heed of my chat,
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

When I was a Lad,
a good ſervice I had,
Then my minde was to gadding full bent,
though I nothing did lacke,
nor for belly nor backe,
Yet I was not with that well content,
but upon ſmall diſtaſte,
my ſelfe I diſplaſt,
Thus my downfall in haſte then I ſought,
ſince I wiſht to obtaine,
what I oft did diſdaine,
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Too willing I was
my owne credit to paſſe,
Now I find it alas, to my paine,
that with ſetting my hand,
to another mans band,
For to ſell houſe and Land, I was faine,
I have paſſed my word,
for what others have ſtor'd,
And I oft like a bird have bin caught,
in the priſon to ſtay,
where I ſung Lachrima,
Thus true wit's never good till 'tis bought.

If any of thoſe,
that are (cauſeleſſe) my foes,
Should raſhly ſuppoſe, in their hearts,
that all in this ſong,
to my ſelfe doth belong,
Their conjecture is wrong, for their part,
whoever they be,
where they ſomething may ſee,
By which every degree, may be taught,
what ere's thy profeſſion,
thou maiſt learne this leſſon,
That wit's never good till 'tis bought.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*. FINIS.

The Worſt is paſt.

OR,

A merry new Song that lately was pend,
VVhich when theſe things alter, the times will amend:
It's merry and harmleſſe, free from all diſtaſte,
Vnd when theſe changes come, the worſt is paſt.

To a pleaſant new Tune.





My maſters all give eare awhile
Ile do the beſt to make you ſmile,
Hoping to give no man diſtaſte,
But tell them when the worſt is paſt.

And therefore now to pleaſe you all,
To pen and inke I did befall,
And caſting up my ſumme at laſt,
I told them how the worſt is paſt.

When Merchants they leave ouer-buying,
And Lawyers ſome give ouer lying,
And all Pretiſians are grown chaſt,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Land lords do leave taking rent,
And with good words will be content,
And millers turn good fellows in haſte,
When then I think, &c.

When Turnball-ſtreet has ne're a whore,
And theeves their ſtealing trade give ore,
And wanton wenches all live chaſte,
Why then I hope, &c.

When high-way robbers will refuſe
To take a purſe, knowing what enſues,
And recantation make in haſte,
Why then I think, &c.

When all will live by honeſt means,
Hating dice, cards, and cozening queans,
And all eſchew ill wayes in haſte,
Why then I hope, &c.

Now Sea-men are brave fellows all,
They'l drink the ſtrong and leave the ſmal
And then the reckonings paid at laſt,
Why then I hope, &c.

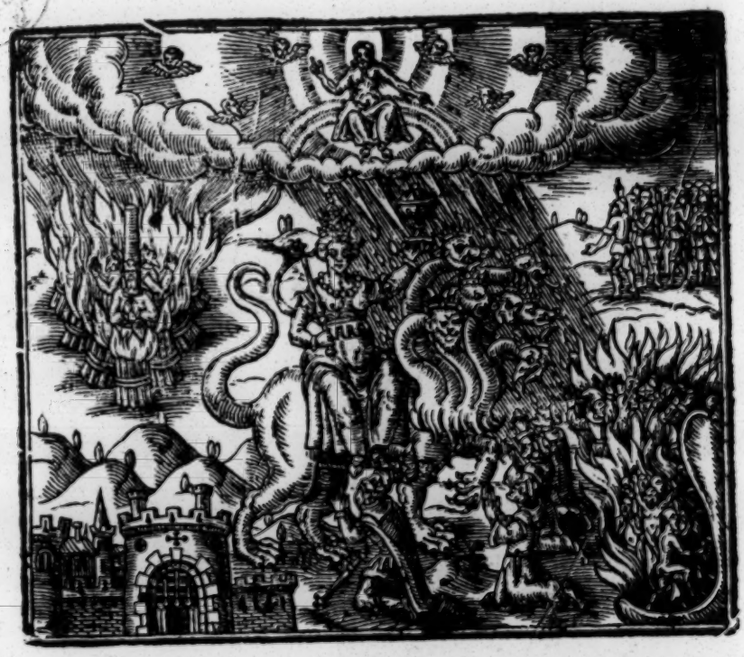
When northern cloth gives ouer ſhrinking,
And all good fellows leave off drinking,
And Brewers all have brewd their laſt,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Parſons will take no fee,
And ſo with ſy will all agree,
And ſpend no coyne in Law at all waſte,
Why then I hope, &c.

When Taplers will not thrive by froth
And to ſcore two for ons are loth,
And all old ſcores are paid in haſte,
Why then I think the worſt is paſt.

Thus wiſhing all may mend apace,
Let all are ill turn from the race,
And learn with ſpeed to mend in haſte,
And then w'are ſure the worſt is paſt.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.



When Tailors will not uſe a bell,
And trauellers no lies will tell,
And all's that ſpoke, proue true at laſt,
Why then I think the worſt is paſt.

When ſome inquirers after newes,
Whoſe eares do itch for what enſues,
Will be content to know at laſt,
Why then I think the worſt is paſt.

When Knights o'th poſt will ſweare no lie,
And truth is known from flattery.
Then need no Pillories up be plac't,
For then I think, &c.

When as Joan flattern cleanly growes,
Doth cut her nails, and pare her toes,
And will turn cleanly at the laſt,
Why then I think the worſt is paſt.

When Prodigals will lay their coyne,
And will at once but two pence ſoyne,
And croſſe the Mercers book in haſte,
Why then I think, &c.

When Goſſips to no feaſt will range,
Nor ſome like to the Moon ſtill change,
Then fatling tales will all lie waſte,
And then I think, &c.

And when new fashions are not uſed,
And in ſome trades truth's not abuſed,
Then we ſhall ſee good dayes at laſt,
And ſurely think, &c.

When Gallants in their drink not ſweare,
And all poor men are free from care,
And ſpend not all in luſtfull waſte,
Why then I think, &c.

When theeves leave off their ſtealing trade,
And Cheats to rook men are afraid,
And are inclinde to good at laſt,
Why then I think the worſt is paſt.

When Brokers will refuſe a pawn,
And Paraſites will leave to fawn,
And Bankcrouts pay all men in haſte,
Why then I hope, &c.

When horſe couriers will leave to ſweare,
And theeves to Newgate none repaire,
And Doctor Stories Cap ſtands waſte,
Why then I think &c.

When Miſtris midnight-walker will
Turn from her courſes which are ill,
And come no more unto mens waſte,
Why then I think, &c.

And thus for to conclude in haſte,
Hoping none vertuous in diſtaſte,
When all our reckonings paid at laſt,
Why then I hope the worſt is paſt.

FINIS

LONDON, Printed for *Richard Harper* in Smithfi

Wat Williams Will.

Well-wiſhing *Williams* Will and Teſtament,
Which to the Ballad-ſinger he hath ſent,
To be diſpers'd to all good people kinde,
That would doe well, and beare an honeſt minde.
To the tune of, *Then let vs to Virginia goe.*





I Wiſh for no mans riches,
yet would I were more wealthy;
And thoſe that are both ſicke and lame
I would they were more healthy:
I wiſh to be contented
with that which God doth ſend me,
And take his bleſſings in good part,
of all that he doth lend me.

I wiſh all cruell Landlords
would not be ſtony hearted,
That to their Tenants which are poore
ſome Rent be back imparted,
Then ſure their Heires would proſper,
and not ſo ſoone conſume it,
As ſome with Dice, and Drabs, and Drinke,
and Indian-weede perfume it.

I wiſh all Chriſtian people
in peace to liue together,
And not for trifles goe to law,
or wagging of a feather:
The Lawyers they make rich,
vnto their owne vndoing,
As too too many in this Land
doe wring their hands with wooing.

I wiſh all Shop-keepers
would vſe true waight and meaſure,
And not with ſlight and rotten Wares
get ſuch a deale of Treaſure;
With yea, and nay, and truely,
and verily, deare Brother,
I cannot ſell vnder that price
if 'twere vnto my Mother.

I wiſh Artificers
and handy-crafty Trades-men,
Would make no ſlight and rotten Wares,
in which they ſo deceiue men;
Their Stuffe are naught and rotten,
and will not hold the wearing,

I wiſh that Quack-ſaluers
and Mountebanks ſo baſe,
That kills ſo many with their Drugges,
and line in corners priuie,
They had ſome better ſkill,
and not ſo many murther,
Thoſe priuate faults they doe commit
the earth doth quickly ſmother.

I wiſh that Farmers rich
that hoordeth Corne in corners,
And thoſe that buyes the Bread of life,
and hides it in their Garners,
It might from them be tooke,
who makes ſuch ſcarce of plenty,
Ere it doth rot, as ſome hath done,
and giuen to Poore that's empty.

Would Bakers all were honeſt;
and Colliers ſell true meaſure,
Nor thrinke their Sackes to wrong the poore,
'twould doe them mickle pleaſure:
Would Sowters vſe good Leather,
and Taylers leaue their cheating,
The needy ſort ſhould better liue,
if all vs'd honeſt dealing.

I Wiſh all Tapſters eke,
their liquor not to ſpill it,
Nor yet to bumbaſt vp their Jugges
and Pots, with froth to fill it;
You neede not call for drinke,
if you haue money plenty,
He'l fill your braines and belly full,
but ſoone your pockets empty.

I wiſh all Millers eke
to leaue their doubls dealing,
Nor vſe to greaſe their Noſes teeth,
nor yet their Sacks be ſtealing;
They'l cheat you to your face,
ſtrewing Oates on the pecks bottome,

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





WOuld drunkards leaue ſuch drinking,
and Gallants leaue their roaring:
Would deſperate Dick forbeare to ſtab,
and Leachers leaue their whoring:
If there were no Pick-pockets,
nor Theeues in corners lurking,
The Hangman might goe hang himſelfe,
or ſtarue, for want of working.

I doubt ſome money-mongers
that vſeth great extortion,
Which maketh Dice of poore mens bones,
they ſhall haue Dives portion:
I wiſh that Jaylers eke
of Country and of Citie,
Would not vſe Priſoners poore like dogges,
but take of them ſome pitie.

I wiſh all men were honeſt,
and all did loue true dealing,
Nor runne in debt good mindes to cheate,
nor any bent to ſtealing;
Would there no cheating were,
no cogging, nor no lying:
Would there were no deceit at all
in ſelling or in buying.

Would ſome receiue no bribes,
nor double Fées be taking,
Some Clyents on the ſurer ſide
would not haue hearts ſo aking,
And Termers might kéepe home,
being rul'd by honeſt Neighbours,
As many which were wiſe haue done,
and ſau'd their Coyne and labours.

I wiſh no ſtrifes nor iarring
t'wixt married couples happen,
And then each thing will proſper well,
their children well will batten:
All things will well encreaſe,
by Gods Almighty power,
In diſcord doe not ſpend your dayes,
nor on each other lower.

Likewiſe I wiſh all Parents
their Children wel to nouriſh,
And in Gods word to traine them vp,
which like to Vines will flouriſh:
Printed at London for *H. Goſſon.*

And Children haue a care
to pleaſe your Parents truly,
Then long you ſhall enioy the land,
and haue all things moſt duly.

I wiſh true amity
'mongſt Neighbours may be common;
And that no honeſt minded man
be matcht with a bad woman:
Nor that an honeſt wife
doe with a mad man marry,
Being ſo yoak't, there's naught but ſtrife,
and all things ſéeme to varie.

I wiſh all wicked Traytors,
and ſuch like bloody fellowes,
That doe their King and Countrey hate,
were hanged on the Gallowes.
I wiſh that peace and plenty
may in our Kingdome flouriſh,
And that the Goſpels heauenly light
we may embrace and nouriſh.

And all wicht happineſſe
vnto my King I render,
That long amongſt vs he may raigne,
in glory and in ſplendor:
Our gracious Quéene God bleſſe,
and Royall Progenie,
Long let them liue, and after death
place them in Heauen moſt hie.

I wiſh the Clergie well,
the Nobles, and the Gentrie,
The Laymen, and the Commons all,
poore men Ile not exempt yét;
Lord ſend vs charity,
let vs our liues be mending,
And giue thee thanks for all thy gifts
thou ſtill to vs art ſending.

Thus now my Teſtament
I fully haue concluded,
And wiſh you well to vſe theſe lines
which here you haue peruſed:
This is my Legacie
which vnto all is giuen:
The Lord preſerue you euery one,
And ſend your ſoules to heauen.
FINIS.

The VVorlds Sweet-heart:

VVhereby it is ſhewed that Miſtris *Money*, Is the worlds Sweet-heart and Hony.

To the tune of, *The Begger Boy.*





SWeet Miſtris Money I here will declare,
thy beauty which euery one adoꝛneth,
The loſty gallant and beggar ſo bare,
ſome help and comfoꝛt from thée imploꝛeth:
Foꝛ thou art become the woꝛlds ſweetheart,
while euerygne doth make thée their honey,
And loath they are from thée to depart,
ſo well they doe love ſweet Miſtris Money.

Though Moneys complexion be very white,
yet I doe thinke there was neuer yet any
Could equall her beauty which is ſo bꝛight,
ſo that ſhe hath friends and louers many.
Each one will lend her a helping hand,
to carry abꝛoad their deareſt honey,
And they will be ready at her command,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

Money is that which all men obey,
the wealthy rich miſer doteth upon it,
He puts her to trading vntill ſuch a day,
and is very carefull in parting from it:
It ioyes him to ſée a great heap of wealth,
and Lady Pecunia is his deare honey,
While he is content foꝛ to ſtarue himſelfe,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

Your Country men to the Market will goe,
with coꝛne and ſuch other like pꝛouiſion,
And to pꝛocure money ſometimes you do knoꝛw
they will ſell it off vpon any condition:
To cure their hearts of ſoꝛrow and care,
the ſauour of coꝛne is as ſweet as honey,
And they are glad to ſell off their ware,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

The Citty of London doth take great care,
to gaine her fauour by ſome new faſhion,
And foꝛ her ſake they will giue you ſuch ware,
as there is not better in any Nation:
Foꝛ euery ones heart is now ſet vpon her,
and ſhe is become their onely deare Honey,
Where euer ſhe goes her ſteps they doe honour
ſo well they doe love ſweet Miſtris Money.

The Shepheard that lyeth abꝛoad in the field,
and neuer careth foꝛ wind oꝛ weather,
Doth hope that his ſhéepe ſome pꝛofit will yéeld,
which makes him to kéepe them all together:
Foꝛ he will ſit on the ſide of a Rock,
oꝛ elſe lye vpon a gréen banke that is ſunny,
And there he will kéepe his poꝛe little flock,
even for the love of Miſtris Money.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





IN City and Country and euery place,
tis money that is ſo much reſpected,
For the can neuer receiue diſgrace,
ſince many deuiſes are ſtill projected
By thoſe which ſeeke her fauour to gaine,
and make her their onely delight and honey,
For they will refuſe no labour and paine,
in hope for to get ſweet Miſtris Money.

I thinke the world ſhall come to an end,
before that Money ſhall be deſpiſed,
For in euery corner ſhe hath a cloſe friend,
and by euery one ſhe is highly priſed:
In euery country where euer you ride,
the ſauour of coyne is ſweet as the hony,
And all the Inns on the roade doe prouide,
to entertaine ſweet miſtris Money.

Now Cupid may lay by his quiuer and bow,
whereby ſometime much loue was procured,
Since now to marry they are very ſlow,
vnleſſe that a portion may be aſſured:
For that doth carry their fancy away,
ſo that yong men doe make it their honey,
And many a wedding without all delay,
is made up for the loue of money.

Mark where you doe come & you ſhal ſtill find,
that for your money you ſhal be attended,
My Hoſt and my Hoſteſſe will be very kind,
but when that your ſiluer and coin is ſpended
Faith then you may goe with much griefe & woe
becauſe you haue parted from your deare hony;
For that reſpect which to you they did ſhow,
was for the loue of miſtris Money.

At Rome the prieſts doe make her a Saint,
who cheat the people by fond deluſion,
And if that you no mony doe want,
you ſhall for your ſins haue an abſolution:
Thus in forraine countries whereuer you goe,
this Mammon is counted their onely hony,
And vnto you much kindneſſe they'l ſhew,
euen for the loue of miſtris Mony.

The Seaman likewiſe will trauaile abroad,
in ſtormes & in tempeſts his heart nere faileth
Vntill with commodities he be wel ſtor'd,
and then through the Ocean he lufully ſaileth
He cares not if that he met with ſome blowes,
for he ſo eſteemeth his deareſt hony,
That he ſpreadeth his ſayls and away he goes,
& ſometimes he bringeth home gold & Mony.

Thus all mens affections are equally bent,
to Money, which maketh them ful of mettle,
And when they doe want it they are diſcontent,
becauſe their loue on it they doe ſettle:
Yet I would not haue you to ſet your heart
on worldly treaſure to make it your hony,
But to buy this ditty before you depart,
if that you doe loue ſweet Miſtris Mony.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Tho: Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſhoo in Smithfield.

A worthy mirror, wherein you may marke,
231. an excellent discourse of a breeding Larke:
By reading whereof, perceiue well you may,
what trust is in friends or in kinsfolke to lay.

To the tune of Rogero.





A Larke some time did bꝛæd,
wt him a field of cꝛne:
And had increase when as the graine
was ready to be shꝛne,
She wary of the time,
and carefull of her nest:
Debated wisely with her selfe,
what thing to do were best.

Thꝛ to auoide the rage,
of cruell reapers hand:
It was to perilous,
with safety for to stand.
And to dislodge her bꝛod,
vnable yet to flye:
Not knowing whether to remoue,
great harme might hap thereby.

Therefore she meant to stay,
till force constraind her flite:
And in the while for to pꝛouide,
some other place as mete.
The better to pꝛouide,
the purpose of her minde:
She would forthwith go seek abꝛoad
and leaue her yong behinde.

Vnto her first she had them all,
attend their Mothers will:
Which careful was for to eschew,
each likely hood of ill.
This Corne is ripe quoth she,
wherin we nestly bare: (harms
The which if heads pꝛeuent not
might cause our moꝛtall care.

Therefore to fence with skill,
the sequell of mishaps:
We will pꝛouide some other place,
for feare of after claps.
Whilst I for this and food,
am flowen hence away:
With heedfull eares attentiue be,
what commers by do say.

Thus said, she vaunst her selfe,
vpon her longest toe:
And mounted vp into the sky,
still singing as she flow.
Anon she home returnd,
full fraught with choise of meate:
But loe a suddaine chance, hir birds
for feare could nothing eate.

Therewith agast she cride,
what hoe, what meaneth this:
I charge you on my blessing tell,
what thing hath chanst amisse.
Is this the welcome home,
or thankes for food I haue: (there
you wonted were with chirping
to gape before I gane.

But now such qualmes oppresse,
your former quiet kinde:
That quite transformd dum mute
senceless soules I finde. (things
The prime and eldest bird,
thus chirpt began to say:
Alas deere dame, such news we herd
since you were flowne away

That were it not the trust,
that we repose in you:
Our liues were lost remedilesse,
we know it well enough.
The owner of the plot,
came hither with his sonne: (now
And said to him this Corne must
tis more then time t were done.

Goe get thee to my friends,
and bid them come to morne:
And tell them that I craue their help
to reape a peece of corne.
The Larke that was the Dame,
stood in a dump a while,
And after said, his friends quoth she
and then began to smile.

Tush, friends are hard to finde,
true friendship sild appeares:
A man may misse to haue a friend,
that liues old Nestors yeares,
True Damond and his friend,
long ere our time were dead:
It was in Greece a great way hence
where such true loue was bꝛed.

Our countrey is so cold,
to foster by a friend:
Till proofe be made each one will seme
still yours vnto the end.
But trie in time of nꝛed,
and all your friends are flowne
Such fraitlesse seeds, such fickle sise
in faithlesse friends be sowen.

155.

The second part of the breeding Larke. To the same tune.

Therefore be of good cheare,
leaue off your dolefull layes:
Driue all the care that can annoy thus,
by reason you of delights:
Let not your much feare,
depriue you of your eyes of sleepe.
My selfe will be euer still with you,
that safely will you keepe.

And sweare euen by the taste,
that grows vpon my Crowne:
That all the craft that in his friends,
this corne shall not goe downe.
The young assured by her,
that such an oth did sweare:
Did passe the night in wonted shape,
and banisht former feare.

And when the drowsie night,
was fled from gladsome day:
She bad them wake and looke about
for she must goe her way.
And said I warrant you,
his friends will not come heare:
Yet not withstanding listen well,
and tell me what you heare.

Anon the farmer came,
inraged wel vp made:
And said who so depends on friends,
his case is worse then bad.
I must go fetch my kin,
to help me with this geare:
In things of greater waight then this
their kindred shall appeare.

The Larkes their dame returnd:
informed her of all:
and how that he himselfe was gone:
his kindred for to call.
But when she heard of kin,
she laughing cryd amaine:
A pin for kin a figge for freends,
yet kin the worst of thwaine.

This man himselfe is poore,
though wealthy kin he haue:
And kindred now a dayes doth faile,
when need compells to craue.
So no he shall returne,
with ill contented mind:
His pains shal yeld but losse of time
no comfort shall be find.

They all are so addict,
Vnto their priuat gaine:
That if you lack power to requite,
your suites are all in vaine.
My selfe am ouerharg'd,
with harueſt as you see:
And nearer is my shin then shirt,
thus shall their answer be.

Wil friend as erst of friends,
so say I now of kin:
We shall receiue no hurt by this,
nor he no profit winne.
Yet listen once againe,
what now his refuge is:
For kindred shall be like to friends,
be well assurd of this.

I must goe furnish vp,
a neſt I haue begun:
I will returne and bring you meat,
as soone as I haue done.
Then vp she came the clay,
with such a lusty lay:
That it reioyc'd her youglings harts
as in their neſt they lay.

And much they did commend,
their lusty mothers gate: (brought
And thought it long till time had
themselues to such a state.
Thus as their twinckling eyes,
were roving to and fro:
They saw whereas the farmer came
who was their mortall foe.

Who after due complaints,
thus said he in the end:
I will from henceforth trust my selfe
and not to kin or frends.
Who giues me glosing words,
and failes me at my need:
May in my pater noster be,
but neuer in my creed.

My selfe will haue it done,
sith it must needs be so:
For proofe hath taught me so much
to trust to any moe. (witt
The birds that listning lay,
attentiue to the same:
Informed their mother of the whole,
as soone as ere she came.

Yea Harry then quoth she,
the case now altred is:
We will no longer heere abide,
I alwaies feared this.
But out she got them all,
and trudgd away apace,
And through the Corne she brought
vnto another place. (them al

God send her luck to scape,
the hauke and foulers ginne:
And me the hap to haue no need,
of neither friend nor kin,

Finis.

Imprinted at London for I. W.

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12.

A Womans Birth,

OR

A perfect relation more witty then common, Set forth to declare the deſcent of a Woman.

To a pleaſant new tune.





There is a certaine kind of idle Creature,
The which by ſollish name, we call a woman:
I could fall out and rayle upon dame Nature,
That ere ſhe fram'd ſuch creatures to undoe man,
Many have wondered how it came to paſſe,
But note, and I will tell you how it was.

When Nature firſt brought forth her ſon and heire,
The Gods came all one day to gollip with her,
Her husband Hymen glad to ſee them there,
Dranke healths apace to bid them welcome thither,
Till drunke, to bed he went, and in that fit,
He got the ſecond birth a female chit.

The privy Counſell of the heavens and Planets,
Whoſe Counſell governes all affaires on earth:
They held a conſultation in their Senats,
What ſhould become of this prodigious birth:
Theſe ſtrange effects, and correſpondent qualities,
Which are brought forth by courſe, & by formalities.

Saturne gave Sullenneſſe, Iove Soveraignty,
Marsſuddaine Wrath, and unappeaſed hate,
Phœbus a gariſh looke and wandring Eye,
Venus Deſire, and Luſt inſatiate,
Mercury Craft, and deep diſſembling gave her,
Luna unconſtant Thoughts, ſtill apt to waver.

Iuno the wife of Iove, gave Jealouſie,
A pettiſh Anger, and revengefull ſpirit,
In which ſhe will perſiſt perpetually,
As if her ſoule could boaſt no other merit:
Though Love at firſt beare rule in her ſupremely,
Wanting her will ther's none hates more extremely.

Flora beſtow'd upon her cheeke, a hue
Of red and white, to make her feature pleaſant,
That ſhe the eaſier might the heart ſubdue,
Of King, Prince, Courtier, Citizen or Peaſant,
But he that truſts her faith, it is ſo ſlacke,
Her red and white to willow turnes, and blacke.

Scornefull Diana did her mind inſpire
With cruell Coyneſſe, and obdurate Paſſions,
That man might thinke her ſoule had moſt deſire,
Still to live ſingle, without alterations,
When heaven knows 'tis but her pride of mind,
That thinkes none good enough to court her kind.

The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.





THus qualitied, into the world was brought,
This ſtrang vncought piece of earth call'd woman,
Nature afraid her husband ſhould have thought
That ſhe had plaid the whore, or béne too common,
Beſought Lucina from old Hymens ſight,
Cloſe to convey it unto Venus bright.

Where being brought by Venus ſhe did learne
To uſe looſe geſtures with her hand and eye,
With fained ſighs, falſe teares, not to diſcerne,
And divers ſuch looſe tricks of Levity,
Lisping of kiſſes, ſmilings, and ſuch ſits,
As well might drive a kind man from his wits.

Venus well ſkill'd and apt to make eſcape,
Sent it to be brought up among the Fayries,
Thus finding it to prove a pretty Ape,
Wanton and merry, full of mad legaries,
She brought it home and gave it to her ſon,
To be his playmate and companion.

Mulciber envying that his wife had got,
A nurcery contrary to his mind,
He call'd the Cyclopes, and with fire hot
They forg'd her heart (juſt to it's proper kind)
Of ſteele, i'th faſhion of an Anvill hard,
That ſhould no fire nor ſtroakes a whit regard.

Phaeton that while aſſuming Phœbus ſeate,
I'th time of's Raigne, imparted to this heat,
Miſchievous fancies and a proud conceit,
That ſhould deſire to doe ſhe knows not what,
And that donation did her ſo inſpire,
If wiſhes might prevayle, the world ſhe'd fire.

The winged Child no ſooner did eſpy her,
But he enamour'd of her feature grew,
The god of Love himſelfe was ſet on fire,
And néeds would change his mother for a new:
If ſhe on Love's great power can worke ſuch rape,
How ſhall his ſubjects with their weakneſſe ſcape?

He prank't it up in Fardingals and Muffs,
In Waſtes, Ricbato's, Chapperowns, and Wyers,
In paintings, powdings, Perriwigs and Cuffes,
In Dutch, Italian, Spaniſh, French attires:
Thus was it born brought forth & made Loves baby,
And this is that which now we call a Lady.

But you yong men to whom ſhe may be ſent,
Make ſome advizement ere you entertaine her,
Pray uſe her kindly for her high deſcent,
Courting and kiſſing is the way to gaine her,
If ſhe loue true, Ile ſpeake this in her praiſe,
Each houre ſhe'le bleſſe the number of your dayes.

Printed at London for *Francis Grove*, dwelling upon Snow-hill. *Philo-balladus*. Finis.

VVell met Neighbour:

OR,

A dainty discourse betwixt Nell and Sisse,
of men that doe use their wives amisse:
Then all you good women their cases pitty,
the cause you shall heare if you list to this ditty.

To the tune of Ragged and Torne.





WHither away good neighbour,
what makes you to trudge so fast?
I'm going to Margerye Labour,
I'm sent for in very great hast:
Yet for all this your speed,
I pray you goe softly a while,
For I haue a thing in my head
that will hold us talking a mile:
Heard you not lately of Hugh,
how soundly his wife he bangd,
He beat her black and blew
O such a Rogue would be hanged.

Ist possible neighbour Sisse,
that they doe no better agree?
Nay I haue more newes then this
of others as bad as he:
And seeing wee both goe one way,
wee'l giue to our hast some scope,
Though you from the labour doe stay
shee'l doe well enough I hope:
Know you not Laurence the Miller,
O he is as good as ere twangd,
His wife sayes he threatens to kill her,
O such a Rogue would be hanged.

O fye on these dastardly knaues,
for those that will beate their wiues
They dare not with swords or staues
meet men in the field for their liues:
But if that my husband should
not vse mee so well as he ought;
My hands I should hardly hold
for ide giue him as good as he brought:
But know you not Kett the Baker
o he is as good as ere twangd,
Hee threatens his wife to forsake her
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

Why what is his reason for that?
in troth neighbour I doe not know,
But when hees as drunke as a Rat,
then shee'l act the part of a shrow:
Tush,thats such a catching disease
few women their silence can keepe,
Let euery one say what they please
but a shrew's better then a sheepe:
But know you not Ralph the plummer,
I hee is as good as ere twangd:
He walkes with a wench euery summer
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

What does his poore wife the meane
at home she doth sadly remaine,
And at his returne she will smile,
and louingly him entertaine:
In troth then he serues her but right,
but if that it were my case,
The wench that hee kept but one night,
should goe with no nose on her face:
But know you not Sam the Turner,
o hee is as good as ere twangd,
He throws his wife i'th fire to burn her
O such a Rogue would be hangd.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





I Pray you how happened that,
what ſhould be the cauſe of this ſtrife?
A man brought a new Weauer hat,
vnto his next neighbours wife,
And ſhe ſpoke vnto her good man,
to buy ſuch another for her,
Which made him to cucle and to ban,
and thus began all the ſtir.
But know you not Franke the Glouer,
o he is as good as ere twangd,
His wife ſayes he doth not loue her,
O ſuch a Rogue would be hangd.

But what doe you thinke's the occaſion
that ſeparates them in affection?
Hés led by a queanes perſwaſion
to bring his poore wife in ſubiection.
Should my good man vſe me thus
I'de ſcritt both him and his minion,
To loue them that loue not us
is folly in my opinion:
But know you not Ned the painter?
o he is as good as ere twangd,
Hee s turnd a great Tauern haunter
O ſuch a Rogue would be hangd.

This ſeemes a great wonder to mée,
and a thing which I hardly can think
For lately ſo ſtrict was he,
that you hardly could get him to drink
Tuſh, thats a thing commonly ſeene,
theres many that ſeeme ſo ciuill:
In a place conuenient haue beene
as bad as who's moſt euill:
But know you not Stephen the weauer
o he is as good as ere twangd, (her
Has decein'd my maide, now hée l leaue
O ſuch a Rogue would be hangd.

Why neighbour I hope you but ieſt,
has he your maid Nan beguild?
Tis true neighbour Nell I proteſt,
and I doubt now ſhe will run wild:
Tis pitty that maids are ſo kind
to truſt them that are ſo fickle.
For now you may well vnderſtand,
ſhe is left in a very bad pickle:
But know you not George the felmon-
o he is as good as ere twangd, (ger
He let his firſt wife dye for hunger,
O ſuch a Rogue would be hangd.

In ſadneſſe neighbour Sille
you haue made me my time ore ſlip,
If Margery ſhould doe amiſſe
'twould make mé to bite my lip:
And therefore in haſt farewell,
o Margery now I come,
Adiew ſweet neighbour Nell,
huſh, ſay no-more but mum.
For ſtaying from Madge tis true,
I confeſſe I deſerue to be hangd:
And this is all long of Hugh,
O ſuch a Rogue would be hangd.

M.P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert.*

A Wonderful Example of God's Justice shewed upon one *Jasper Conningham*

A Gentleman born in Scotland, who was of Opinion, that there was neither GOD, nor Devil.

To the Tune of, O Neighbour Robert.



IT was a Scotch-man,
a Scotch-man, lewd of life,
That long had lived
unlawful from his Wife:
His name was Jasper Conningham
as I did understand,
Whose dwelling was at Aberdeen,
a Town in fair Scotland.

He had a Sister
which was both fair and bright,
Worshipfully Wedded,
unto a worthy Knight,
Godly, wise, and vertuous,
in every thing was she,
A fairer comely Lady
in Scotland could not be.

Her wicked Brother
such inward pains did prove,
That with his Fair Sister
he greatly was in love:
He watches time and woes her,
he shews to her his mind,
And still he says Sweet Sister,
be not to me unkind.

This comely Lady
in mild and gentle wise,
Unto her brother
thus modestly replyes:
The Lord forbid, dear Brother,
I should consent at all,
To such a damned action,
to bring our Souls in thrall.

Are not great torments
prepar'd for hateful sin?
Is not God as He has been?
Is not Hell prepared,
with quenchless flames of fire,
To give such wicked persons
their due deserved hire,

Wherefore dear Brother,
repent and call for Grace,
Let not these motions
within your heart take place:
Consider how to judgment
we shall be one day brought,
To answer for our Follies,
which in our lives we wrought.

Her Brother hearing
her Godly Christian talk,
Within the Garden
as they alone did walk;
Blasphemously replyed,
as Shameless as he stood,
Saying she had declar'd
a Tale of Robin Hood.

You are deceived,
fair Sister, then said he,
To talk of Heavens Glory,
or Hells plagues unto me:
These are devised Fables,
to keep poor Souls in fear,
That were by wise men written,
though no such things there were.

You speak of reckoning,
and of a judgment-day,
And after life is ended,
and flesh consum'd away;
And of a God most justly,
will plague all things amiss,
And those that do believe it,
are much deceiv'd I wis.

Alas, said he, my Sister,
these things are nothing so;
No God, nor Devil is biding,
in Heaven nor Hell I know:
All things are wrought by Nature;
the Earth, the Air, the Sky,
There is no joy nor sorrow,
after that men do dye.

Therefore let me have pleasure,
while here I do remain,
I fear not God's displeasure,
nor Hells tormenting pain:
No sooner had he spoken
this foul blasphemous thing,
But that a heavy judgment
upon him God did bring.

For in the Garden,
whereas he did abide,
Suddenly a Fire
sprung up on every side;
Which round about inclosed
this damned wretch that day,
Who roar'd and cry'd most grievous
but could not start away.



This fearful fire,
up to his knees did rise,
Burning blew like Brimstone,
in most outragious wise:
The Lady which beheld it,
ran crying in for aid,
To pluck away her Brother,
which in the fire staid.

But nought prevailed,
for all that they could do,
Long Staves, and also Pitchforks,
they reached him unto;
Because they durst not venture
near to the fiery flame,
He taking hold upon them,
to draw him out of the same.

But not a finger
nor hand that he could move,
His Arms hung dead behind him,
great pains that he did prove;
And now he bands and curses
that day that he was born,
And wishes that his Carcass
by Devils might be torn.

Now I feel surely,
quoth he, there is a God,
That sorely doth plague me
with his strong Iron Rod:
O hide me from his presence,
his looks are death to me,
Nothing but wrath and vengeance
about him do I see.

I have despised him,
but can no whit repent,
My heart is hardned,
my mind cannot relent,
No pity nor compassion,
nor mercy is in store,
For me vile wretched creature,
despis'd for evermore.

I am in Hell tormented,
and to endless pain,
Lok how the Devils torment me
in stretching every vein:
Lok how they swarm about me,
O what hell fiends are these,
Woe worth the time that ever
I did the Lord displease.

I burn in flaming fire,
yet do no whit consume,
My conscience doth torment me,
that did in sin presume:
Alas! my loving Father,
now do I know full well,
There is a God most righteous
and eke a Devil in hell.

And with these speeches
his Eyes fell from his head,
And by strings hung dangling
below his Chin stark dead:
See how the Devils, then he said,
hath pluckt my eyes out quite,
That always was unworthy
to view the heavenly light.

Then from his mouth there fell
his foul blasphemous tongue,
In very ugly manner,
most piteously it hung;
And there away he rotted,
in all the Peoples sight,
By Lice and filthy Vermine,
it was consumed quite.

With gastly groaning
and shrieks that sounded high,
Two hours after
this Cursed Man did lye;
And there at length he dyed,
and then the fire ceas'd;
His Carcass stunk more filthy
than any Carrion Beast.

No man was able
for to endure the smell,
Nor yet to come to bury him,
as true Report doth tell;
Until he was consumed
he lay above the ground,
The doors about the Garden,
therefore was locked round.

Let all Blasphemers
take warning by this thing;
Least that God's Vengeance
they do upon them bring:
And Lord grant all Christians
thy holy Grace and fear,
They may think on the punishment
that Conningham had here.

Printed for Alex. Milbourn at the Stationers-Arms in Green-Arbor-Court in the Little Old-Baily.

A most Excellent Song of the Love of Young *Palmus* and fair *Sheidra*. To the Tune of, *Shackley-hey*.



YOung Palmus was a Ferry-man,
whom Sheldra fair did love,
At Shackley where her sheep did graze,
he there his thoughts did prove:
But he unkindly stole away,
And left his love at Shackley-hey,
sa la, sa la la la,
So loud at Shackley she did cry,
The woods resounded at Shackley-hey.
sa la, sa la la la.
But all in vain she did complain,
for nothing did him move,
Till wind did turn him back again,
and brought him to his love,
When she saw him thus turn'd by fate,
She turn'd her love to mortal hate.
sa la, &c.
Then weping to himself did say,
I'll live with thee at Shackley-hey,
sa la, &c.
No no quoth she, I thee deny,
my love thou late did scorn,
And to my prayers would not hear,
but left me here forlorn:
But now being turn'd by fate of wind,
Thou think'st to win me to thy mind, &c.
Go go, farewel I thee deny,
Then shalt thou live at Shackley-hey, &c.
If thou dost my love disdain,
because I live on the Seas,
Or that I am a Ferry-man
my Sheldra doth displease:
I will no more in that estate
Be subject unto wind and fate, &c.
But quite forsake both Mars and Sea,
To live with thee at Shackley-hey, &c.
My Sheldras bed shall be my boat,
her arms shall be my Mars,
Where love instead of storms shall float,
on pleasant downs and shoars:
Her sweet breath my pleasant gale,
through tides of love to guide my sail, &c.
Her love my praise, she is my joy,
To live with me at Shackley-hey, &c.

No Titan shall with me compare,
so fortunate to prove,
For Venus never was his pare,
I'le bear the Queen of love:
The working water never fear,
For Cupid's self our Barge shall steer:
sa la, &c.
And to the shore I still will cry,
My Sheldras come to Shackley-hey,
sa la, &c.
To strow the boat for thy avail,
I'le Rob the flowery shores,
And whilst thou guid'st the Silken Sail,
I'le Row with golden Oars,
And as upon the Seas we float,
sa la, &c.
And to the Shoar I still will cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hey,
sa la, &c.
And have a story painted there,
wherein there may be seen
How Sopho lov'd a Ferry-man,
being a learned Queen:
In Golden letters shall be writ,
How well in love himself he quit,
sa la, &c.
Then all the Lasses still shall say,
With Palmus we'll to Shackley-hey,
sa la, &c.
And walking gally to the Strand,
we'll angle in the brook,
And fish with the white lilly wand
thou knowst no other hook:
To which the fish shall soon be brought
And scribe which shall be caught, &c.
A thousand pleasures we shall try,
As we walk on to Shackley-hey, &c.
And if we be oppress with heat,
in the mid time of the Day,
Under the Willows tall and great,
shall be our quiet bay:
Where I will make thee fans of bowes,
from Phœbus beams to shade thy brows
sa la, &c.
And cause them at the ferry cry,
My sheldra comes to shackley hey, &c.
A troop of dainty neighbouring Girls
shall dance along the strand,
Upon the Gravel all of pearls,
to wait when thou shalt land:
And cast themselves upon the ground,
whilst thou with garland shalt be crown'd
And shepherds all with joy shall say,
See sheldra come to shackley-hey, &c.

Although I did my self absent,
'twas but to try thy mind,
But now thou mayst thy self absent,
for being so unkind:
for now thou'rt turn'd by wind and fate,
naked of love thou purchest hate,
sa la, &c.
therefore return thee to the sea,
And bid farewel to Shackley-hey,
sa la, &c.
Then all in vain she did complain,
and no remorse could find,
Young Palmus through his own disdain,
made fair Sheldra unkind:
And she is from him fled and gone,
He laid him in his boat alone, &c.
And so betook him to the sea,
And bad farewel to Shackley hey, &c.
Then from the happy sandy shore,
into the floating waves,
His Vessel fraught with brinish tears,
into the main he laves:
but all in vain, for why he still,
With weeping eyes his boat did fill, &c.
He launcht himself into the sea,
And bad farewel to shackley-hey, &c.
Now farewel to my Sheldra fair,
whom I no more shall see,
Mean to lead my life at Sea,
by thy inconstancy.
Come Neptune come, to thee I cry,
With thee I'le live, with thee I'le die, &c.
Then launcht himself into the Sea
and bad farewel to shackley-hey, &c.
but far from thence he had not gone,
e're Sheldra fair return'd:
Whose kind pitty made me moan,
such passion in her burn'd:
but when she to that place arriv'd,
She found the shore of him deprived,
sa la, &c.
and her dear Palmus now at Sea,
had bid farewel to shackley-hey,
sa la, &c.
She then with bitter sighs complain'd,
her grief did so abound,
Oft grieving that she him disdain'd,
whom she so loving found:
but now alas twas all in vain,
for he was gone by her disdain,
sa la, &c.
Leaving that place to her alone,
Who now laments that he is gone,
sa la, &c.
O wretched Sheldra then quoth he,
confess what fond disdain,
hath wrath caused to fall on thee,
by this long suffering pain:
By thee alas, so soon forgot,
Serve to thy loves strange hateful lot
sa la, &c.
and thus to lie and for him cry,
Whom [illegible] so fondly did deny,
sa la, &c.
Who once did fairly love I see,
will never after hate,
as doth too well appear by me,
in my forsaking state:
alas my scorn I mean to prove,
By only trial of thy love, &c.
Now hapless me for I do see,
He hath forsaken woful me, &c.
Thus all the while in roughest Seas,
poor Palmus boat was tost,
But more in's mind this did disease,
because his Sheldras lost?
in midst of this he her forswears,
He rent his Coat, and tore his hair, &c.
Threw hope away, for he alas,
Could be no more drown'd then he was;
sa la, &c.
Even as his grief had swallow'd him,
so did the greedy waves,
about his Boat and o're the brim,
each Billow swiftly raves:
There is no trust in swelling powers,
That what it may it still devours, &c.
and the breach of the Seas may see,
The boat felt more the rage than he, &c.
Thus wrapt and scattered in the state,
while he in quiet swam,
Through liquid path to Thetis gate,
by soft degrees went down
Whom when the Nymph beheld, the girls
Soon laid aside their sporting Pearls,
sa la, &c.
And up they heav'd him as a Guest,
Unlookt for now come to the feast, &c.
His case they pitied, but when they
beheld his face right fain,
For very love into the Sea,
they pull'd him back again:
So they were with his beauty mov'd,
For what is fair is soon belov'd,
sa la, &c.
Then with the Nymphs he lives in Sea,
That left his love at Shackley-hey,
sa la, &c.
Then Sheldra fair to shackley went,
to end her woful daies,
Because young Palmus cast himself
into the floating Seas,
At Shackley did fair Sheldra die,
Young Palmus in the Seas doth lie,
sa la, &c.
So as they liv'd, so did they die,
And bid farewel to Shackley-hey,
sa la, sa la la la.

Printed by and for Alex. Milbourn, & sold by the Booksellers of London.

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The Maunding Souldier:

OR,

The Fruits of Warre is Beggery.

To the tune of, *Permit me Friends.*





God your worship cast your eyes,
Upon a Souldiers miseries;
Let not my leane cheekes, I pray,
Your bounty from a Souldier stay.
But like a Noble friend,
Some Siluer lend,
and loue shall pay you in the end;
And I will pray that Fate,
May make you fortunate,
in heauenly, and in Earth's estate.

To beg I was not borne (by Sir)
And therefore blush to make this Suite;
I never went from place to place,
For to divulge my woefull case:
For I am none of those
That roguing goes,
that maundring shewes their drunken blowes,
Which they haue onely got,
While they haue bang'd the Pot,
in wrangling who should pay the shot.

I scorne to make comparison,
With those of Kent-street Garrison,
That in their lines were croft the Seas,
But still at home haue liu'd at ease,
Yet will they lye and sweare,
As though they were,
when I 'bad trauel'd farre and neare,
Erne Souldiers company,
doth teach them how to lye,
they can discourse most perfectly.

But I doe scorne such Counterfaits
That get their means by base deceits,
They learne of others to speake Dutch,
Of Holland they'l tell you as much,
as those that haue bin there,
full many a yeare,
and name the Townes all farre and neare;
yet they never went
beyond Graues-end in Kent,
but in Kent-street their dayes are spent,

But in Olympicke Cemes haue bene,
Whereas braue Battels I haue seene;
And where the Cannon vse to roare,
My prayer still was euermore,
the danger I haue past,
both first and last,
would make your worships selfe agast,
a thousand times I haue
bin ready for the graue,
three times I haue bin made a Slaue.

Twice through the Vulke I haue been shot,
My braines haue boyled like a Pot:
I haue at least these dozen times,
Bin blowne vp by those roguish Mines,
vnder a Barracado
in a Brauado,
throwing of a hand-Granado:
Oh death was very neare,
for it take away my feare,
and yet (thanke God) cham here, cham here.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





I haue bpon the Seas been tane
By'th Dunkerks, foz the King of Spaine,
And ſtript out of my garments quite,
Orchanging all foz Canuis white,
and in that poze aray,
foz many a day,
I haue bẽn kept, till ſriends did pay,
a ranſome foz releaſe
and hauing bought my peace,
my woes againe did freſh increaſe,

There's no Land-ſeruice as you can name,
But I haue been actoz in the ſame,
Bp'th Palatinate and Bohemia,
I ſerued many a woſull day,
at Frankendale I haue,
like a Souldier braue,
receiu'd what welcomes Canons gaue;
foz the honour of England,
moſt ſtoutly did I ſtand.
gainſt the Emperours and Spinolaes Band.

At puſh of Pike I loſt mine eye,
At Bergen Siege I broke my thigh:
At Oſtend, though I were a Lad,
I laid about me as I were mad,
Oh you woꝛld little wẽn,
that I had been,
an old, old Souldier to the Queene,
but if Sir Francis Vere,
were liuing now and here,
hee'd tell you how I ſlacht it there.

Since that I haue been in Breda,
Beſieg'd by Parquelle Spinola,
And ſince that made a Warlike Dance,
Both into Spaine, and into France,
and there I loſt a flood
of Noble blood,
and did but bery little good:
and now I home am come,
with ragges about my bumme,
God bleſſe you Sir, from this poze ſumme:

And now my caſe pod vnderſtand,
Good Sir, will you lend your helping hand,
A little thing will pleaſure me,
And keepe in vſe your charity:
It is not Bread noꝛ Cheeſe,
noꝛ Barrell Bees,
noꝛ any ſcraps of meat like theſe,
but I doe beg of you,
a ſhilling oꝛ two,
ſweet Sir, your Purſes ſtrings vndoe.

I pꝛay your woꝛſhip thinke on me,
That am what I doe ſeeme to be,
No Roaring Raſcall, noꝛ no Cheat,
But a Souldier euery way compleat,
I haue wounds to ſhow,
that pꝛoue tis ſo,
then courteous good Sir, eaſe my woe,
and I foꝛ you will pꝛay,
both night and day,
that your ſubſtance neuer may decay.

Printed at London for *F. Grone* on Snow-hill. FINIS. *M.P.*

The Phantaſtick age:

OR,

The Anatomy of Englands vanity,
In wearing the faſhions
Of ſeverall Nations,
With good exhortations,
Againſt tranſmurations.

To the tune of, *O Women monſtrous &c.*





A Audience audience gallants all,
for here (as on a ſtage)
Ile ſhew the poſtures, admirall
of this Phantaſtick age, (ſtrange
Wherein both ſexes are growne
and Phebe-like they often change.
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters
leave theſe fooliſh toyes.

Chamelion-like themſelues they change
to any colour ſeene,
How many ſeuerall faſhions ſtrange
haue here obſerued beene
Within the circuit of few yeares,
as by experience truth appeares.
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters,
leaue theſe apiſh toyes.

An Engliſh man or woman now
Ile make excuſe for neither,
Compoſed are I know not how,
of many ſhreds together:
Italian, Spaniard, French, and Dutch,
of each of theſe they haue a touch.
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters,
leave theſe apiſh toyes,

The German and the drunken Dane,
the Perſian and Polonian:
The Sun-burnt Æthiopian,
the Ruſſian and Slavonian:
Our Engliſh imitate in cloathes,
in drinking, drabbing, and ſtrange
O monſters, (oathes:
Neutrall monſters,
leave theſe apiſh toyes,

When meekneſſe bore in England
and pride was not regarded, (away
Then vertue bore the bell away,
and goodneſſe was rewarded
Now our phantaſtick innouations,
doe cauſe prodigious tranſmutatiõs.
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters,
leave theſe apiſh toyes.

Our men were in precedent dayes,
to manly actions bent.
They did not ſeek their names to raiſe
by cloathes, and complement.
Now he's the man whoſe braue appaurel
defends him in a Taverne-quarrell.
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters,
leave theſe apiſh toyes.

Me thinks the Taylors ſhould not
but grow exceeding rich, (chuſe
Yet from them I heare no ſuch newes
though they goe thorow ſtitch:
The reaſon's this, new cloathes are
before the old Bill is diſcharde. (made
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters, &c.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





NOw many of both ſexes goe
each afternoone to'th play,
Their rich contrements to ſhew
and doe euen what they may,
To note if they can any ſpy,
that put them downe in bravery.
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters,
leave theſe apiſh toyes.

The women will not be at quiet,
their minds will ſtill be troſt,
Til Husbands, Frends, or Fathers buy
what euer price it coſt. (it,
Thus wide mouth'd pride inſatiately,
deuoures all thoughts of piety.
O monſters,
Neutrall monſters,
leave theſe apiſh toyes

Fooles that ſhould more wiſdom haue
then the fraile Female ſex,
As many fond inuentions haue,
may rather they I annexe
Unto the ſtory of their ſhame,
a higher ſtyle then women claime,
O monſters, &c.

Angirt unbleſt the proverbe ſayes,
and they to prone it right,
Haue got a faſhion now adayes,
thats odious to the ſight
Of thoſe who loue ciuility,
and hate this idle foppery.
O monſter.
Neutrall monſter,
leave theſe Apiſh toyes.

Like Frenchmen all on points they
no girdles now they weare, (ſtand
To ſpread this faſhion through the land
The Hang-man (as I heare) (men
When at foure gates hee hangs foure
did weare inſt ſuch a Publet then.
O monſters &c.

If any thing may giue them light
to ſee their vanity:
In my conceit that obiect might
make wiſe men to defie
A faſhion that is held ſo baſe,
worne by the Hang-man in diſgrace.
O monſters &c.

Now to conclude, with all my heart
I wiſh that euery one,
Would ſtudy on ſome better Art
and let vaine pride alone:
Be as your good Fore-fathers were,
and let not vice thus dominere.
O monſters &c.

What you profuſely doe let fly,
in pride, in drinke, and game:
Spend in good hoſpitality,
'twill eleuate your fame
The prayers and praiſes of the poore,
ſhal cloathe your minds for euermore.
O monſter,
Neutrall monſters,
leave theſe apiſh toyes.

FINIS.

London Printed for Thomas Lambert,

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The VVhoremongers Conuerſion,

And his Exhortation to's worſhipfull friend,
To leaue haunting whores; from his words this wasp tenn'd:
And at his requeſt, which makes the Author bolder:
It is to be ſung like the maunding Souldier.

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GOod your Worſhip call your eye,
Upon a whore-houſe ſcornfully
Let not their painted faces gay,
Driue from your heart all grace away:
but like a Neophite,
abandon quite
all ſenſuall pleaſure and delight:
and then you ſome ſhall finde
a ſweete contented minde,
and haue your purſe ſtill better linde.

To beg I was not borne, ſweet ſir,
Yet this petition I preferre
Vnto your worſhip: which may giue
You good inſtructions how to liue,
leaue following of Whores,
and them that roares,
oh doe not come within their dores,
and then you ſome will finde
a ſweet contented minde
and haue your purſe ſtill better linde.

I'de ſcorne to make compariſon,
With a Iew, a Turke, or Sarizon:
That in their lines ne'r taſted grace,
But ſtill haue runne a wicked race:
yet in bad deſires,
call'd Cupids fires,
they paſſe not you, then need requires,
that you your Whores forſake,
and better courſes take,
or elſe you'll feele th'infernall Lake.

Then ſcorne thoſe painted counterfeits,
That get their meanes by wicked ſleights,
They'll learne you ſo much party French,
From you ſhall come a rotten ſtench,
and at laſt you ſhall
be forſt to fall,
ith Surgeons hands, o'th Hoſpitall:
there you ſhall lye and rot
this is by Whoring got,
then good your worſhip vſe it not.

For I (ſir) limping lame haue beene,
Sore bitten by the Scorpions keene,
In a bawdy houſe I vſ'd to roare,
Till all my ioynts were pocky ſore:
all this I haue endur'd,
which vice procur'd,
and ſince of health I am aſſur'd,
I will doe what I can,
to hinder euery man
from that baſe courſe which once I ran.

Thrice thorow the ſkull I haue beene ſhot,
Till all my haire came off, God wot,
I haue at leaſt a dozen times
Beene apprehended for theſe crimes:
the Conſtable and Watch
oft did me catch.
thus I diſgrace got by the match:
and ſo ſhall euery one
that does as I haue done:
then, good your worſhip, wenching ſhun.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





AT pot and pipe I loſt mine eye,
In quarrell moſt vnluckily:
To old-ſtreet end, though then a lad,
Foure wenches at one time I had:
oh you would little weene,
that I haue beene
a Champion vnto many a Queene:
I haue beene beaten ſore,
ith quarrell of a whore,
but now I will be ſo no more.

I comming from a play was tane,
By th'Marſhals men in Golding-lane,
And ſtripped out of money quite,
Exchanging Gold for Siluer white:
thus in poore aray
I priſoner lay,
vntill my friends the debt did pay,
for a bond of my word I paſt,
and thus was ſcorn'd at laſt:
then god your worſhip line more chaſte.

There's no bad place that you can name,
But I haue bin in't, the more's my ſhame:
In Turnbull ſtreet and Bloomesbury,
I haue playd my part moſt chamelefly:
at Blackman-ſtreet I haue
like a luſtfull knaue,
receiu'd what welcome harlots gaue:
and at Roſemary lane
I did two whores maintaine,
but now their baſeneſſe I diſdaine.

And ſince I haue beene at Cow-croſſe
So puniſht with my Purſes loſſe:
Since that at Pickt-hatch I by chance
Learn'd French of one that ne'r ſaw France:
there I loſt my cloake, (which almoſt broke
me quite: all this for truth is ſpoke,
and now I home am come
with a newly mended dom,
ſuch hap Ioue keepe your worſhip from.

And now my caſe you vnderſtand,
God ſir, let me this bone demand:
That you'll be warn'd by me, and leaue
Theſe damned Queanes that will bereaue
not onely you of wealth,
but bodies health,
nay that's not all, for they by ſtealth
will ſteale your ſoule away,
to be the deuils prey:
then ſweet ſir, leaue them while you may.

I pray your worſhip thinke on me,
That am a poore man, as you ſee:
Yet once I was with wealth indude,
Which I haue ſpent with ſtrumpets lewd
and ſo will you in time,
if this your prime
you waſte away in ſuch a crime:
but I for you will pray,
that you may mend this day.
Oh ſweet ſir, think of what I ſay. M.P.

London Printed for Fr. Cowles. FINIS.






I Will perſwade him thus and ſay,
A laſt time that you together lay,
The Moon it was Eclipſed ſtrange,
And nature did her courſes change,
Mars by Dame Venus was beguil'd,
And ſo your wife got you with child.

Alas, alas, then ſaid his wife,
Is there no means to ſave his life?
I would not for a thouſand pound,
My husband he ſhould fall to th' Ground,
Faith quoth the Doctor there is none,
No ways to ſave his life but one.

this bargain made brought much content,
Kind loving Sir, then anſwered ſhe,
If you will be ſo good to me,
to tell how I his life may ſave,
I'll give whatever you will have:
No coſt nor pains that I will ſpare,
to ſave his life whom I love ſo dear:

Home in all haſte the Farmer went;
the woman having heard this news,
Ran home in haſte how could ſhe chuſe
Where ſhe did ſee her husband lie,
Like one juſt ready for to die:
then preſently ſhe did unfold,
All that the Doctor had her told.

And told his wife ſo ſtrange a tale,
As made her Countenance look pale:
Dear wife quoth he I am perplext,
Never was man before ſo vext.

I am incumbered with great pains,
from top to toe throughout all my veins;
My back and ſides grieve me ſo ſore,
Such pains I never felt before:
But yet the greateſt pain I tell ye,
Lies rumbling up & down my belly.

But firſt, ſaid he, ſhe have you ſwear,
And alſo I have a ſpecial care,
to let no body know while you live,
What Phyſick he is to receive;
She ſtraightway bound it with an Oath,
I'le keep your Counſel by my troth.

Alas quoth he ſuch pangs I have,
there is no means my life to ſave;
Unleſs you do a Poſſet make,
to cure my belly of the ake:
Wherefore the woman out of hand
Did as the Doctor did command.

Husband quoth ſhe I can you tell,
Of one that ſore can make you well,
He cures as I do underſtand,
All diſeaſes that he takes in hand;
And if you pleaſe to have it ſo,
I'le to him with your water go.

Then make and well whats to be done,
Early in the morning betimes,
At Supper then you muſt provide,
A Capon, and ſome choice meats beſide:
And for to ſtrengthen his weak back
You muſt give him a pint of Sack.

A Supper of moſt dainty meat
She made him ready for to eat;
And becauſe he ſhould no Phyſick lack,
She after Supper gave him Sack;
then kept him warm within his bed,
And with ſweet Poſſet ſhe him fed.

Next morning with a good intent,
the good wife to the Doctor went:
and hews to him her Husbands water,
Now mark this all that follows after:
Cox body quoth he Doctor mild,
thy Husband ſurely is with Child.

Which being done, put him to bed,
and lay ſoft Pillows under his head;
then make for him a Poſſet fine,
With Sugar and ſweet muſkadine;
Commixt with Cinnamon and mace,
And let him ſwallow it down apace.

this being done, with Cupids aid,
She got the good will of her maid,
to lye and keep her maſter warm,
and ſaid, he ſhould do her no harm,
the maid at firſt ſeem'd loath to be,
But at the laſt yielded thereto.

The woman then was much amaz'd,
And on the Doctor ſtrangely gaz'd;
Good Sir in kindneſs tell me,
How ſuch things in a man may be?
I will, quoth he make you no doubt,
And time at laſt will bring it out.

When he hath ſlept an hour or two,
then you muſt come to him again,
And bring with you a luſty maid,
which to his belly muſt be laid:
So let them merrily ſleep together,
and lovingly embrace each other.

And as the Doctor did foretell,
So every thing in order fell,
the maid in time was brought to bed,
the good wife lay down in her ſtead:
the man was of his burthen eas'd,
the child at Nurſe, and all are pleas'd.

When Lunalaſt was in the Eclips,
You with your husband joineth Lips
Then Jupiter being wapt in thunder,
turns Venus up while Mars lay under
By which Conjunction well I wot,
Your husband then with child was got.

this courſe you muſt for 3 weeks take,
And then aſſure that it will make,
the pain to from his back and ſide,
the maid the torment ſhall abide,
And afterwards in little ſpace,
She will bring forth a babe of Grace.

you that theſe verſes hear or read,
If of this Doctor you ſtand in need,
Enquire him out where he doth dwell,
And ſurely he will uſe you well,
He'l give you Phyſick to your mind,
So that your purſes be well lin'd.

Printed by and for *A. M.* and ſold by the *Booksellers* of *London*.

A pleasant new Song between a Seaman, and his Love.

SHEWING,

Though at the first in misery his time he spent
He met his love at last, with Joy and sweet content.
The Tune is Robin the Devil.



1

When Sol could cast no light,
but darkned over,
And the dark dayes of night
the Sky doth cover:
A River running by
where Ships were Sayling,
A pretty Maid I spy'd,
weeping and wailing.

I stept unto her, and said,
Sweet-heart what grieves thee?
She quickly answer made,
none can relieve me:
My Dear by force, quoth she,
in Wars doth wander,
Long absence makes me mourn,
death is Commander.

This seven long years and more
he me affected,
We parted on the Shore
with hearts Contracted:
He promised to turn again,
if God life lent him,
Which makes me sigh and mourn
death hath prevent him.

2

A Man then comming by,
struck her amazed,
Gave her a Token rare,
on which she gazed:
Is my Love come, quoth she,
doth he come near me?
But still the Man reply'd,
be pleased to hear me.

Your Love and I did fight
under one Banner,
Maintaining England's right,
purchasing Honour:
Till he receiv'd a blow,
your hopes being buried,
There he got his deaths stroke,
not to be Cured.

Witness I can afford,
no Man stood nearer,
I saw him singled out,
here stands the Bearer:
Pressing among the throng,
with Resolution;
His enemies so strong
wrought his confusion.

3

My Dear receiv'd a stroke,
and his brain broken,
These words then he spoke,
carry this Token
To the whom I affect,
and none more dearer,
Bring her to respect,
and love the Bearer.

Your Dear in Grave doth lye
in sumptuous manner,
Where we will let him lye,
in Web of Honour:
To his Right I am sent,
your Love to crave it,
By his last Testament,
what shall I have it.

Mad, like one in despair,
fuming and fretting,
She mourns and tears her hair,
on her breast beating:
My Destiny I may ban,
and all that bears me,
Still crying to the Man,
do not come near me.

This for an answer take,
what ever chances,
I will mourn for his sake,
and mine affiances:
No black shall be my weed,
like to my fortune,
Since it doth cut the thread,
and my life shorten.

Like to Phenelephe's joy,
or the sad Queen of Troy,
So she cry'd out this day,
I am bereft of joy,
And never man again,
shall company bear me,
Still crying with disdain,
Do not come near me.

Of all his former Love,
be me assured,
By all the Powers above,
be me conjured:

4

Of the last promise made,
when we last parted,
To me he gave his Right,
be not faint-hearted.

His Garments he threw off,
which him disguised,
That when she knew her Love,
Lord how she prailed:
Betwixt sad joy and mirth
rose such a passion,
Which caus'd no great dent
unto the Question.

Sweet heart come tell me
since our first meeting,
How I did Act my part
in counterfeiting?
Neat and brave, Sir,
you might gain Re
If you could Dog
as well as Spo

Thrice happy be the Wi
that hither brought
More happy be the
on shore did land
Welcome to me, sh
then fair Alexander,
Or ever Hero was
unto Leander.

Like to Penelope
to wanton Venus,
My Love, kind heart, to the
shall be ingenious:
Welcome to me, she said,
then fair Amarillis,
Or ever worthy Guy
was to fair Phillis.

When pastime it was done,
and all things neatly,
With joy they came along,
singing this Ditty;
Singing most jovely
till they were weary,
Thou hast been long away,
wellcome home Deary,

By Cuthbert Birket. Finis.

A vvonderfull vvonder,

Being a moſt ſtrange and true relation of the reſolute life, and miſerable death of *Thomas Miles*, who did forſweare himſelfe, and wiſhed that God might ſhew ſome heavie example upon him, and ſo it came to paſſe for as hee ſate at his Meate hee choked himſelfe, and died in ſhort ſpace after, which happned the 8. of Auguſt laſt, 1635. and being ript up by the Chirurgions of S. *Bartholomewes* Hoſpitall, was found to have a gub of meate ſticking faſt in his throate, which was the cauſe of his death. Written to warne all raſh Swearers to forſake their evill wayes, which God grant we may. To the tune of, *Aime not too high, &c.*





LOoke downe O Lord upon this ſinfull Land,
Guyde and defend us with thy mighty hand,
Againſt the fiery Darts of Satans power,
Which ſeekes our Soules and Bodies to devoure.

This World is full of envy and debate,
Neighbour to neighbour beares a deadly hate:
Brother 'gainſt Sister, friend againſt each friend,
Which ſhewes the World is very neare an end.

Vile blaſphemie is uſ'd againſt the Lord,
By old and young at every trifling word:
Some in their angry mood will Curſe & Sweare,
As if they would their God in pieces teare.

But let them know that doe the Lord provoke
By curſed oathes, on them to ſtrike the ſtroke:
Know that although he ſuffers them a ſpace,
He will at laſt confound their wicked race.

As for example, here I meane to tell
A ſtrange relation which of late befell,
Of one a forſworne wretch as is well knowne,
On whom the Lord a wonder great hath ſhowne.

This wretched man of whom theſe lines are pend,
Deni'd a truth, a bad cauſe to defend:
And raſhly wiſh'd in place whereas he ſtood,
That he might never eate meate to doe him good,
(feil,

Now marke Gods Judgements how they ſtrangly
A ſhort time after, griefe it is to tell:
Hee with ſome others more to Dinner went,
To give their hungry ſtomackes ſome content.

But as they ſate at Table with their meate,
Having made bargaine for't they fell to eate:
This forſworne wretch Tom Miles call'd by name,
Fed very greedily upon the ſame.

And thruſting in a bit that would not paſſe
Quite downe his throate, his luckleſſe hap it was
To choke himſelfe, the very truth was ſo,
While all the reſt behel'd him with great woe.

Unto a Surgent then he ranne with ſpeede,
Deſiring him to helpe him in his neede:
But all in vaine, no helpe for him could be,
His breath was ſtopt, and he dy'd preſently.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



And being dead the Surgeons tooke in hand,
To cut him up, that they might underſtand
The truth and reaſon how he loſt his breath,
And how he came by his untimely death.

Which having done they found with woe at laſt,
The gub of meate sticke in his throate ſo faſt,
Which was the cauſe of this his lives decay,
Becauſe it could not thence be put away.

Within the Hoſpitall his corpes doth lye,
Men of good credit can it teſtifie,
His body buried was without controule,
But God grant mercy to his ſoule.

Let this example warne us to amend,
That we by oathes may not our God offend:
O let each Man and Woman now refraine
From taking of Gods holy name in vaine.

He that delights in Oathes and Curſes vild,
And hath therewith his ſpotted Soule defild:
May now bewaile the time that he was borne,
Sinne is the cauſe that makes a Land to mourne.

The time it is for us to watch and pray
Upon our bended knees both night and day,
Unto our God, that he will mercie take
On us poore ſoules for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake.

For ſurely this we well may underſtand
The Lord is angry with this ſinfull Land:
His judgements hath ſo many wayes bin ſhowne
Throughout our coaſts as is to many known.

What viſions in the Ayre, and fearefull ſights
Have bin of late which wonder may affrights,
Thunder, and Lightnings, to procure our feares,
Enough to make each flintie heart ſhed teares.

All theſe are ſignes to warne us to repent,
Which God as meſſengers hath to us ſent
For to reclaime us from our former ſinne,
Which we ſo long have ſlept and wallowed in.

But to conclude, ſweet Jeſus give us grace,
That we on earth may runne a godly race:
That when by death our life is taken away,
We may through thee eternall life enjoy.

FINIS. L. P.

Printed at London for *Iohn Wright* iunior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

A Warning for all Murderers.

A moſt rare, ſtrange, and wonderfull accident, which by Gods juſt judgement was brought to paſſe, not farre from Rithin in Wales, and ſhowne upon three moſt wicked perſons, who had ſecretly and cunningly murdered a young Gentleman named *David Williams*, that by no meanes it could be knowne, and how in the end it was revenged by a childe of five yeeres old, which was in his Mothers wombe, and unborne when the deed was done.

To the tune of, *Wigmores Galliard.*



GIve eare unto my ſtory true,
you graceleſſe men on earth:
Which any way in ſecret ſeeke
your neighbours timeleſſe death.
Not many pleaſant Summers paſt
this wicked worke was done,
Which three accurſed kinſmen wrought
againſt their Unckles ſonne.

A kind and courteous Gentleman,
his aged Fathers joy,
The onely heire unto his Lands
that ſhould his place enjoy.
His envious Neyhewes gaping ſtill,
his day of death to ſee,
Thought every yeare that he did live,
ſeven yeares and more to bee.

Becauſe this gentle Gentleman,
once being laid in grave,
Their aged Unckle being dead,
they ſhould the living have:
The thought whereof did often make
their hearts with joy abound,
For that they knew the living worth
each yeare an hundred pound.

But when they ſaw this toward Youth
live up to mans eſtate,
And, to himſelfe hath likewiſe choſe
a faithfull loving mate,
Then were they out of hope and heart,
but moſt, when they did ſee
His beautious wife in little ſpace,
moſt big with child to bee.

Then did the Divell intice them ſtraight
to murther, death, and blood,
Thereby to purchaſe to themſelves
their long deſired good.

A hundred waies they did deviſe
this Gentleman to kill:
But yet his wife being big with child,
ſtuck in their ſtomack ſtill.

If we ſhould ſlay the one, they ſaid,
and let the other live,
No comfort to our hearts deſire
that deed at all would give:
The brat newbred within her wombe,
none can for heire deny:
Therefore 'tis meet and requiſite,
that both of them ſhould die.

And for to blind the eyes of men,
ſtrange garments had they got,
Which to performe that wicked deed
they onely did allot.
And after this moſt bad pretence,
the Gentleman each day,
Still felt his heart to throb and faint,
and ſad he was alway.

His ſleepe was full of dreadfull dreames,
in bed where he did lie,
His heart was heavie in the day,
yet knew no reaſon why,
And oft as he did ſit at meate,
his noſe moſt ſuddenly,
Would ſpring and guſh out crimſon blood,
and ſtraight it would be dry.

It chanced ſo upon a time,
as he his ſupper ate,
His eyes and heart ſo heavie were,
that he ſlept at his meate.
Now ſie, then quoth his loving wife,
and woke him preſently,
Why is my Deare ſo drowſie now?
quoth he, I know not, I.

Good wife, he ſaid, let us goe walke
about our Land a while,
I ſhall be wakened thoroughly,
when I have walkt a mile.
His wife agreed, and forth they went,
moſt kindly arme in arme:
But ſuddenly were they eſpied,
that thought on little harme.

At length three ſtudy men they met,
in Souldiers tattered ragges,
With words faſt girt unto their ſides,
which tangled in their jagges:
Their faces ſmear'd with dirt and ſoile,
in lothſome beaſtly wiſe,
With black thrumb'd hats upon their heads
as is the Germanes guiſe.

And when they ſaw no perſons nie,
thoſe helpeleſſe couple then,
They wounded ſore in cruell ſort,
like moſt accurſed men,
And in the thickeſt of the corne,
which in that place was hie,
They drag'd the murdred bodies then,
and ſo away did hie.

And ſoone they ſhifted off their rags,
and hid them by the way,
And weaponleſſe they homeward went,
clad in their owne array.
Long did the ſilly ſervants waite
their Maſters comming home,
Which dead within the field did lie,
all bath'd in bloody ſome.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Goſſon, dwelling upon London Bridge, neere the Gate.

A VVarning for all Murderers.

The second part of the Murder of *David Williams*, and his Wife being great with childe, which was revenged by a childe of five yeeres old, which was in his Mothers wombe, and unborne when the deed was done.

To the tune of, *Wigmores Galliard.*

AT length, when dark and gloomy clouds
had shadowed all the skie,
The servants wandred up and downe,
their Master to espie:
And as they past along the place
where these were lately slaine,
Within the roome they heard one grone,
as heart would breake in twaine.

And running straight to search and see,
who gave this gastly sound:
Their Master dead, their Mistris stab'd,
yet living there they found,
In bitter pangs in travell then
this woefull woman lay,
And was delivered of a Sonne,
before the breake of day.

Then died she incontinent,
no memory had she
For to descry the murtherers,
nor found they could not be.
They both together buried were,
the child to Nurse was set,
Which thriv'd and prosper'd passing well,
no sicknesse did him let.

But now behold Gods judgement just:
the truth I shall you tell,
Ere this child was seven quarters old,
this strange event befell:
One of the murtherers being set
at Tables on a day,
The Nurse did chance to bring his child
within that place to play.

The child under the Table got,
unthought of any one,
And bit his Cousin by the legge,
hard at the ankle bone,
Which by no helpe nor Art of man
could ever healed be,
But swell and rotted in such sort,
that thereof dyed he.

Not full a twelve-month after this,
this child did chance to be,
Whereas the second murderer
was drinking merrily:
He tooke one of the biggest pinnes
that stuck about his brest,
And thrust it in his Kinsmans thigh,
where then the signe did rest.

Which done, he laughing ran his way,
the wound did bleed amaine:
By no meanes could they stanch the blood,
nor ease his extreme paine.
The griefe and anguish was so great,
which thereof did proceed,
That ere thirtie dayes were fully past,
the man to death did bleed.

The child with rods was swing'd full sore,
for this unhappy act,
Yet never would forgivenesse aske
for his committed fact.
Thus past it on, untill the time
this child was five yeeres old:
The other murderer living still
with conscience bad, behold,

He never after saw the child,
but he would shun the place,
The child did never looke on him,
but with a frowning face:
And stones at him still would he fling,
where ere he did him meete;
Which made the neighbours wonder much
that oftentimes did see't.

In Harvest next this little child,
with other boyes beside,
Went to the Fields, and open mouth'd,
this man asleepe they spide:
The child having a bramble sticke,
within his hand to play,
Did thrust it downe his Cousins throat,
a sleeping as he lay.

The man therewith being soone awak't,
did strive to pull it out:
And he thereby did rent and teare
his wind-pipe round about:
Which being found incurable,
as he lay in his bed,
His murderous deed he did confesse,
as you before have read.

FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson dwelling upon London Bridge, neere the Gate.

The lamentation of *Edward Bruton*, and *James Riley*, who for the bloody murder committed on the bodies of *Henry Howell*, and his wife, vpon Queenes Downe, were executed and hanged in chaines, neere the same place on the 18. day of March, 1633.

To the tune of, *Fortune my Foe.*

KInd Countreymen and our acquaintance all,
Example take by this our sodaine fall,
Dip not your hands in blood that's innocent,
For which offence we both too late repent.

The crying sinnes of murther pierceth heauen,
And great repentance craues to be forgiuen,
One bloody deed deserues ten thousand deaths:
But we bereaued diuers of their breaths.

The harmelesse man that did no hurt intend,
Most butcher-like we brought both to his end,
And that good woman his most louing wife
Inhumanely bereaued we of life,

She great with child (oh how it grieues our hearts
That we should act such bloody tragicke parts!)
The harmelesse infant that was in her woombe,
We likewise slew, whose mother was its tombe.

Their other children sitting by the fire
We likewise hurt, who mercy did require,
But we no mercy had, nor grace at all,
When as these Babes for life did cry and call.

And for the same no mercy here we finde:
Deserued death are for our sinnes assign'd,
Death is our doome, we here our sinnes must pay,
Our glasse is out, this is our dying day.

A shamefull end for our most shamefull sinne
We must receiue, that we haue liued in,
Here on this tree we must resigne our breath
Yet thats not all, though here we die this death.

Our bodies must no buriall place possesse,
This is our doome for our vild wickednesse,
Twixt Earth & Heauē we here must hang in chains
As long as sinewes, flesh or bones remaines.

Fowles of the aire our eyes they forth will pull,
Feed on our flesh, and peck vpon our scull,
We shall be pointing stocks to every one
That passeth by, though we are dead and gone.

Earth scornes to hide our bodies from the light,
But in the ayre must tottering hang in sight,
And here in Kent we're shall bee forgot,
Although our ioints by peecemeale dropping rot,

Vnto each other Trauellers will say,
See you those Murtherers, as they passe this way,
Those are the villaines that the blood did spill
Of innocents, thats hanging on yon hill.

Thus shall we be discourse for after-times,
Which we deserue most iustly for our crimes,
And we shall be recorded for this feat,
That we so mercilesse and foule did eat.

Great God forgiue our sinnes that are so foule,
And vnto mercy take each sinfull Soule,
Deale not in Iustice with our sinnes, O Lord,
But grace and pardon to our soules afford.

Thy mercy (Lord) is greater than our sinne,
And if thou please in Heauen to let vs in,
We doe repent vs of our wicked deed,
The thought of which doth make our soules to bleed,

But woe to him that was the cause of this,
Which did intice vs sick to doe amisse,
Oh bloody Darbie, it was long of thee
We did consent to do this villanie.

Though thou art fled, yet God will find thee out,
And will take vengeance on thee, there's no doubt,
He'l not let scape so foule and vile a crime,
As he hath lately done on vs this time.

But we confesse, we haue deserv'd to dye,
And to the Lord we now for mercy cry:
Receiue vs, Iesus Christ, to thee we pray,
Whose precious blood wash all our sinnes away.

Thus haue you heard how these same two did dye,
Ending their liues with shame and infamy,
And one of them that was on th'other side,
Converted, and a Protestant he dide.

The Lord (no doubt) to them did mercy send,
Who were so penitent before their end,
Their soules I hope in Heauen aboue doe dwell:
But yet another bloody tale Ile tell.

FINIS.

Another Bloody murther committed neere VVare, in Hartfordshire, by some notorious offenders, who were executed in the same moneth. *To the same Tune.*



KInd hearts giue eare to that which I shall tell
Of a sad storp which of late befell,
In Hartfordshire neere Ware did chance this thing,
Which caus'd salt teares from many eyes to spring.

Two men were riding in an euening late,
That had a charge of money and estate,
And homeward they intended for to goe,
But destiny doth oftentimes say no.

And for these men foure villaines they did watch,
Which had layd layd the how they them might catch:
At him which was the formost they did lay,
But his swift horse did beare him safe away.

The next they hit, and fell'd him to the ground,
And rifling him, they gaue him many a wound,
So leauing him, as they did thinke for dead,
Hauing his gold, away they streightway fled.

Yet one of them did backward cast his eye,
And did perceiue him stir as he did lye,
Saying, Ile backe, and giue him his deaths blot
For euery one of vs he well doth know.

And with his sacke his braines he out did beate.
Then straight this villaine to them did retreate;
But marke how God did bring this thing to light,
For blood and murther he will sone requite.

One of these theeues a pece of Gold would change
With one that knew him, that did thinke it strang
He should haue gold, yet not the valew knew,
Into suspition straite his mind it drew.

And hearing of the murther done of late,
Mouis vnderstand how he came by this sute,
And threatning him, he then confest streitway,
Both him and them which that same man did slay.

They were conuicted, and by Law were tride,
And for the same all foure of them were dide,
And he that last went by the, did suffer death,
Just in the place he spent the true mans breath.

And at the common Execution place,
The other three did end their fatall race,
A iust reward for murtherers in their kind,
That beare so base and foule a bloody mind.

For he that sits aboue the heauenly skye,
Viewes all below with his all-seeing eye,
And will take vengeance when he sees his will,
On all that gloties harmelesse blood to spill.

Great God, preserue vs from all sodaine death,
Prepare our soules before we lose our breath,
Make vs all ready for the day to come,
When thou shalt giue to euery one their doome.

FINIS.

London, Printed for *H. G.*

A cruell murther committed lately upon the body of *Abraham Gearſy*, who liv'd in the Pariſh of *Wethmill*, in the County of *Harford*; by one *Robert Reeve*, and *Richard Reeve*, both of the ſame Pariſh: for which fact *Robert* was preſt to death, on Munday the 16. of March, and the Tueſday following *Richard* was hang'd; and after both them were hang'd up in chaines, where now they doe remaine, to the affrightment of all beholders. 1635. To the tune of *Fortune my Foe.*



I Pray give eare unto my tale of wee,
Which I'le declare that all may plainly knowe.
Neare Harford lately was a murder done,
D twas a cruell one, as ever was knowne.

The good with evil herein was repaide,
Him that did good the evil hath betraid,
The world is lately growne to ſuch a paſſe,
That one may feare another in this caſe.

This money is the cauſe of manies death,
As twas the cauſe that one late loſt his breath,
The devill and the money workes together,
As by my ſubiect you may well conſider.

With teares of woe I am inforſt to write,
That which may cauſe a tender heart to ſigh,
And ſighing ſay, this was a wofull caſe,
That men ſhould be ſo much voide of all grace.

Two brethren were there that did doe the ſame,
The firſt called Robert Reeve, the others name
Was Richard Reeve, theſe did a horrid deed,
As in my following verſes ſhall proceede.

Behold theſe lines, you that have any care,
And from bloodſhedding alwayes doe forbeare;
Though murder be committed ſecretlye,
Yet for revenge to God it loud doth crye.

And that ſinne goes not long unpuniſhed,
Therefore let all men of this ſinne take heede:
Many are daily for ſuch crimes accuſed,
And yet alas too commonly tis uſed.

One of theſe brothers was in debt I heare,
Unto that man, which was his neighbour neare,
But her repaid him with a envious mind,
As in the ſtory you ſhall plainly find.

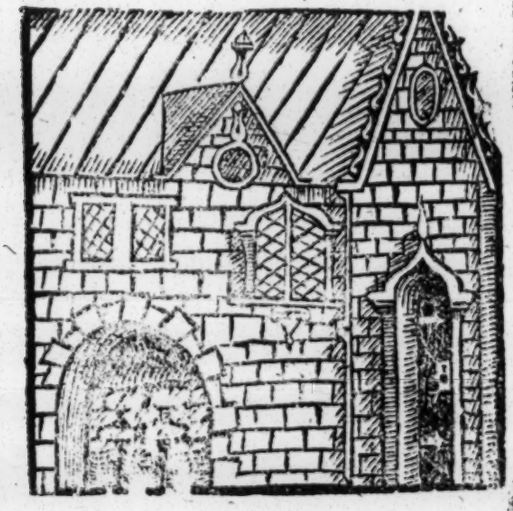
Abraham Gearſie was his name, that was kild,
By theſe two brothers, as the Devill wild:
He on a day demanded mony due,
I pray give eare and marke what doth inſue.

They wiſh'd him to come home for to be paid,
But for his life it ſeemes they watt had laid:
For one day twas his chance for to come there,
Not dreading that his death had bin ſo neare.

Now theſe two brothers kild him inſtantly,
No neighbour was there that did heare him cry:
And being dead flong him in a ſelvpit,
And cover'd him with ſuch as they could get.

Now having hid this murder in that kind,
Great ſearch was made, but none this man could find
His friends lamented for him very ſore,
And made inquirie all the country ore.

The second part, To the same tune.





SIr wee'es it was ere it was plainly knowne,
And many were examin'd hereupon:
But these two brothers much suspected were,
And at the last the truth it did appeare.

Some murmured and sayd that they did owe
Him money, and desired for to know
Whether they had given him satisfaction,
Who said, they had, and they did owe him none.

About this money all did come to light,
How being put for to approve this right
They could in no wise satisfie the same,
When they to true examination came.

Now they were asked for a quittans made,
But they had none, then others present said,
Where is your bond or witnes of the same?
This must be prov'd, or you will suffer blame.

They being tared on this wise confesst,
How they in bloody murder had transgresst:
Then were they sent to Harford gaile with speed,
Where they did answere, for this wicked deed.

This lent on sises last their fact was tri'd,
Where they were cast, condemned and for it di'd,
Robert was preist to death because that hee
Would not bee tride by God and the country.

Richard was hangd by his own Fathers dore,
Which did torment and grieve his friends full sore,
Now hee and's brother both do hang in chains,
This is a iust reward for murders grimes.

I would intreat all men for to beware,
Of ehue this crying sinne and still for beare,
Good Lord, me thinkes it is a cruell thing,
Of all sins else this may each conscience sting.

This being done, what is hee can forbeare,
With troubled conscience to shed many a teare?
'Tis fearefull sure for to be thought upon,
Although that it be nere so secret done.

Our God is love, and he doth charg us all,
To love each other, but we often fall
From love and unity, to envious evill,
Thus leave we God, and runne unto the Devill.

This may be warning for all other men,
That doe but heare of those vile brethren:
And more consider 'tis a fearefull sight
To see them hang'd, it would our hearts affright?

Yet some there are that will not frighted be
At all, the warnings that they dayly see:
Too many doe esteeme such things as nought,
Or else there would not be such murther wrought.

Thus to conclude, pray lets to God for grace,
And alwaies have his feare before our face:
Fly bloody murther, and such horrid sinnes,
Then God will keep you from such shamefull ends.

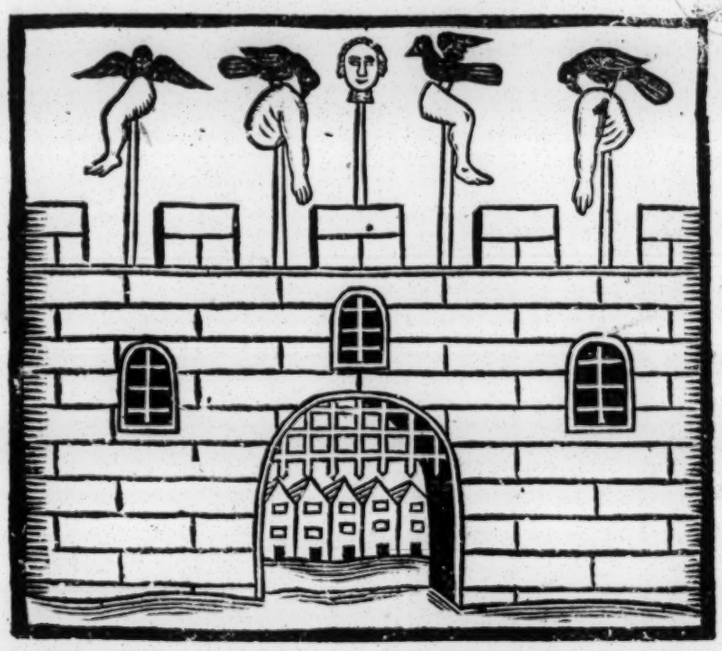
FINIS. R.C.

Printed at London for John Wright [illegible], dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

The godly end, and wofull lamentation of one *Iohn Stevens*, a youth, that was hang'd, drawne, and quartered for High-Treason, at *Salisbury* in *Wiltshire*, vpon Thursday being the seuenth day of March last 1632.

With the setting vp of his quarters on the City gates.

To the tune of *Fortune my foe, &c.*



NOw like the Swan before my death I sing,
And like the Rauen heauy newes I bring,
Of ouermuch rate, and cruell dealing,
Which brought me here in this same sort to die.

Did euer any heare of one so young,
That was so bad and hat so vile a tongue:
Which was the cause that brought me to that fall,
For which to God I now for mercy call.

In famous Wiltshire was I borne and bred,
And by my carefull Parents nourished,
Ah woe is me, Iohn Stevens is my name,
That to my friends and kindred am a shame.

Oh let me be example vnto all,
That they may neuer in such mischiefe fall,
Children and Prentices, old and young,
Serue God in heart, and gouerne wel your tongue.

It was the Deuill that brought my ouerthrow,
It was the Deuill that brought me to this woe,
And 'cause I did not serue my God aright,
Satan with shame hath thus my deeds requite.

In famous Salisbury, that City faire,
My Parents bound me Prentice with great care,
But careselesse I, my life did leud spend,
Which brings me to a shamefull timeles end.

To God aboue I doe for mercy crie,
'Tis for High-treason, that I here must die,
Drawne, hang'd, quartered, this is now my doome,
My body must haue neither graue nor tombe.

And for my fact that was so vile and base,
I apprehended was in that same place,
And straight to London then I vp was brought
To be examin'd, where I soone was caught.

To the Kings-bench then was I straite way led,
Where I a yeare almost continued,
And then from thence I was againe sent downe,
To be arraign'd next Sises at our Towne.

There by iust Iustice I my Tryall had,
Which soone condemn'd me for my fact so bad:
My Iudgement was I should from thence be sent,
To Prison backe, a while for to repent.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





AND then I ſhould be on a Hurdle laid
And to my Execution place conuaid,
Where in a Rope I there ſhould ſtrangled be,
In ſhamefull manner for each one to ſee.

My Members, and my Bowels forth be cut,
And in a flaming fire they ſhould be put,
There to conſume and vnto aſhes turne,
As wicked members there they then muſt burne.

My Body muſt in quarters eke be cut,
And on the City gates they ſhould be put,
To be a ſight for others to take heed,
Where rauenous Fowles vpon my fleſh will feed.

And now I doe beſeech you Parents all,
That here are come to ſee my timeles fall,
In vertues paths doe you your children traine,
That they may heauen and heauenly thoughts (retaine.
Oh doe not ſuffer them to curſe and ſweare,
But traine them vp the God of heauen to feare,
Teach them obedience to their Soueraigne King,
And their Superiors, whence doth vertue ſpring.

And Children all doe you example take,
Oh let me be a warning for your ſake,
Spend not your liues ſo vainely as I haue done,
Whoſe glaſſe is broke before my ſand is run.

Vnto your Parents reuerent honor giue,
The Lord commands it, then you long ſhall liue,
Your dayes he ſayes ſhall be long in the land,
This is your duty, as he doth command.

Honor the King, for ſo the Lord doth ſay,
And ſee the Magiſtrate you doe obey,
Vnto your Equals louing be and kind,
To your inferiours beare an humble mind.

But now, O Lord, for mercy I intreat,
Thou canſt forgiue although my ſinnes are great,
Lord make me cleane, & make me cleare as glaſſe,
And then the Snow I ſhall in whitenes paſſe.

Great God vpon me powre the Spirit of grace,
And then in Heauen I hope I ſhall finde place,
Chriſt my Redeemer, he hath dide for me,
My ſoule I hope with him in heauen ſhall be.

Lord bleſſe the King, and ſend him long to raigne,
Preſerue the Queene, their Iſſue, & their Traine,
And God forgiue me, and my Prince I pray,
Whoſe Lawes and Statutes I did diſobey.

Lord let thy Goſpell flouriſh in this Land,
Grant that the truth may flouriſh ſtill and ſtand,
Preſerue the Cleargy, Nobles, and the State,
And keepe the Commons from all ſtrife and hate.

Vaine world farewell, I am prepar'd to die,
My Soule I hope, ſhall ſtraight aſcend the ſkie;
I come, Lord Jeſus, now I come to thee,
To thee one God, yet holy Trinitie.

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Goſſon.

A right Godly and Christian *A.B.C.* shewing the duty of every degree.

To the tune of *Rogero*.

ARise and wake from wickednesse.
repent and thou shalt live:
Or else with sword and pestilence,
the Lord God will thee grieve.

BEware of Lust and Lecherie,
keepe thou thy body chast:
Or else frequent the remedy,
that Paul doth say thou mayst.

COnfesse thy sinnes as David did,
and turne unto the Lord;
He will thee heare before thou call,
so Esay doth record.

DEale with thy neighbour mercifully,
deceive no man by guile:
Take heed of all extortion,
it will thy soule defile.

EXamine well thy wicked life,
hide not thy councell deepe:
The Lord God threatneth woe to them,
that secret sinnes doe keepe.

FLy theft and all unworthinesse,
and labour in the Lord:
The ground of sinne is idlenesse,
with vices it is stor'd.

GIve almes unto thy children deare,
and turne not from the poore:
Lend to the needy man thy goods,
his pledge to him restore.

HUrt not thy neighbour wittingly,
in body goods or name:
Remit offences willingly,
lest God revenge the same.

IF God doe blesse thee with his gifts,
of worldly goods, and store:
Let not thy heart on them be set,
but praise the Lord therefore.

KEepe not thy hyre lings wages backe,
God will his cry regard:
In poore mens matters be not slacke,
the Lord will thee reward.

LOve every man unfainedly,
hate no man in thy heart:
Despise the way of wicked men,
pray God they may convert.

MInister Justice Magistrates,
you Makers kindly deale:
You Parents all lest Gods curse fall,
let youth correction feele.

NO guilefull speech, nor lying talke
use thou in any wayes:
Eschew all evill, in goodnesse walke,
if thou wilt see good daies.

OPpresse no man by usury,
refuse unlawfull gains:
Give plenteously unto the poore,
Christ will thee pay againe.

POsselle your soules with patience,
against the wicked world:
Powre out your prayers with reverence,
before the living Lord

QUarrel with none quench such desire,
to anger be not bent:
Remember God is mercifull,
when sinners doe repent.

REdeemed from the curse we are,
by Christ to live with him:
Our members let us mortifie,
which are all bent to sinne.

SAnctifie the Sabbath, serve the Lord,
from labour see thou rest
Then God will have regard on thee,
and make thy labour blest.

TAke heed you love no swearing false,
sweare not by God in vaine:
Let all your talke attend unto
the honour of his Name.

VSe no deceit nor unjust meanes,
to compasse worldly wealth:
Extortion, fraud, and usurie,
and all such things are stealth.

VVAlke not in worldly lusts and sin,
such worldly darknesse shun:
But walke as children of the light,
as Christ himselfe begun.

XAmples many are set forth,
against the drunken sort:
What deadly plagues are due to them,
the Scriptures doe report.

YOung folke be sober and chast of mind,
let Gods word be your guide:
Make cleane your hearts before the Lord,
and never from him slide.

ZAche a Publican S. Luke doth tell
what zeale to Christ he had:
But to behold our Jewish hearts,
alas it is too bad.

& Plainely Luke doth specifie,
of that mans Godly mind:
How to the poore most liberally,
halfe his goods he assign'd.

EST, in English doth specifie,
in speech a Latine Verbe:
Into our hearts Lord powre thy Spirit,
whereby we may be stirr'd

TO sigh and groane unfainedly,
with sorrow for our sinne:
And for to seeke the remedie,
a new life to begin.

AMen, God grant we lose no time,
to walke whilst we have light,
That finally we may possesse,
the heavenly joyes most bright.

OUr noble King with Nestors yeres
the Lord God long endue, (with
With Sampsons strength and Salomons
his foes for to eschew.

GOd grant his grace, great joy & he
with pleasure here beneath: (now
To rule and reigne the Royall seat,
so long as he hath breath.

Printed at London for *Henry Gosson*.

FINIS.

A Christian conference betvveene

Christ and a Sinner, wherein is shewed the Love of Christ towards Mankinde, and the paines which he suffered upon the Crosse for our sinnes together with the wickednesse of our corrupt natures toward him for the same To the tune of Goe to bed sweet heart.

I Am a poore sinner, how should I begin,
to tell from my folly and horrible sin,
I know not to whom I should make my complaint
my sins are so hainous my heart it doth faint.
My conscience accuseth me, no man can comfort me
Succour me sweet Christ I would come to thee,

Christ.

O thou sinfull creature why dost thou dispaire,
canst thou not settle thy self unto prayer:
By faith and repentance if thou wilt relent,
and fall from the former life thou hast ill spent,
And turn away from thy sin, that's the way to begin
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me,

The Sinner.

Alas, when to pray to thee I have intended,
My conscience doth tell me I have so offended
That thou wilt deny my request in my prayer,
and this (O Lord) causeth me thus to dispaire.
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

Where dost thou finde in my holy bible,
that nothing with me can be unpossible:
For were thine iniquity never so great,
my mercy surpasseth it, if thou wilt intreat,
And turn away, &c

Sinner.

O how my body doth tremble and shake,
my soul is unquiet my heart it doth ake:
The Devil doth temp and leade me to ill,
enforcing that thou wilt be angry still,
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

Beleeve not the Devill for all his delay,
for his subtill sleight is to worke thy decay:
Think how I converted my Apostle S. Paul,
by mercy and favour which I give to you all.
Turn away, &c.

Sinner.

How apt is ill counsell to lead me to vice,
how doth the world daily my fancy intice,
Adversity pincheth me every houre,
I dread not thy iudgement, thy iustice and power.
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

O earth and slime learne thou to shun all annoy,
and suffer with patience, so shalt thou have joy,
Consider what paine I have suffered for thee,
enduring all torments to set thy soule free,
Then turn away, &c.

Sinner.

O my sweet Saviour, I cannot deny,
but that for my filthy offence thou didst die,
And what cruell pangs thou abidst in the Garden,
and daily sweet Jesus thou pleadst for my pardon

Christ.

Then since thou confessest that I am thy Saviour,
behold which way thou shalt attain to my favour
Examine thy sinnes and be sorry therefore,
and never commit such offence any more.
Then turne away, &c.

Sinner.

Alas, I am feeble and have not the face,
take hold of thy promise except thy sweet grace,
My carcasse is filthy and nothing but clay,
send help I beseech thee or else I decay,
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

If once I do see thee be sory in heart,
amending thy life, and in time will convert,
Let nothing dismay thee for I will receive thee,
let all thy familiar and worldly friends leave thee
Then turn away, &c.

Sinner.

Then Lord in thy mercy is all my whole stay,
permit not foule Satan to cast me away,
From that filthy tyrant sweet Jesus defend me.
he leads my affections, and still doth attend me.
And daily he telleth me, no man, &c.

Christ.

Say to him thus when he would thee devoure,
avoid wicked Satan thou hast no more power,
But that which my God doth permit unto thee,
thou hast not the power to be master ore me,
Beleeve not his treacherie, that's the, &c.

Sinner.

I thanke thee sweet Jesus that of thy good grace,
thou standest to assist me in every place.
Yet I am disloyall unjust and perverse,
no creature more filthy that I can rehearse,
My conscience accuseth me, &c.

Christ.

Take up thy crosse and follow then me,
with patience continue and look that thou be,
For all thine offences repentant with sorrow,
thinke death is at hand to present thee to morrow,
Then turn away from thy sin, thats the way to begin
I that redeemed thee bids thee come to me,

Sinner.

My filthy unworthynesse here I confesse,
forgive me, O Saviour and send me redresse:
Encrease my faith and patience that I may
attaine to thy presence, and boldly may say,
Depart from me vanity, Christ hath released me,
Succour me sweet Christ, I would come to thee.

FINIS.

Printed by the Assignes of
Thomas Symcocke

The confeſſion of a pænitent Sinner.

To the tune of, *O man in deſperation*: or,
Some men for ſuddaine joyes doe weepe.



OF Adams ſéed, poore ſinner I,
come créeping to bewaile
My ſin ſecure, my wonted crime,
no moment will I fayle.
Of ſinfull Saul, o Lord I pray,
that I a Paul may be,
And not a filthy Sodomite,
but one of Niniuy.

And make mée with the Publican,
my ſelfe low to ſubmit:
And thou, o ſweet Samaritan,
come helpe mée wondrous ſick.
I am that Sonne, that vnthrift child,
that playd the royſting gueſt:
But call me home, good Father deare,
I humbly thée requeſt.

Kray mee new, fetch in the Calfe,
I will no more be loſt:
And let thy friends rejoyce hereat,
and ſpare, I pray, no coſt:
I went not to thy Vineyard, I,
albeit I ſaid, I would,
But though I come but very late,
my hyre doe not withhold.

Make here to thée a ſacrifice,
a contrite ſpirit of mine:
Which better is than blood of Bulls,
elſe Goats, fat Rams, or kyne.
Thou art my God, and I confeſſe
my ſelfe thy creature poore,
I fearefull Peter, thou true Chriſt,
one God for euermore.

In ſinne was I begot and borne,
in ſinne I had my ſuck,
In ſinne I ran my youthfull race,
in ſinne I was brought vp.
What world would with to haue,
and what the fleſh deſired:
All that I ſought to amplifie,
thus falſely I conſpired.

I am that barren ſterrill field,
where enuious man did ſow
Deſtroying darnell, tare, and weéde,
becauſe I might not grow.
That ſtately Steward eke I am,
that oft my fellowes beat,
Thou art that Lord, that once to mée,
forgaueſt mée the debt:

But I thy kindneſſe quite forgot,
and would not ſhew the like,
But hée that ought mée but a ſmall,
I handled with great ſpight:
In brothers eye a mote I ſpyed,
but let the beame alone,
(And at a ſtraw I ſtumbled thus)
that long was in mine owne.

I ſée but ſtill to ſinfull life,
I run from worſe to worſe,
And play the youngman very loath
my ſubſtance to diſburſe:
That flinty Pharaoh haue I béene,
that plagues did neuer dread,
I might full ſone haue drowned béene
but for thy better ſpéed.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





A Pilgrime poꝛe amid the land,
that could not be content,
But to indure the golden Calfe,
full oft did I conſent:
In fleſhly froward fuming fume,
full many a time I ſaid
In Egypt Land great ſtoꝛe woe had,
both victuals, fleſh, and bꝛead.

The Hypocrite I playd likewiſe,
and would not ſtand in awe,
I came to aske which Pꝛecept was
the greateſt in the Law.
I fed like greedy glutton fat,
and did the begger hate,
I had ſuch buſineſſe, let I was
to come to marriage gate.

What ſhal I ſay, ſince thou doſt know
my ſinnes in number all?
To ſtand in judgement can I not,
except thou rid my thꝛall.
Foꝛgiue, foꝛget, put out of mind,
good Lord, my great offence,
And heale my ſoule with pꝛice of blood
my ample indulgence,

Shal I deſpair, oꝛ dꝛead moꝛe doubts?
my ſinne is not ſo great,
But mercies of my Sauiour Chꝛiſt,
ſurmount them many a ſteppe.
And by his pꝛomiſe hold I take,
knock ye, and I will open,
Seeke, call, come all that laden be,
the mouth of God hath ſpoken.

I will be ready, heare, and helpe,
your ſins as ſcarlet red,
As white as ſnoꝛe, ſhall purged be,
in Eſay this is ſaid.
Examples eke of mercies moe
the text at large doth tell,
Diſcourſing of the ſinfull Wife,
who long liued as rebell.

Both Mary Magdalen and moꝛe,
had pardon grant of thee,
Yea euen the Thiefe, by his beleefe,
doth liue eternally.
Why ſhould not I, poꝛe ſinner then,
be bold to ſue foꝛ grace,
When this I ſee abundantly,
thy goodneſſe will imbꝛace.

All ſuch as will repent with teares,
and turne with whole intent,
And quite refuſe their ſinfull waies,
and earneſtly relent.
Turne, turne, o Loꝛd, turne then to me
my heart I rent and teare,
In death, in life, I am thine owne,
foꝛ me thou paydſt full deare.

Laud, pꝛaiſe, and thanks, with mind & heart,
to thee, my God, I giue,
Direct my waies, at end of daies,
in gloꝛy let mee liue.
That bleſſed Ghoſt may mount to ſky
when woꝛmes the body eate,
Loꝛd heare my ſute, & grant me grace
I humbly thee intreat.

FINIS.

Printed at London for H. Goſſon.

Bee Patient in Trouble:

OR,

The Patient mans Counsell, wherein is shewne the great goodnes of God towards them that beare the Crosses and Afflictions of this World patiently: As also a friendly instruction, whereby to advise us to forsake our wonted sinnes, and turne unto the Lord by speedy repentance, very meete and necessary for Worldlings to marke, reade, heare, and make use of.

To the tune of, *Bodkins Galliard.*





COme, come, you greedy worldlings leave your toyle,
Lend me your approbation to my song:
For I like you was troubled for a while,
About worldly matters which have done me wrong:
Now to reduce that life I am inclind,
Ile give God thankes and take what I doe finde.

Though on this earth I live as one so poore,
Yet few or none regardes my company:
But hath the Lord a blessing still in store
For them that wait his leasure patiently:
Then let no man despaire though meanes be small,
But in affliction give God thankes for all.

When I remember Iob that was so just,
How he despised was of all his kin,
And how from Post to Piller he was tost,
And no man weighed his sorrow was not a pin:
Then unto memory I likewise call,
That he in troubles gave God thankes for all.

Although of riches once he had great store,
And was the chiefest man in all the East,
Yet was the Lords deare servant brought to poore,
And of his goods and Cattell dispossest:
Then patient Iob unto the Earth did fall,
And heartily did give God thankes for all.

Not onely all the wealth which he enjoyd
Was quite consum'd and tane from him away,
His Sons and Daughters likewise were destroyd,
By a tempestuous weather fell that day,
The house in peices on their heads did fall,
And still poore *Iob* did give God thanks for all.

And further to increase his misery,
His Wife to him most loathfully did say,
Husband quoth she curse God and peice to die,
O no said Iob, I know a better way,
Ile not offend my Heavenly makers will,
Ile praise his name and be contented still.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



THus being comfortleſſe upon the Earth,
His day of birth began to call to mind,
He alſo thought upon his houre of death,
And with great griefs theſe ſpeeches he aſſigne,
Naked came I out of my Mothers Wombe,
Naked ſhall I returne unto my Tombe.

Thus Iob continued ſtill ſo pure and holy,
As holy writers doth of him approve,
Whom all the World could not entice to folly,
For God lov'd Iob, and Iob his God did love.
And afterward the Lord his fortunes bleſt,
With farre more wealth than he before poſſeſt.

This ſweet example may for great and ſmall
Be a direction, how that we may guide
Our lives, when croſſes doth to us befall,
That from theſe Precepts we may never ſlide:
Lord clothe us with that everlaſting Robe,
True Faith and Patience like thy Servant *Iob*.

And grant that ever we may put our truſt
In thee alone, which art our ſtrength and ſtay,
Seeing, that earthly treaſure is but duſt,
Which ſome will perish and conſume away:
Let us deſire our ſinnes may be forgiven,
And every day prepare our ſelves for Heaven.

This World is full of vaine deluding ſnares,
The Divell alſo layes many cunning baites
For to intrap our ſoules at unawares,
He uſeth many policies and ſleights:
Juſt cauſe have we to flie to Chriſt with ſpeed,
And crave his ayd in this our time of neede.

Wherefore let us now with ſpeede forſake,
Our wonted ſinnes wherein we take delight,
And of our lives and wayes a conſcience make,
And learne to ſerve the Lord our God aright.
O let us not our time too long delay,
But put from us all wickedneſſe away.

Let the Blaſphemer now forgoe his othes,
And bid the Drunkard leave his ſwilling Rates,
For God himſelfe the ſinne of ſwearing lothes,
And all good men a Drunkards preſence hates:
Let fonle Extortion now be put to flight,
And Malice quite be baniſht out of ſight.

Let Envie, Pride and vile Adultery,
And Murther, that fierce Monſter part from hence,
Both Covetouſneſſe, and Prodigality,
No more be ſeene amongſt our Eminence:
So will the Lord our Gods and Cattell bleſſe,
Our Land and all that ever we poſſeſſe.

Our Noble King the Father of our peace,
The Lord preſerve and keepe continually,
And ſend the Queene and all their bleſt increaſe,
The dew of thy ſweet bleſſing from on high:
So ſhall all Engliſh men rejoyce and ſing,
Prayſes be given to Chriſt our Heavenly King.

FINIS. *L.P.*

Printed at London for *John Wright junior*,
dwelling at the upper end of the
Old Baily.

The Penſive Priſoners *Apology.*

Directed to his fellow-Priſoners whereſoever, wherein he adviſeth them to be ſtedfaſt in faith and hope, and patiently to indure their careful Impriſonment, and to keep their Vows, ſhewing the way to true Liberty.

To the Tune of, *Love with unconfined Wings.*

LOde with unconfined wings
hovers about my gates,
And my divine Althema begins
to whiſper at my grates,
When I lie tangled in her hair
being fettered in her eie,
The birds that wanton in the Air
knows no ſuch liberty.
When like contented Linits I
with ſilver notes will ſing:
The very meekneſs of the heart,
and glory of the thing,
When I ſhall noiſe abroad and ſpread
how good their vertues be,
Fiſhes that tipple in the deep,
knows no ſuch liberty.
My lodging is on the cold board,
my cloaths are thin and bare:
Falſe hearted friends with flattering words
doth ſeek me to inſnare,
They counſel me to change my mind,
and ſo my words deny:
And I thereby ſhall ſurely find,
a perfect liberty.
Faith, hope and patience is my guide,
my conſcience pure and clear:
So that the Lord be on my ſide,
what for need I to fear.
I neither fear the ſtroak of death,
nor tyrants villany,
So ſoon as Chriſt receives my breath
I gain true liberty.
A faithful vow I once did make,
which now I will maintain:
Whilſt I have tongue and breath to ſpeak
and life in me remain.
Rather than from Religion turn
in fiery flames to fry;
And if my corps to aſhes burn,
my ſoul gains liberty.
Patience makes plaiſters for my ſores
love lives without controle
They lock my body within the doors
but cannot lock my ſoul.
My muſes to and fro doth run,
above and beneath the Sky: (Sun
The greateſt Potentates under the
oft wants ſuch liberty.

Our keepers cruelty is great,
to one and to us all,
He bids us eat our fleſh for meat,
or ſtones thats in the wall.
Yet though I am in priſon caſt,
my ſenſes mount on high,
The wind that bloweth where it liſt
knows no ſuch liberty.
'Tis neither pardon from the Pope
nor prayers made to Saints,
That can inlarge my further ſcope,
nor ſhorten my complaints,
'Tis Chriſt above, the Lord of love
which for mankind did die:
None but he can pardon me,
nor work my liberty.
There's many men hath treaſure ſtore
yet are ſo worldly bent,
Having too much they ſcrape for more
yet never are content
Whilſt I that am the pooreſt of all
from worldly care am free, (thral
Which makes me think they live in
and I have liberty.
The man that bears a wavering mind
is ſubject to much woe,
He that to anger is inclin'd,
muſt ſorrow undergo,
But he that hath a patient heart,
though he a priſoner be,
Exceeds both nature, skill, and art,
In point of liberty.
You penſive priſoners every one,
with hearts loyal and true,
Theſe lines of mine to work upon,
I dedicate to you.
Let faith and patience be your guide
and you in time ſhall ſee,
The powers of heaven will ſo provide
you ſhall have liberty.
Stone walls cannot a priſon make,
nor iron bars a cage.
A ſpotleſs ſoul being innocent,
calls that its hermitage.
So I am blameleſs in my choice,
and from theſe troubles free,
Angels alone that are above,
injoys ſuch liberty.

FINIS.

The doleful Dance, and Song of Death; Intituled, *Dance after my Pipe.*

To a Pleasant New Tune.



CAn you dance the shaking of the sheets,
a dance that every one must do?
Can you trim it up with dainty sweets,
and every thing as longs thereto?
Make ready then your winding sheet,
And see how you can bestir your feet,
For death is the man that all must meet.

Both you my Beggar and the King,
and every man in his degree,
Young for old and youngest thing,
come all to death and follow me.
The Courtier with his lofty looks,
The Lawyer with his learned Books,
The Banker with his casting-hooks.

Merchants have you made your Feast in
in Italy and all about? (France,
Know you not that you and I must dance,
both our fees must meet out:
What mean you to make your houses gay,
And I must take the Tenant away,
And dig for your sakes the clods of clay.

Think you on the solemn Assizes past,
how suddenly in Oxfordshire,
I came and made the Judges all aghast,
and Justices that did appear.
And took both Bell and Baram away,
And many a worthy man that day,
And all their bodies brought to clay.

Think you that I dare not come to Schools,
where all the cunning Clerks be most?
Take I not always both wise and fools,
and am I not in every Coast?

Assure your selves no creature can,
Make death afraid of any man,
Or know my coming where or when.

Where be they that make their Leases strong
and joyn about them land to land,
Do you make account to live so long,
to have the world come to your hand:
No foolish nowle, for all thy pence,
Full soon thy soul must needs go hence,
Then who shall toyl for thy defence.

And you that lean on your Ladies laps,
and lay your heads upon their knee,
Think you for to play with wanton paps,
and not to come and dance with me:
No, fair Lords and Ladies all,
I will make you come when I do call,
And find you a Pipe to dance withal.

And you that are busie-headed fools,
to bubble of a pelting straw,
Know you not that I have ready tools,
to cut you from your crafty Law:
And you that falsely buy and sell,
And think you make your Markets well,
Must dance with death wheresoe're you dwel

Pride must have a pretty sheet. I see,
for properly she loves to dance,
Come away my wanton Wench to me,
as gallantly as your eyes can glance:
And all good fellows that flash and swash,
In reds and yellows of roial cash,
I warrant you need not be so rash.

For I can quickly cool you all,
how yet or stout so e're you be,
Both high and low, both great and small,
I nought do fear your high degree.
The Ladies fair, the Beldams old,
The Champion stout, the Souldier bold,
Must all with me to earthly mold.

Therefore take time while it is lent,
prepare with me your selves to dance,
Forget me not, your lives lament,
I come oftentimes by sudden chance.
Be ready therefore, watch and pray,
That when my Minstrel pipe doth play,
You may to Heaven dance the way.

FINIS.

A Christians nightly Care.

When thou hast spent the longsom day,
In pleasure and delight,
And after toile, and wearie way,
does seek thy rest at night,
Into thy pain and pleasure past,
ebe this in labour yet:
Ere sleep close upthine eyes too fast,
do not thy God forget.

But search within thy secret thoghts,
what deeds did thee befall:
And if thou find a misse in ought,
to God for mercie call.
But if thou find nothing amisse,
that thou canst call to minde:
Yet ebermore remember this,
there is the more behinde:
And look how well soeber it be,
that thou hast spent this day:
It came of God, and not of thee,
so to direct thy way.
Thus if thou try thy daily deeds,
and pleasure in this pain:
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds
and thine shall be the gain.
But if thy sleepy sinfull eye,
will benter for to wink,
Before thy wilfull will may try,
how far thy soul may sink:
Beware and walk, or else thy bed
which soft and smooth is made:
Shall heap more evil upon thy head,
then streak of enemies blade.
But if thy pain procure thine ease,
in bed as thou dost ly,
I'm sure it will not God displease,
to sing this soberly.
I see that sleep is sent me here,
to ease my wearie bones,
As death at length will once appear,
to ease my grievous groanes.
My daily sports with bellie fed,
would cause my sleepy eye,
To sleep so sound in quiet bed,
whereby my soul might die:
The stretching arms, the ganting breath,
that in my bed I use:
Are poztraicts of the pangs of death,
when life shall me refuse:
And as my bed each sundry part,
in shadows doth resemble:
Then sundry shapes of death, whose dart
will make my heart to tremble:
My bed it selfe is like the grabe,
my sheets, the winding sheet:
My cloathes, the moulds which I must
to cober me most meet.
The hungry flies, that lowp most fresh
to worms I can compare,
Which greedily will eat my flesh,
and leave my bones right bare:
The waking Cock that airly crowes,
to put the night away,
Puts me in minde the Trump that blowes
before the latter day:
Then as I rise up lustily,
when sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to rise joyfullie,
to judgement at the last.
Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,
thus will I hope to rise.
Thus will I neither wail nor weep,
but sing in holy guise.
My bones shall in this bed remain,
my soul in God shall trust:
By whom I hope to rise again
from death and earthly dust,
All laud and praise be to the Lord,
and also to his Sonne
And likewise to the holy Ghost.
and so my song is done.

Sad Marshall to the singing Larke.

O Blessed bird, whose soaring Song,
declares the lightsome day!
I'm forc'd to bleske thy little tongue,
for thy solacious Lay,
Yea, whilst I think on thine estate,
and hear thine Harmonie,
I find my self to be ungrate,
who sad and silent lie;
For thou hast neither Lands, nor
nor Riches laid in store: (rent,
And yet doest sing as full content,
and with thy Song doest soar,
But I to whom the loving Lord
hath been more liberal,
I sigh and cannot sing a word,
nor make no mirth at all.
What is the cause that I deplore,
whilst thou so sweetly sings,
But that I hunt to have much more
than yet my fortune brings:
But thou into thy minde's at rest,
contented with thy Lot:
Whilst I with cares am thus oppresst,
thou chant'st a chearfull note,
The mean to make me unto mirth,
then is to be content:
And ebe with thee to leabe the Earth,
and peirce the Firmament;
For here below is nothing else,
but crosse, with changing toyes,
But they that in the highest dwell
have everlasting Joyes.
My blessed bird, tyre not thy tune,
make on thy musick sweet,
For I with cares was quite undone,
till thou revib'd my Spirit,
And now, since thou hast me restor'd,
with thee I'll soar, and sing:
Giving all laud unto the Lord,
my high and heabenlie King

Finis, quod Marshal.

The Reply of the Lark.

O man! sigh on, for thou hast cause
to sorrow for thy sin,
GOD unto me hath gib'n no Lawes,
to lead my life therein:
But by his will he ordains me,
to sing, and show the day:
But thou, O man! who griefs sustains;
should bow thy knee, and pray.
Man! thou should'st be more sad than I,
more dangerous is thy state:
The world, the flesh, and old enemy,
thou hast with to debate.
High is the pryze, if thou take care,
that GOD shall to thee give
Hard is the case, if thou despair,
or yet securelie live.
Short while thou hast for to deplore:
far shorter I to sing.
A year, or two, or little more,
to me my date shall bring,
And when the winter waxeth cold,
my layes shall lurk full low:
For I must shield me in some hold,
till brumal blasts o'reblow.
Yea, fragrant flowrs in summer faire
shall then both stoup and die:
Fish in the floods, fowls in the Air,
have their adversitie.
For every time is not the Spring:
no state stands ay at ones
There is a time for us to sing,
a time for sighs and groans:
Take eberie state to come from God,
both wealth, want, weal, and woe,
And when he lays on thee his Rod,
thy distration know:
Yea, when he makes thy cup to flow,
think on adversitie:
Lest that thy wealth thy wit o'rgrow;
in thy prosperitie.
Yet let no sadness thee o'rthrow,
for trifles which thou tines:
Oft whilst the earth is clad with snow,
the Sun most brightest shines,
Though oft unto thee it affraid
each cloud is not a shower:
When griefe is gone, and thou art glad,
it shall be sweet that's sowre.

No mortal man may climb the top
of full felicitie:
We do but seldom hit our Scope,
how low soeber it be,
Though thou wer't mounted to the skie
whereto thy thoughts aspires,(bight
Some higher object ouir thee might
would kindle new desires.
Then let no worldlie banitie
in vain oppresse thy spirit,
Come, soar with me above the skie,
to thy Redeemer sweet,
Sing of thy lasting libertie,
when all these pains are past:
Sing of thy joyfull jubilie,
thou shalt enjoy at last,
So shall thy wishes be compleat,
to the most high degree:
So shalt thy present crosse be sweet,
how sowre soeber it be,
Then sing, and sigh; sigh and sing,
till thou enjoy that day
Of perfect joy, with Christ thy King,
where thou shalt sing for ey.

FINIS.

(610)

A Warning for Maidens or young Bateman.

To the Tune of, The Ladies fall.

YOu daintie Dames so finelie tram'd
In beauties chiefest mold.
And you that trip it up and down,
Like lambs in Cupids fold;
Here is a lesson to be learn'd,
a lesson in my mind,
For such as will prove false in love,
and bear a faithless mind.

Not far from Notingham of late,
in Clifton as I hear,
There dwelt a fair and comelie maid,
for beautie without peer;
Her cheeks were like the Crimson rose,
yet well we may perceive,
The fairest Dame the falsest heart,
and lowest will receive.

This gallant Damsel was beloved,
by manie in that place;
And manie sought in marriage bed,
her bride to embrace;
At last a youthful proper youth,
young Bateman call'd by name,
In hope to be a married wife,
unto this maiden came.

Such love and liking soon be found,
that he from all the rest,
Had stolne away the Damsels heart,
and she his like him best;
Then plighted promise secretlie,
did pass between them two;
That nothing could but death it self,
their true loves knot undo.

A piece of gold he brake in twain,
one half to her he gave;
The other as a pledge quoth he,
dear heart my self shall have;
And if I break my vow, quoth she,
while I remain alive,
May never thing I take in hand,
be seen at all to thrive.

This passed one for two months space,
and then this maid began,
Unsettle love and liking too,
upon another man.
Old Jerman was a widower was.
he husband needs must be,
Because he was of greater wealth,
and better of degree.

Her vow and promise lately past
to Bateman she denyd,
And in despight both him and his,
she utterlie defyd.
Well then quoth he if it be so,
that thou wilt me forsake,
And like a false and forsworn wretch,
another husband take.

Thou shalt not live one quiet day,
for surelie I will have
Thee either now alive or dead,
when I am laid in grave.
Thy faithless mind thou shalt repent,
therefore be well assured,
When for thy sake thou hear'st report,
what torments I endur'd.

But mark how Bateman died for love,
he finisht up his life,
The verie day he married was,
and made old Jermans wife;

For with a strangling cord, God wots,
(great moan was made therefore)
He hang'd himself in desperate sort
before the brides own door.

At which, such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
and troubled sore her mind,
That she could never after that,
one hour of comfort find;
For wheresoever that she went,
her fancy did surmize,
Young Bateman's pale and ghastlie ghost,
appeard before her eyes.

When she in bed at night did lie,
betwixt her husbands arms,
In hope therein to sleep and rest,
in safetie without harms;
Great cries & grievous groans she heard,
a voice that sometime said,
O thou art she that I must have,
and will not be denyd.

But she as then being with child,
was for the infants sake
Preserved from the spirits power,
no vengeance could it take;
The Babe unborn and safetie shield,
(as God appointed so)
His mothers bodie from the Fiend,
that sought her overthrow.

But being of her burthen eas'd,
and safelie brought to bed:
Her cares and grief is began anew,
and fresh her sorrows bred,
And hereupon she call'd her friends,
desiring them to stay;
This night quoth she, out of my bed,
I shall be born away.

Here comes the spirit of my love,
with pale and ghastlie face,
Who, till he take me hence with him,
will not depart this place;
Alive or dead I am his right,
and he will surelie have,
In spight of me and all the world,
what I by promise gave.

O watch with me all night, dear friends
but see ye do not sleep;
No longer then ye be awake,
my bodie can ye keep:
All promised to do their best;
yet nothing could suffice,
In middle of the night to keep,
sad slumber from their eyes.

And being all full fast on sleep,
as all unknown which waie:
This child-bed wife, that woful wight
from thence was born away:
But to what place no creature knew,
nor to this date can tell:
As strange a thing as ever yet,
in anie age befell.

Ye Maidens that desire to love,
and will good husbands choose,
Do him that ye have vow'd your love,
by no means do refuse:
For God that hears all secret oaths,
will dreadful vengeance take,
On such as on a wilful vow,
do slender reckning make.

FINIS.

A GODLY BALLAD

To the same Tune

ONe year begins, another ends,
our time both pass and go,
And this to our instruction tends,
if we could take it so:
The Summers hot, the Winters cold,
by both Gods laws we see,
Man's age is but as flowers old,
like flowers for fed and die.

Men for the most part do rejoice,
when sons are to them born;
Whose weeping eyes betwixt their trees
our sinfulnesse to scorn:
They are the messengers of death,
our time is passing fast;
Till at the hour of fading breath,
then death us parts at last.

Thus must we learn to spend our dayes
in vertue as we ought:
In doing good make no delayes,
let sloath out of our thoughts:
The fearful man not ne're attain'd
to honour, wealth nor fame;
But manie had by vertue gain'd,
a long lasting name.

In prime time of our youth we should,
the fruits of learning sow,
Weed out vices, if we could,
and sin in all sorts throw:
He that in time of youth takes pain,
his vertue to better,
In harvest of his age again,
he grapes of grace shall mow.

Since all things great have an end,
nothing but fame remains:
Happie is he can wiselie spend
his time in vertuous pains:
For soon the time shall pass away,
and pleasures shall abide.
O happie apple twice are they,
who takes time at the tide.

The tide of time doth fly full fast,
and quickly ebs away:
And if our ship lack sail or mast,
our voyage will be stay:
Our bodies are the brittle bark,
which sails the floods of fame;
But if through sloath we miss the mark,
we sink in seas of shame.

Occasion she hath hair before,
but she is bald behind;
Lost time no travel can restore,
as many fools do find:
The little ants and honey bees,
in Summer lays up store,
For to provide for Winter storms,
men ought to do much more.

This brute I done to please your will,
now let me have my hire;
I have bewray'd my want of skill
in doing your desire:
The weakness of a womans wit,
is not through natures fault,
But lack of education fit,
makes nature oft to halt.

FINIS.

A Warning for Married Women.

Being an Example of *Mrs. Jane Reynolds* (a west-country-Woman) born neer *Pilmouth* who having plighted her troth to a Seaman, was afterwards married to a Carpenter, and at last carried away by a Spirit, the manner how shall presently be recited, To a west-country Tune called, *Yet fair Maid of Bristol: Bateman*, or, *John Tom.*

THere dwelt a fair Maid in the West,
of wor by Birth and Fame,
Neer unto Pilmouth stately Town
Jane Reynolds was her name.

This Damsel dearly was beloved,
by many a proper youth:
And what of her is to be said,
is known for very truth:

Among the rest a Seaman bride,
unto her a wooing came.
A comely proper youth he was,
James Harris called by Name.

The Maid and Young-man was agreed
as time did them allow,
And to each other secretly,
they made a solemn vow.

That they would ever faithful be,
whilst Heaven lifted life,
He was to be her Husband kind,
and she his faithful Wife.

A day appointed was also,
when they were to be married,
But before that things were brought to
matters were strangely carried. (pass

All you that faithful Lovers be,
give ear and hearken well,
And what of them became at last,
I will declare full well.

The Young man he was prest to Sea,
and forced was to go,
His sweet-heart the must stay behind
whether she would or no.

And after he was from her gone,
she three years for him staid,
Expecting of his coming home
and kept her self a Maid.

At last news came that he was dead,
within a Forraign Land.
And how that he was buried,
she well did understand.

For whose sweet sake the maiden fair
lamented many a day:
And never was she known at all,
the wanton for to play.

A Carpenter that liv'd hard by,
when he heard of the same,
Like as the other had done before,
to her a wooing came.

But when that he had gain'd her love,
they married were with speed,
And four years space (being man & wife)
they lovingly agreed.

Three pretty Children in this time,
this lovely couple had,
Which made their Fathers heart rejoyce
and Mother wonderous glad.

But occasion serv'd one time,
the good man took his way,
Some three days journey from his home
intending not to stay.

But whilst that he was gone away,
a Spirit in the night,
Came to the window of his Wife,
and did her lightly fright.

Which Spirit spake like to a man,
and unto her did say,
My dear and onely love (quoth he)
prepare and come away.

James Harris is my name (quoth he)
whom thou didst love so dear,
And I have travelled for thy sake,
at least this seven year.

And now I am return'd again,
to take thee to me wife,
And thou with me shalt go to Sea,
to end all further strife.

O tempt me not sweet James (quoth she)
with thee away to go.
If I should leave my children small,
alas what would they do.

My Husband is a Carpenter,
a Carpenter of great fame,
I would not for five hundred pounds,
that he should hear the same.

I might have had a Kings Daughter,
and she would have married me,
But I forsook her Golden Crown.
even for the love of thee.

Therefore if thou thy husband forsake,
and thy children three also
I will to give thee what is past,
if thou wilt with me go.

If I forsake my husband, and
my little Children three,
What means hast thou to bring me to,
if I should go with thee.

I have seven Ships upon the Sea,
when they are come to Land.
Both Mariners and Merchandize,
shall be at thy command.

The Ship wherein my love shall sail,
is glorious to behold,
The sails shall be of Purple silk,
and the mast of shining gold

When he had told her these false tales
to love him she began,
Because he was in humane shape,
much like unto a man.

And so together away they went,
from off the English shore,
And since that time the Woman-kind,
was never seen no more.

But when her Husband he came home.
and found his Wife was gone,
And left her three sweet pretty babes,
within the house alone.

He beat his breast, he tore his hair,
the tears fell from his eyes,
And in the open streets he run,
with heavy doleful cries.

And in this sad distracted case,
he Hang'd himself for Woe,
Upon a tree, near to the place:
the truth of all is so.

The children now are fatherless,
and left without a guide.
But yet no doubt the heavenly powers,
will for them well provide.

FINIS.

Of the faithful Friendſhip that laſted between two faithful Friends.

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

IN ſtately Rome ſometimes did dwell,
a man of noble Fame.
Who had a ſon of ſeemlie ſhape,
Alphonſo was his name:
When he was grown and come to age,
his Father thought it beſt,
To ſend his ſon to Athens faire,
where wiſedoms Schoool did reſt.

And when he was at Athens come,
good Lectors for to learn:
A place to board him with delight,
his friends did well diſcern.
A noble Knight of Athens Town,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a ſon Gancelo cal'd,
juſt of his pitch and age.

In ſtature and in perſon both,
in ſabour, ſpeech, and face:
Inqualitie and condition eke,
they 'greed in eberie place.
So like they were in all reſpects,
the one unto the other;
They were not known but by their
of Father nor of Mother. (face,

And as in ſabour they were found
alike in all reſpects;
Eben ſo they did moſt dearlie lobe,
as prob'd by good reſpect.
Gancelo lobed a Ladie fair,
which did in Athens dwell:
Who was in beautie peerleſſe found,
ſo far ſhe did excell.

Upon a time it chanced ſo,
as fancie did him mobe;
That he would viſit for delight,
his Ladie and his lobe:
And to his true and faithful friend,
he did declare the ſame:
Asking of him if he would ſee,
that fair and comelie Dame.

Alphonſo did thereto agree,
and with Gancelo went:
To ſee the Ladie which he lob'd,
which bred his diſcontent,
But when he caſt his chriſtal eyes,
upon her angels bue:
The beautie of that Ladie bright,
did ſtraight his heart ſubdue,
His gentle heart ſo wounded was,
with that fair Ladies face,
That afterward he daillie lib'd
in ſad and woefull caſe.
And of his grief he knew not how
thereof to make an end:
For that he knew the Ladies lobe,
was yeelded to his friend.

Thus being ſore perplext in mind,
upon his bed he lay:
Like one which death and deep deſpair
had almoſt worn awaie.
His friend Gancelo that did ſee,
his grief and great diſtreſſe:
At length requeſted for to know,
his cauſe of heabineſſe.

With much ado at length ſhe told
the truth unto his friend:
Who did releaſe his inward woe,
with comfort to the end. (be,
Take courage then dear friend, quoth ſhe
though ſhe through lobe be mine:
My right I will reſign to thee,
the Lady ſhall be thine.

You know our ſabours are alike,
our ſpeech alike likewiſe:
This day is mine apparel then
you ſhall your ſelf diſguiſe.
And unto Church then ſhall you go,
directlie in my ſtead;
So though my friends ſuppoſe 'tis I
you ſhall the Lady wed.

Alphonſo was ſo well apaid:
and as they had decreed,
He went a day, and wedded plain
the Lady there in deed.
But when the Nuptial feaſt was done,
and Phoebus quite was fled,
The Lady for Gancelo took
Alphonſo to her bed. (ſport,

That night they ſpent in pleaſant
and when the day was come,
A Poſt for fair Alphonſo came,
to fetch him home to Rome.
Then was the matter plainly prob'd,
Alphonſo wedded was,
And not Gancelo to that Dame,
which brought great woe alas.

Alphonſo being come to Rome,
with this his Ladie gay;
Gancelocs friends and kindred all
in ſuch a rage did ſtay.
That they depriv'd him of his wealth
his lands and rich attire,
And baniſht him their Countrey quite
in rage and wrathfull ire.

With ſad and penſibe thoughts alas,
Gancelo wandred then,
Who was through Want conſtrain'd
reliefe of many men. (to beg,
In this diſtreſſe oft would he ſay,
to Rome I mean to go,
To ſeek Alphonſo my dear friend,
who will reliebe my wo.

To Rome when poor Gancelo came,
and found Alphonſoes place,
Which was ſo famous, buge and fair,
himſelf in ſuch poor caſe,
He was aſham'd to ſhew himſelf
in that his poor array,
Saying, Alphonſo knowes me well,
if he ſhould come this way.

Wherefore he ſtaid within the ſtreet,
Alphonſo then came by,
But heeded not Gancelo poor,
his friend that ſtood ſo nigh.
Which grieb'd Gancelo to the heart,
quoth he, and is it ſo:
Doth proud Alphonſo now diſdain
his friends in need to know:

In deſperate ſort away he went
into a Barn hard by,
And preſently he drew his knife
thinking thereby to die;
And bitterly in ſorrow there
he did lament and weep.
And being ober weigh'd with grief
he there fell faſt aſleep.

Where ſoundly there he ſweetly ſleept
came in a murdering thief,
And with a naked knife, lay by
this man ſo full of grief.
This knife ſo bright he took up
and went away amain, (ſtraight,
And thruſt it into a murdered man
which he before had ſlain,
And afterward he went with ſpeed
and put this bloodie knife
Into his hand that ſleeping lay,
to ſabe himſelf from ſtrife;
Which done, in haſte away he ran:
and when that ſearch was made
Gancelo with his bloodie knife
was for the murder ſtaid;

And brought before the Magiſtrat,
who did confeſſe moſt plain,
That he indeed with that ſame knife
the murdered man had ſlain.
Alphonſo ſitting there as Judge,
and knowing Gancelocs face,
To ſabe his friend, did ſay himſelf
was guiltie in that caſe.

None, quoth Alphonſo, kill'd the man,
my Lord, but only I:
And therefore let this poor man free,
and let me juſtly die.
Then while for death theſe lobing
in ſtriving did proceed, (friends
The man before the Senate came,
which did the fact indeed;

Who being moued with remorſe,
their friendlie hearts to ſee,
Did probe before the judges plain,
none did the fact but he.
Thus when the truth was plainly told
of all ſides joy was ſeen:
Alphonſo did imbrace his friend,
which had ſo wofull been.

In rich array he cloathed him,
as fitted his degree;
And helpt him to his lands again,
and former dignitie.
The murderer, for telling truth,
had pardon at that time,
Who afterward lamented much,
his ſoul and griebous crime.

FINIS.

( )

Shepheard and the King, and of *Gillian* the Shepheards VVife, with her Churlish answers: being full of mirth and merry pastime. To the tune of *Flying Fame.*





IN Elder time there was soyore,
when gybes of Churlish glee,
Were us'd amongst our Country Carles,
though no such thing now be.
The which King Alfred liking well,
forsoke his stately Court:
And in disguise unknowne went forth,
to see that Jovial sport.

Holy Dick and Tom, in clouted showne,
and coats of russet Gray,
Esteem'd themselves more brave then those
that went in Golden ray.
In Garments fit for such a life,
our good King Alfred went.
All rag'd and torne, as from his backe,
the Begger his clothes had rent.

A Sword and Buckler good and strong
to give Jack sauce a rap:
And on his head in stead of a Crowne,
he wore a Monmouth Cap;
Thus coasting thorow Somerset shire,
neere Newton Court he met
A Shepheard swaine, of lusty limbes,
that up and downe did set.

He wore a Bonnet of good gray,
close button'd to his chin:
And at his backe a leather Scrip,
with much good meate therein.
God speed good Shepheard (qd. our King)
I come to be thy Guest,
To taste of thy good victuall here,
and drinke that's of the best.

Thy Scrip I know hath cheese good store,
(What then, (the Shepheard said)
Thou seem'st to be some sturdy Thiefe,
and mak'st me sore afraid.
Yet if thou list thy Armes to trie,
thy sword and buckler take:
And if thou canst into my Scrip,
therewith an entrance make.

I tell thee Roister it hath store
of Beefe and Bacon fat,
With dishes of Barley bread to make
thy chops to water at.
Here stands my battle here my Bag,
if thou canst win them, Roister,
Against thy Sword and Buckler here,
my sheep-hooke is my Master.

Benedicite now (quoth our King)
it never shall be said,
That Alfred of thy Shepheards hooke,
will stand a whit afraid.
So roundly thus they both fell to't,
where giving bang for bang:
At every blow the Shepheard gave,
King Alfreds Sword cride twang.

His Buckler prov'd his chiefest fence,
for still the Shepheards hooke
Was that, the which good Alfred could
in no good manner brooke.
At last when they had fought foure houres,
and it grew just mid-day,
And wearyed both, with right good will,
desir'd each other stay.

Kings truce I cry quoth Alfred then,
good Shepheard hold thy hand:
A sturdier fellow then thy selfe,
lives not within this Land:
Nor a Lustier Roister then thou art,
the churlish Shepheard said:
To tell thee plaine, thy Wheevish lookes,
now make my heart afraid.

Else sure thou art some Prodigall,
that hast consum'd thy store:
And here com'st wandring to this place,
to rob and steale for more.
Blame not of me, then (quoth our King)
good Shepheard, in such sort:
A Gentleman well knowne I am,
in good King Alfreds Court.

The Devill thou art the Shepheard said,
thou goest in ragges thus torne:
Thou rather seem'st (I thinke) to be
some Beggar basely borne:
But if thou wilt mend thy estate,
and here a Shepheard be:
At night to Gillian my old wife,
thou shalt goe home with mee.

For shee's as good a toothlesse Dame,
as mumbleth on browne Bread:
Where thou shalt lye in harden sheetes,
upon a fresh straw bed:
Of Whig and Whay, we have great store,
and keepe good Peas-straw fires:
And now and then good hasty cakes,
when better day requires.

But for my Master which is chiefe,
and Lord of Newton Court:
He keepes (I say) us Shepheard Swaines
in farre more braver sort:
We there have Curds and clouted Cream
of red Cowes morning milke:
And now and then fine Buttered Cakes,
as soft as any silke.

Of Beefe, and reested Bacon store,
that is most fat and greazie,
We have likewise to feed our Chops,
to make them glib and easie.
Thus if thou wilt my man become,
this usage shalt thou have.
If not, adue, goe hang thy selfe,
and so farewell sir knave.

King Alfred hearing of this glee,
the churlish Shepheard said,
Was well content to be his man,
and so the bargaine made:
A penny round the Shepheard gave,
in earnest of the match:
To keepe his sheepe in Field and Fold,
as Shepheards use to watch.

His wages should be full ten Groates,
for service of a yeare:
Yet was it not his use, old Lad,
to hire a man so deare:
For did the King himselfe (quoth he)
unto my Cottage come:
He should not for his twelve-months pay,
receive a greater summe.

Hereat the bonny King grew blythe,
to heare this Clownish jest:
How silly Sots as Cuckoms is,
doe descant on the best,
But not to spoile the following sports,
he was content (good King)
To fit the Shepheards humor right,
in every kind of thing.

A Sheep-hooke then, with Patch his Dog,
and Tar-box by his side:
He with his Master cheeke by jowle,
unto old Gillian hyed:
Unto whose sight no sooner come,
whom have you here (quoth she?)
A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,
so like a knave lookes hee.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



NOt ſo old dame, quoth Alfred ſtraight,
of mée you néed not feare:
My Maſter hath hired me for ten Groates,
to ſerue you one whole yeare,
So good Dame Gillian grant me leaue
within your houſe to ſtay:
For by Saint Anne doe what you can,
I will not yet away.

Her churliſh uſage pleaſ'd him ſtill,
but put him to ſuch proofe:
That he that night was almoſt choakt
within that ſmoakie roofe.
But as he ſate with ſmiling chéere,
the event of all to ſée:
His Dame brought forth a péece of Dowe,
which in the fire throwes ſhe.

Where lying on the Harth to bake,
by chance the Cake did burne:
What canſt thou not, thou Lowt, quoth ſhe
take paines the ſame to turne?
Thou art more quick to rake it out,
and eat it up halfe Dowe:
Then thus to ſtay till't be enough,
and ſo thy manners ſhow.

But ſerue mée ſuch another tricke,
Ile thwack thée on the ſnout:
Which made the patient King good man,
of her to ſtand in doubt.
But to be briefe, to bed they went,
the good-man and his Wife:
But never ſuch a lodging had
King Alfred in his life.

For he was laid on white Sheepes woll,
new pull'd from tanned Fells:
And ore his head hung ſpiders webs,
as if they had bene Bells:
Is this the Country guiſe, thought he?
then here I will not ſtay:
But hence be gone as ſoone as breakes
the paping of next day.

The cackling Géese and Hens kept roſt,
and pearcht by his bed ſide:
Whereat the laſt the wrathfull Cocks
made knowne the morning tide:
Then up got Alfred, with his horne,
and blew ſo long a blaſt,
That made Gillian and her Groome,
in bed ſtill ſore agaſt.

Ariſe quoth ſhe, wée are undone,
this night we lodged have,
At unawares within our houſe,
a falſe diſſembling Knaue.
Riſe, husband, riſe, hée'll cut our throats,
he calleth for his Groates,
Ide giue (ô'ns Will) our good Cade-Lambe
he would depart our Gates.

But ſtill King Alfred blew his horne,
before them more and more:
Till that a hundred Lords and Knights
alighted at their doore.
Which cryed all haple, all haple good King,
long have we lookt your Grace:
And here you find (my merry men all)
your Soueraigne in this place.

Wée ſhall be ſurely hang'd up both,
old Gillian, I much feare,
The Shepheard ſaid, for uſing thus
our good King Alfred hére:
A pardon my Liege (quoth Gillian then)
for my Husband and for mée:
By theſe ten bones I never thought,
the ſame that now I ſée.

And by my troth the Shepheard ſaid,
and ſaith both good and true,
Before this time, O Noble King,
I never your Highneſſe knew:
Then pardon me, and my old Wife,
that we may after ſay:
When firſt you came into our houſe,
it was a happy day.

It ſhall be done, ſaid Alfred ſtraight,
and Gillian my old Dame,
For this thy churliſh uſing me,
deſerueth not much blame:
For this thy Country guiſe, I ſée,
to be thus bluntiſh ſtill.
And where the plaineſt meaning is,
remaines the ſmalleſt ill.

And Maſter, ſo I tell thée now,
for thy late manhood ſhowne,
A thouſand Weathers Ile beſtow
upon thée for thine owne:
With paſture grounds, as much as will
ſuffice to féed them all:
And this thy cottage, I will change
into a ſtately Hall.

And for the ſame (as dutie bindes)
the Shepheard ſaid, good King:
A milke white Lambe once euery Yéere,
Ile to your Highneſſe bring:
And Gillian my old Wife likewiſe,
of wooll to make your Coates:
Will giue ſo much at New-yéeres tide,
as ſhall be worth ten Groates.

And in your praiſe, my Bag-pipe ſhall
ſound ſhrilly euery yéere:
How Alfred our renowned King,
moſt kindly hath béene here.
Thanks Shepheard, thanks, quoth he againe,
the next time I come hither,
My Lords with me here in this houſe,
will all be merry together. FINIS.

A briefe description of the triumphant show made by the Right Honourable *Aulgernon Percie*, Earle of Northumberland, At his Installation and Initiation into the Princely Fraternitie of the Garter, upon the 13. of May, 1635.

To the tune of *Quell the pride, &c.*





YOu noble Buds of Britaine,
that spring from Honors Tree,
Who love to heare of high designes,
attend a while to me,
And Ile (in briefe) discouer what
Fame bids me take in hand,
to blaze
the praise
Of great Northumberland.

The Order of the Garter,
ere since third Edwards Raign'd,
Unto the Realme of England hath
a matchlesse Honour gaind:
The World hath no Societie
like to this Princely band,
to raise
the praise
Of great Northumberland.

The honour of his Pedegree
doth claime a high regard,
And many of his Ancestors,
for Fame thought nothing hard,
And be through noble qualities,
which are exactly scand,
doth raise
the praise
Of great Northumberland.

Against the day appointed,
his Lordship did prepare,
To publish his Magnificence,
no charges he did spare,

The like within mans memorie,
was neuer tane in hand,
to raise
the praise
Of Great Northumberland.

Upon that day it seemed,
all Britany did striue,
And did their best to honour him,
with all they could contriue,
For all our high Nobility
ioyn'd in a mutuall band,
to blaze,
the praise,
Of great Northumberland.

The Common eyes were dazeled,
With wonder to behold,
The lustre of apparell rich,
all Siluer Pearle and Gold
Which on braue Coursers mounted,
did glister through the Strand.
to blaze
the praise,
Of great Northumberland.

But ere that I proceede,
this progresse to report
I should haue mentioned the feast,
made at Salisbury Court,
Almost fiue hundred dishes,
did on a table stand.
to raise
the praise,
Of great Northumberland.

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.



The mightyeſt Prince or Monarch,
that in the world doth raigne,
At ſuch a ſumptuous banquet might,
have din'd without diſdayne.
Where Sacke like Conduit water
was free euen at command.
to blaze
the praiſe
Of great Northumberland.

The famous Fleet-ſtreet Conduit,
renown'd ſo long agoe.
Did not neglect to expreſſe what loue,
thee to my Lord did owe
For like an old proſne woman
thee painted fayze doth ſtand.
to blaze,
the praiſe,
Of great Northumberland.

A number of braue Gallants,
ſome Knights and ſome Eſquires,
Attended at this triumph great,
clad in compleat attyres.
The Siluer halfe moone gloriouſly,
vpon their ſleeues did ſtand,
to blaze
the praiſe,
Of great Northumberland.

All theſe on ſtately Horſes,
that ſtil champ'd the bit,
Weare mounted in magnifficke ſort,
as to the time was fit.
Their feathers white and red did ſhow,
like to a martiall band,
to blaze
the praiſe,
Of great Northumberland.

The noble Earles and Vizcounts,
and Barons rode in ſtate,
This great and high ſolemnity,
all did Congratulate.
To honour braue Earle Pearcy,
each put a helping hand,
to blaze
the praiſe,
Of great Northumberland.

King Charles our Royall ſoueraigne
and his renowned Mary,
With (Britaines hope) their progeny.
all louingly did tarry.
At noble Vizcount Wimbletons,
'ith faireſt part 'oth Strand,
to blaze, &c.

To famous Windſor-Caſtle,
with all his gallant traine,
Earle Pearcy went that afternoone.
his honour to obtaine.
And there he was installed,
One of Saint Georges band,
to blaze, &c.

Long may he liue in honour,
in plenty and in peace,
For him and all his noble friends,
to pray Ile neuer ceaſe,
This ditty (which I now will end)
was onely tane in hand.
to blaze
the praiſe,
Of great Northumberland.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules*
and are to be ſould at his ſhop
in the *Old-Bayley*.

A pleaſant new Ditty: intituled,

Though rich golden Booties your luck was to catch,
Your laſt was the beſt, 'cauſe you met with your match.

To the tune of, *I know what I know.*



A Rich wealthy Batchelour thirty and odde,
Had now a new crotchet crept into his pate:
A wife he muſt have, what-ſoever betide,
And well linde with Rubbiſh to inrich his ſtate.

Faire Maidens were offer'd him, two, thrée, and foure,
Sufficient Mens Daughters, with money to bote,
Yet his grédy mind did ſtill gape after more,
For he ſaid 'twas too little for him to goe to'te.

His meanes did afford him thrée hundred a yéare,
And thrée bonny Laſſes had thouſands apéece,
Yet for it and them hé a pin did not care,
Though one of them was to a Gentleman Neece.

Shall I for a paltery poore thouſand pound,
A young wench goe marry with nothing but bréed,
Conſume me in longings, in faſhions, and toyes,
No, yet it is time, and I now will take héed.

There is a briſk Widdow that dwelleth hard by,
In money hath ten thouſand pounds at the leaſt,
Ile ſpruce my ſelfe up then incontinently,
And to her Ile goe as a ſhutering Geſt.

This Batchelour ſoone did attaine his deſire,
The day was appointed when they ſhould be wed,
His youthfull faire Bride was but threéſcore and ten,
For ſhé had but a tooth and a halfe in her head.

Some thrée or foure yéares did this bonny Laſſe liue,
Then grim goodman death tooke her life cleane away,
And griefe for her loſſe had the man almoſt ſped,
But that a new Widdow his journey did ſtay.

His wife being buried, next morning he went,
Another ſpruce Widdow agen for to ſée,
Where mounted on Crutches he ſtraight one eſpide,
Who in ſtate of riches was better than ſhé.

His Mothers ſmock ſure did this Widdower weare,
For no ſooner wood but he preſently ſped,
A Licence he fetcht, and he marri'd her ſtraight,
Then ſhe threw downe her Stilts, & ſhe hobbl'd to bed.

Not full ten yéares older then was his laſt wife,
Was this ſame dryd mummey that lay by his ſide,
With ſnoring and grunting ſhe air'd ſo the Bed,
That never had Groome ſuch a night by a Bride.

But ſtill did her money perfume all againe,
And in a moneth after ſhe bed-rid did lye.
Seven Winters and Summers ſhe lay at ſmall eaſe,
And then ſhe departed becauſe ſhe muſt dye.

Five hundred a yéare ſhe augmented his ſtate,
Ten thouſand pound cleare by the other he got,
Peane time of another ſpruce Widdow he heard,
Then he praid unto Iove that ſhe might be his lot.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





This Widdow ſæm'd not above fifty at moſt,
So ſpruce and ſo neat was her Carkas bedreſt,
She wanted no meanes for to ſet her to ſale,
They lik't and were marri'd, now marke well the reſt.

She ſæm'd ſo compleate and ſo comely of ſhape,
That he doted on her more than both the reſt.
She ſaid then ſweet huſband, be not you diſmaid,
For the truth muſt be knowne when you ſee me undreſt.

Two rowes of white teeth ſhe tooke out of her mouth,
And put 'em ſtraight into a little round Bore,
A Glaſſe eye likewiſe ſhe pull'd out of her head,
Which made the man fear that his wife had got knocks

Her pouldred curld Locks that ſo faire did appeare,
Came off with more eaſe than a new ſcalded Pigge,
I wonder her Huſband could laughing forbeare,
When he ſaw his wife looke like an Oſtridge egge.

Then ſtrait way down ſtooped this comely ſweet Bride,
Unlac't, and ungirded, her neat woodden legge,
The Bridegroome was like to runne out of his wits,
For his eyes ne'r before did behold ſuch a Hagge.

Then for to revive him, unto him ſhe ſlung,
Her Keyes that did lead him to treaſure great ſtore,
This made him to love her, ſo both went to bed,
Where he did imbrace her, what would you have more.

Such luck had this huſband to tumble them o're,
That e're one moneth ended ſhe changed her life.
A rich wealthy miſer invited him home,
And ſaid, if you pleaſe Sir, Ile ſhow you a wife.

He ſhow'd him his Daughter a Girle of fifteene,
But ſhe would no liking nor favour him ſhow,
Her friends made the match, & they marri'd with ſpeed,
But ſhe ne'r endur'd him, I tell you but ſo.

This young marri'd wife to ſuch cunning was grown,
That ſhe fell a longing his quine for to waſte:
French Rickſhaws of ten pound a diſh ſhe would have,
With other deare meats for to fit her fine taſte.

No Phyſick, no Doctors, no coſt did ſhe ſpare,
On pride and new fangles ſhe ſet her delight,
Her Huſband began for to ſavour of feare,
And to wiſh that ſhe ne'r had beene ſeene in his ſight.

No love nor no liking this young wife e're had,
Becauſe ſhe was forc't to be wed to her hate.
He ſickned and dyde, and was laid in his grave,
So ſhe did enjoy his three Widowes eſtate.

A young man that firſt was this Maidens true love,
With all expedition they made their diſpatch,
For wedding and bedding they both were agreed,
And the three widows huſband did meet with his match.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *J. Wright* junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

The Marryed Mans Lesson:

OR,

A diſſwaſion from Iealouſie.

To the tune of, *All you that will weare a wench.*



YOu men who are marri'd come hearken to mée,
I'le teach you a Leſſon if wiſe you will bée,
Then take my advice that's intended for good,
and ſo 'tis if it bée but well underſtood:
'Twill cauſe you to ſhun all contention and ſpléene,
that daily betwixt man and woman are ſéene,
I ſpeake againſt iealouſie that monſter fierce.
and wiſh I could conquer the Fiend with my verſe,
O Be not thou jealous I prethee deere Lad,
for jelouſie makes many good women bad.

If thou have a good wife then I thée adviſe
to cherith her well for ſhe is a rare prize,
If ſhée bée indifferent betwéene good and bad,
good meanes to reſtore her may eaſily be had:
If one bée ſo evill that there is few woꝛſe,
imagin thy ſinnes have deſerved that curſe,
Then beare with true patience thy croſſe as 'tis fit,
and then to a bleſſing thereby maiſt turne it.
But be not, &c.

Betwéene theſe 3. winds the good, bad, & the meane,
I ground the whole argument of this my Theme,
For in them a mans humane bliſſe, or his woe,
doth chiefly conſiſt as experience doth ſhow:
Thus is it not counſell that's worthy regard,
which teacheth to ſoften a thing that is hard,
And what I intend is in every mans will,
to turne to a bettᵉr what ſometh moſt ill.
Then be, &c.

A wife that is good béing beautifull, may
perhapps raiſe ſuſpition that ſhe'l goe aſtray,
Do note the fond humours that moſt men poſſeſſe,
they'r neither content with the more nor the leſſe,
For if ſhée bée homely, then her hée will ſlight,
to ſuch neither faire, nor foule, can yeld delight,
If once héele bée jealous the other hée ſcornes,
there's no greater plagues then imagined hornes.
Then be not, &c.

A wife that's indifferent betwéene good and ill,
is ſhée that in huſwifery ſhewes her good will,
Yet ſometimes her voyce ſhée too much elevates,
is that the occaſion for which her hée hates:
A ſoveraigne remedy for this diſeaſe,
is to hold thy tongue let her ſay what ſhée pleaſe:
Judge, is not this better then to fight and ſcratch,
for ſilence will ſoonest a Shrew ower match.
However I pray thee ſhun jealouſie Lad,
for jealouſie makes many good women bad.

A wife that's all bad if thy luck's bée to have,
ſéeke not to reclaime her by making her ſlave,
If ſhée bée as bad as ever trod one ground,
not fighting nor jealouſie will heale that wound:
For marke when a River is ſtopt in its courſe,
it overflowes the bankes then the danger is woꝛſe.
Thy owne good example and patience with all,
may her ills (yet vices un.)eather recall.
Then be not, &c.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





A Wife that is vertuous in every reſpect,
who doth her vow'd duety at no time neglect,
Shas not free from cenſure, for fooles their bolts
as oft at the head as they doo at the foote: (ſhoote
A kiſſe, or a ſmile, or a Jeſt, or a dance,
familiar diſcourſe or an amarous glance,
All theſe as her witneſſe envy doth bring,
the credit of innocent women to ſting.
But be not thou jealous I pray thee deare Lad,
for jealouſie makes many good women bad.

A wife that's indifferent if curb'd over much,
will grow worſe & worſe for their nature is ſuch,
The more thou with rigor doſt ſeeke her to mend,
the more they'l perſiſt and grow deſperat i'th end,
And thus from indifferency wanting good meanes,
Some wel meaning women turn impudiēt queans,
if goodneſſe by beating thou ſeek'ſt to infuſe,
For breaking her fleſh thou all goodneſſe doſt bruſe.
Then be not, &c.

A wife at the worſt (as I told you before)
a drunkard, a ſweater, a ſcold, theefe, or whore,
By gentle perſwations, reclaimed may bee,
my ſelfe by experience, but lately did ſee:
A man that with jealouſie plagued had beene,
when hee the laſt labour and trouble had ſeene,
Hee caſt off his care, and referd all to's wife,
who ſoone left her vices and led a new life.
Then be not, &c.

I alſo have knowne a wife handſome and neate,
of whom her fond huſband did take a conceate,
That other men lov'd her becauſe ſhee was faire,
though on the contrary, to him ſhee did ſweare:
Hee watcht her, hee ey'd her, hee noted her wayes,
and once hee in's drink, he a ſcandall would raiſe,
This uſage irregular ſet her on fier,
& ſo from thence forward ſhee prov'd him no lyer,
Then be not, &c.

Conſider each circumſtance with good regard,
how oft cauſe leſſe jelouſie wins due reward,
And likewiſe I wiſh thee to beare in thy breſt,
that patience and quietnes ſtill is the beſt.
For if ſhe bencught ſhe'le grow worſe with reſtraint
but patience may make of a harlot, a Saint,
If faire meanes prevaile not, thou'lt ne're do't by
for mekeneſſe (if any thing) muſt win a ſoule (ſoule
Then be not, &c.

Now laſtly to both men and women I ſpeake,
from this foolish fancy their humors to breake,
Bee loving and tractable each unto other,
and what is amiſſe let affection ſtill smother:
So ſhall man and wife in a ſimpathy ſweet,
at boorde, and at bed (as they ought to doe) meete,
All fighting and ſcratching, and ſcolding ſhall ceaſe,
where jelouſies harbord there can bee no peace.
Then be not thou jealous I pray thee deare Lad,
for jealouſie makes many good women bad.

FINIS.

Printed at LONDON for *John Wright*, the younger, dwelling at the Signe of the Sunne, at the lower end of Snow-hill, neere unto Holborne Conduit. M. P.

Keep a good tongue in your head:
FOR
Here's a good woman in every reſpect, But only her tongue breeds all the defect.

To the tune of *the Milkmaids, &c.*





I Marry'd a wife of late,
the more's my unhappy fate
I tooke her for love,
As fancy did me moue,
and not for her worldly ſtate.
For qualities rare,
Few with her compare,
let me doe her no wrong:
I muſt confeſſe,
Her chiefe amiſſe,
Is onely this,
As ſome wines is,
ſhe cannot rule her tongue.

She hath as ſweet a face,
as any in ſeauen miles ſpace,
Her eyes chriſtalline,
Like Diamonds doe ſhine,
ſhe looks with a modeſt grace:
Her haire is like flax,
Her lips are red wax
that ſeale the bond ſo ſtrong
Twixt her and I,
That till I die,
Ile inkſtile
Her conſtancy,
but ſhe cannot rule her tong.

Her cheeks are red as the roſe,
(which June for her glory
Her teeth on a row, ſhows)
Stand like a wall of ſnow,
betweene her roſie chine her noſe
Her ſholders are decent,
Her armes white and pleaſant,
her fingers are ſmal and long,
No fault I find,
But in my minde,
Moſt womenkind,
Muſt come behind,
ô that ſhe could rule her tong.

Her breaſts like Pyrene hills,
which nature yearely fils
With liquor that by ods
Doth paſſe the drink o'th gods,
all Nectar it far excels,
With this ſhe doth feed,
The twigs that proceed
from our affections ſtrong,
She's fruitfull as
The ſpringing graſſe,
No time's let paſſe,
And yet alas
ſhe cannot rule her tongue.

Her body which I haue oft
embraced ſo ſmooth and ſoft,
Is ſlender and white,
Proportioned aright,
tis ſtraight as any ſhaft,
Her leg is compleat,
Her foot's fine and neat,
tis neither too ſhort nor too
In every part (long,
Dame Natures art,
Gives her the ſtart,
With all my heart
I wiſh ſhe could rule her tong.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





As ſhe in feature excels,
  wel nye moſt women elſe
Euen ſo doth her wit,
If ſhe'l make vſe of it,
  as daily experience tels,
I cannot deny it,
If ſhe be at quiet,
  her ſpeeches will do no wrong
Shee'l laugh and ſmile,
New termes ſhe'l file,
Yet in a while
Shee'l change her ſtile,
  and cannot rule her tong.

With eloquence ſhe wil diſpute
  few women can her confute,
She ſings and ſhe playes,
And ſhe knowes all her keyes,
  on the vial, de Gambo, or Lute
Shee'l dance with a grace,
Her meaſures ſhe'l trace,
  as doth vnto art belong,
She is a Girle
Fit for an Earle,
Not for a churle,
She were worth pearle,
  if ſhe could but rule her tong.

Her needle ſhe can vſe well,
  in that ſhe doth moſt excell,
She can ſpin and knit,
And euery thing fit,
  as all her neighbours can tel:
Her fingers apace,
At weaning Boncelace,
  ſhe vſeth all day long,
All arts that be
To women free,
Of each degree
Performeth ſhe,
  O that ſhe could rule her tong.

For huſwifery ſhe doth exceed,
  ſhe looks to her buſineſſe with heed,
Shee's early and late
Emploid I dare ſay't,
  to ſee all things wel ſucceede,
She is very wary
To looke to her Dary,
  as doth to her charge belong,
Her ſeruants all
Are at her call,
But chee'l ſo brawle,
That ſtil I ſhall (tong
  wiſh that ſhe could rule her

With all that hath bin ſaid,
  no woman needs be diſmaid,
Sith I haue not beene
Incenſed through ſpleene,
  in this ſpacious riuer to wade
I none doe diſparage
To hinder their marriage,
  but wiſh both old and yong
Great heed to take
When choice they make
For vertues ſake,
No venemous Snake
  ſtings like a womans tongue.

M.P.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert* at the Horſhoo in Smithfield.

FINIS.

Hold your hands honeſt Men,

FOR

Here's a good wife hath a Huſband that likes her,
In every reſpect, but onely he ſtrikes her,
Then if you deſire to be held men compleat,
What ever you doe your wives doe not beat.

To the tune of, *Keepe a good tongue &c.*





I Haue as compleat a man,
as any poore woman can,
He makes my heart to leap,
His company to keepe,
it comforts me now and than:
Where's few exercises,
That man enterprises,
but he will vnderſtands,
Yet like a dart,
He wounds my heart,
I for my part,
Muſt beare the ſmart
For he cannot rule his hands.

His body is ſtraight and tall,
proportioned well withall,
You may admire at him,
To ſee how euery limbe,
doth in a due order ſtand:
In euery reſpect,
Hee's void of defect,
his legs are ſtraight as wands,
His back is ſtrong,
His armes are long,
Hee's freſh and yong,
There's nothing wrong,
If he could but rule his hands.

He hath a graue aſpect,
his forehead hee'l ſeldome deiect
His eyes cléere and bright,
Like ſtars doe giue a light,
not ſquinting but iuſt direct,
His haire's very big,
Like a Perywig,
in comely ſort it ſtands,
So curiouſly,
It paſſeth my
Capacity
To ſpecifie
O that he could rule his hands.

For his actiuity
all loue his company
Hée's nimble and quick,
Performing many a trick,
which other men dare not try.
To vault ore a table,
Few men are ſo able,
his ioynts he ſo well cõmands
None in this towne
Can put him downe,
Yts great renowne
ſhould be my crowne
If that he could rule his hands.

Hée'l brauely pitch the Bar,
I neare knew none ſo far,
For throwing the ſtone
Hée's equal'd by none,
which many times breeds a iar
But if they will quarrel,
Tis at their owne perill,
for he on his credit ſtands,
The proudeſt he
That ere he be,
Dee makes him flée,
But woe is mé,
he cannot rule his hands.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





HEe'l wraſtle with the beſt
that's either for north or
When he comes i'th field (weſt
The ſtouteſt will yield,
for he exceeds all the reſt:
For leaping and running,
His wonderfull cunning,
is ſpread through diuers lands,
Hee'l dance, hee'l ſing,
With art hee'l ring,
Yet for nothing
Hee'l throw and fling,
and cannot rule his hands.

Hee's learn'd in many arts,
he trauel'd in many parts,
His pleaſant diſcourſe
Makes many perforce,
to yeild to him their hearts,
He is no way vicious,
Hee's very iudicious,
and many things vnderſtands,
I dare to tell
He loues me well,
If drinke him quel
Hee's fierce and fel,
and cannot rule his hands.

For Martiall diſcipline,
whoſe Husband palleth mine
I'm prond in good troth,
To ſee how he doth
like Mars in his armour ſhine,
He talleth a Pike,
You nere ſaw the like,
he learn'd it i'th Netherlands
For Musket ſhot,
His equall's not,
Alas God wot,
Hee's tw too hot,
and cannot rule his hands.

Hee'l draw the long bow as wel
as euer did Adam Bell,
There's no man of ſtrength,
Exceeds him in length,
as all that know him can tel:
I ſpeake without lying,
Hee'l hit a bird flying,
and ſhoot through hazle wands
But few men dare
With him compare,
I would not care,
So me hee'd ſpare,
on whom he did uſe his hands.

As he is wel qualifide,
which no way can be denide,
So I with my heart,
Doe honor his deſart,
he hath my affection ty'd:
Though ſometimes I ſpeake,
My ſer being weake,
a man that vnderſtands
So much as he,
Should patient be,
And beare with me,
How well were we
if he could but rule his hands.

M.P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*, at the ſigne of the Horſhoo in Smithfield.

The good Fellowes beſt Beloved:

Now if you will know what that ſhould bee,
Ile tell you 'tis called good *Ipſe* hee:
'Tis that which ſome people do love in ſome meaſure,
ſome for their profit and ſome for their pleaſure.

To the tune of *Blew Capp.*





AMong the nine Muſes if any there be
that unto good fellowſhip friendly adhere,
Let them give aſſitance this time unto me,
for I in this ditty intend to preferre
a thing that's beloved
of rich and of poore,
It is well approved,
there's reaſon therefore,
My due approbation
ſhall evermore be
In the commendation
of good ipſe hee.

All ſorts and conditions the high and the lowe,
although not alike yet all in ſome meaſure,
Unto this my theame their affection will chowe,
according as they have time, ſtomack, or trea-
ſure: (ſure:
There's few live ſo purely,
but they now and then
Will ſip it demurely
both women and men,
Both married and ſimple
doe jointly agree,
To ſuddle their noſes
with good ipſe hee.

Both Lawyers & clients that come to the terme,
how e're the caſe goes of one thing I am ſure,
Before any buſineſſe can be ſett'd firme,
good liquor & money the meanes muſt procure,
A Taverne barre often,
makes peace ere they part,
Canary can ſoften
a plaintiffes hard heart,
Their glaſſes they ſup off,
and make merry glee,
Such power hath a cup of
good good ipſe hee.

The Taylor coms rubbing his hãds in the morn,
and calls for a cup of the But next the wall,
Be it of the Grape or the Barley Corne,
hee'le drinke out his breakfaſt his dinner & all,
Hee ſayes call and ſpare not,
Ile goe thorough ſtitch,
Hang pinching I care not
for being too rich:
John Black's a good fellow,
and he alowes me
To make my ſelfe mellow
with good ipſe hee.

The merry Shoo-maker when 'tis a hard froſt,
ſayes he cannot worke for his ware it is frozen,
Fayth what ſhall we doe, let us goe to our Hoſt
and make our ſelves merry with each a halfe dozen,
With this reſolution,
they purpoſe to thrive,
But ere the concluſion,
that number proves five,
They ſing merry catches,
few trades men that be,
Are Shoo-makers matches
at good ipſe hee.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



THe Maſon and bricklayers are ſomer birds,
the Winter to them is a time of vacation:
Then they & their laborours live on their words,
unleſſe (like the Ant) they have made prepara-
And yet though they have not, (tion,
they ne'retheleſſe thinke,
Tuſh what if we ſave not,
muſt we have no drinke,
Wee'le pawne tray and ſhovle,
and more if neede be,
Our noſes to ſuddle
with good ipſe hee.

Grim Vulcã the black-ſmith is chief of al trades
then think you that he'l be in drinking inferiour
No truely when hee's with his merry comrades,
hee'le laugh and ſing ditties you never heard
He cryes out hee's hot, (merrier,
and ſtill this is his note
Come gi's t'other pot:
heer's a ſparke in my throate,
Hee calls and he payes,
there is no man more free,
He ſeldome long ſtayes
from good ipſe hee.

The Tanner when he comes to Leaden-hall,
after a hard journey wil make himſelfe merry,
He will have good liquor and welcome with all,
the Bul for good beere and the naggs-head for ſherry,
No bargaine ſhall ſtand, (but
but what liquor doth ſeale,
Quite throughout the Land,
thus moſt tradeſmen doe deale,
In Taverne or Alehouſe
moſt matches made be,
The firſt word's where ſhall us
finde good ipſe hee.

The London ſhopkeepers that cry what doe lack
when they have ſold wares & money have taken,
They'l give their chapman a pint o th beſt ſacke,
the price of it out of their money abating,
The proverb obſerving
they that money take
Muſt pay all the charges,
this bargaine they make,
Thus Liquor makes all men,
moſt friendly agree,
Both lowe men and tall men,
love good ipſe hee.

The honeſt plain Huſbãdman when that he goes
to fayre or to market with corne or with cattle:
When he hath diſpatcht he remembers his noſe,
how that muſt be arm'd as it were to a battle,
Then like to a gallant
to drinking he falls,
Yet though hee's pot valiant,
he payes what he calls:
He ſcornes reputation
in that baſe degree,
His chiefe recreation
is good ipſe hee.

The generous Servingmen meeting each other
as wel as their maſters ſomtimes wil be merry,
He that's a good fellow is lov'd like a brother,
with making him welcom they nere are weary
Hee that is a clowne,
as a clowne he may goe
Quite throughout the towne,
ſuch a fellow theyle know:
But thoſe that are right
will in union agree,
By morn or by night
at good ipſe hee.

In briefe thus it is which both women and men,
ſo deerely affect that before they will lack it:
Theyle pawne all they have nay & ſo now & then,
gown, kirtle, or waſtcoate, cloake breeches and
Although they want victuall (jacket,
if they can get chinke,
Bee't never ſo little,
'tis moſt on't for drinke;
The rich and the begger,
the bond and the free
Will oftentimes ſwagger
at good ipſe hee.

London Printed for *Iohn Wright iunior*, dwelling on Snow hill, at the Signe of the Sunne. *M. P. FINIS.*

Hang Pinching,

OR,

The good fellowes Obſervation, Mongſt a Ioviall Crew, Of them that hate Flinching, But is alwayes true blew.

To the tune of Drive the Cold winter away.







ALL you which lay clame,
To a good fellowes name,
and yet doe not proue your ſelues ſo,
Giue eare to this thing,
The which I will ſing,
wherein I moſt plainly will ſhow
With proofe and good ground,
Thoſe fellowes profound,
that vnto the Alewiues are true,
In drinking their drinke,
And paying their chiake,
O ſuch a good fellow's true blew,

But otherwiſe hee,
That brabling will be,
about any trifle to pay,
When that he doth know
He ſo much doth owe,
yet baſely will ſhrinke his way,
Diſbraging quelle,
Diſparaging quelle.
which willing would pay al that's due,
His Company I,
Deteſt and defie,
Becauſe that he is not true blew.

Somes Chaps are ſo nimble,
They'l ſit and lick the wimble,
but when that the Reckning's to pay,
Away they will ſneake,
And not a word ſpeake,
all which is approued each day,
The which hauing ſcene,
Doth draw me with ſpleene,
to lay open vnto your view.
The honeſt good fellow,
Who though hee bee mellow,
In every kind is true blew.

He's of the right mould,
That ſpares not his gold,
mongſt thoſe good fellowes that lack,
If that they will drinke,
he'l part with his Chinke,
and lookes not for any on't back,
But is well content,
His money is ſpent,
among ſuch a ioniall Crew.
And theſe are the parts,
And cheefeſt deſarts,
That ſhowes a good fellow true blew.

Such difference I
Doe daily diſcry,
amongſt the Conditions of men,
Some given are to fight,
Some in ſinging delight
pray what ſhall be cenſured then,
Why truely my mind,
To him is inclinde,
by whom vnto mirth I am drew,
For much I doe hate,
He that breedeth debate,
But giue me a fellow true blew.

There's ſome of that mind,
When that they doe find
a man that is ioniall and free,
They'l drinke and they'l call,
But he muſt pay all,
or elſe vndiſcharg'd it muſt be,
Once being ſerv'd ſo,
No more will I goe,
into ſuch a fridilous Crew,
And ſo I'le aduiſe
All thoſe that are wiſe,
Becauſe that they are not true blew.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





ACquaint thy ſelfe then,
With theſe honeſt men,
as I vnto thee will explaine,
By tokens aright,
To quicken thy ſight,
that they all baſe tricks doe diſdaine,
Firſt looke on his noſe,
Then maiſt thou ſuppoſe,
by the colour that on it is drew,
That ouer good Ale,
He tells no long tale,
But ſuch a good fellow's true blew.

So likewiſe is he,
That loving will be,
vnto his Co-partners at néede,
In giving them drinke
When as they want Chinke,
their neceſſity for to feed,
Though precious and rare,
Such company are,
yet giue the deſerbers their due,
For ſome without blame,
Deſerueth the name,
Of that's a good fellow true blew.

But of all and ſome,
I yet am not come,
to tell you the happy eſtate,
Of him that can thus
Be merry with us,
and yet that vile ſinne for to hate,
Of whoring and dice,
The which in a trice,
brings body and ſoule for to rue,
He's happily bleſt,
That them doth deteſt,
For ſuch a good fellow's true blew.

The waſting of time,
Is but a ſmall crime,
to that which I told you before,
Yet muſt I confeſſe,
The truth to expreſſe,
good fellowes are commonly poore,
But P D for that,
I leaue off ſuch Chat,
for while that the Brewers doe brew,
I thus far preſage,
Vntill the laſt age,
There will bee good fellowes true blew.

And thus haue I ſhowne,
To what we are prone,
I hope I ſhall purchaſe no blame,
Among any ſuch,
That haue the beſt touch,
of loue to a good fellowes name,
For to no ill end,
This theame haue I pend,
but onely to ſet to your view,
The difference betweene,
A puny ſo greene,
And hee that is honeſt true blew.

I feare not the frowne,
Of a penurious clowne,
which if he but twelue pence doe ſpend
In Ale or in wine,
He ſo will repine,
his garters muſt then bee his end.
But now to conclude,
My verſes ſo rude,
a health i'le beginne of a new,
To euery kind blade,
That is not diſmay'd,
To be a good fellow true blew.

Printed at London for Thomas Lambert, *at the ſign of the Horſ-ſhoo in Smithfield.* W.B.

The Good-fellowes Advice:

Shewing what favour a man ſhall have while he hath meanes; But being in want, then all Friendſhip ends.

To the tune of, *Vpon a Summer time.*



Farewell good company,
now I muſt leave you all:
It hath bred my miſery,
and brought me into thrall.
But now I will refraine
and drink strong Ale no more,
Ile ſeeke to purchaſe gaine,
and quite forſake a Whore.
Good-fellowes great and ſmall,
pray let me you adviſe,
To have a care withall,
'tis good to be merry and wiſe.

Now I have ſpent my meanes,
and have no money to pay,
I'm quite bereft of friends,
which breeds my ſad annoy:
But while I had ſilver and gold
to pay for them and me,
Then many have me told
I was brave company.
Good-fellowes,&c.

But now they me deſpiſe,
and aſke what make you here:
Therefore Ile now grow wiſe,
and will live void of feare:
I can get money enough
when I doe ſeeke for it,
Wer't not for drink and ſnuffe,
that robs me of my wit.
Good-fellowes &c.

Strong drinke I will refuſe,
for it hath done me wrong,
It hath made me abuſe
my ſelfe with hand and tongue,
When I have beene in drinke
I had no care at all,
Nor did I ever thinke
upon my owne downefall.
Good-fellowes,&c.

I ſtill cri'd fill the Pot,
whil'ſt all my meny was gone,
And did pay many a ſhot
for others as 'tis well knowne:
And they gave me faire words,
whil'ſt I could ſtill doe ſo:
But now their tongs are ſwords,
from whence envie doth flow.
Good-fellowes, &c.

My good will is repaid
with envie, hate,and ſpite,
Some of them ſnares have laid
to take me with deceit,
They laugh at my downefall,
as plainely I doe prove,
Scarce any of them all
repay me any love.
Good-fellowes,&c.

Had I knowne this before,
while I had money and means,
I had kept ſome in ſtore,
but I was ſhallow braines.
For which ſome call me Aſſe,
to ſpend my meanes away:
Now I may feed on graſſe,
or freely faſt and pray.
Good-fellowes,&c.

The time hath beene that I
could not have paſt by'th doores,
But as I walked by
ſuch company as roſes,
Would cauſe me to ſit downe,
and welcome ſhould be made:
But many times a crowne,
for ſuch welcomes I pay'd.
Good-fellowes great and ſmall,
pray let me you adviſe,
To have a care withall,
'tis good to be merry and wiſe.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.







TObacco, Ale, and Béere,
for me was brought amaine,
With Wine and dainty cheere,
ſerv'd in with Venus traine.
Loke what I wiſhed to have,
they did fulfill my minde,
Moſt dainty words they gave,
which made me think them kind.
Good-fellowes great and ſmall,
pray let me you adviſe,
To have a care withall,
'tis good to be merry and wiſe.

But now the proverbs true,
'twas money was my friend,
For having none I rue,
there's none will give nor lend.
They ſay the world is hard,
and that I finde indeed,
For none doe me regard,
now I am in moſt need.
Good-fellowes, &c.

If I to'th Alehouſe goe,
and call for Ale or Béere,
My Hoſteſſe ſoone will know
my ſtock, for ſhe's in feare.
If I call but two pots,
and pay not preſently,
Then quickly for her ſhots,
ſhe will begin to cry.
Good-fellowes, &c.

But I doe know her mind,
'tis money ſhe would ſee,
And then ſhe will prove kind,
or elſe a Divell is ſhe.
For thoſe that have no money
ſhall be thruſt out of dores,
For ſuch poore men as I
ſhe'l not truſt on the ſcores.
Good-fellowes, &c.

When I had money good ſtore,
and had no need at all,
Then I might freely ſcore,
what-ever I did call.
But now I am in want
of Money, Bread, and Béere,
At me ſhe'l loudly taunt,
and aske, What make you here?
Good-fellowes, &c.

Now I repent too late,
I cannot call againe
My money and eſtate,
that I have ſpent in vaine:
I muſt take an new courſe,
and ſeeke to get ſome more,
But yet ſometimes of force,
my miſeries I deplore.
Good-fellowes great, &c.

Some wonder now at me,
and ſay I am growne ſtrange,
But they ſhall plainely ſee
that I my life will change.
For Ile not ſpend a peny
amongſt the drunken crue,
O I have ſpent too many,
that makes me have ſo few.
Good-fellowes, &c.

Had I done ſo in time,
I ne'r had knowne ſuch want,
But I with each would ſome,
there's nothing could me daunt.
I never tooke no care
what e're my friends did ſay:
But what's fall'n to my ſhare,
even griefe and ſad annoy.
Good-fellowes, &c.

But now I will amend
my lewd laſcivious life,
For now I doe intend
to be ruled by my Wife.
O ſhe's a loving ſoule,
as ever poore man had,
For her the Well did toule,
and I vile knave was glad.
Good-fellowes, &c.

But now ſhe's well againe,
and will not die this fit,
She ſhall have to maintaine
her, all that I can get.
To conclude, Ile take paines,
next Munday Ile begin,
This Song it appertaines
to Women, and to Men.
Good-fellowes great and ſmall,
pray let me you adviſe,
To have a care withall,
'tis good to be merry and wiſe.

By *Charles Records.*

London, Printed for *J. Wright junior*, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily. FINIS

Iohn Hadlands advice:

Or a warning for all young men that have meanes, adviſing them to forſake lewd company Cards, Dice, and Queanes,

To the tune of the bonny bonny Broome.





TO all men now Ile plainely ſhow,
how I have ſpent my time,
For I have wrought my overthrow
with drinking Wære and Wine:
I had no grace for to foreſée
my folly, 'till 'twas too late,
But ſtill did follow lewd company,
I meane each drunken Mate.
But now I may with ſorrow ſadly ſay,
my heart is filled with woes,
Had it not beene for the good Ale-tap,
I had gone in better clothes.

My meanes is ſpent and all is gone,
and friendſhip now is growne cold,
Alas, I'm comfortleſſe alone,
now I thinke o'th proverb old,
Which ſaies as long as men have means
they ſhall regarded be:
But having none they loſe their friends,
and then comes miſery.
For now I may, &c.

So long as I had money store,
I had much pleaſure indeed,
But now alas I am growne poore,
and doe want to ſerve my need:
But there is none will doe for mée,
as I for others have done,
For I was alwaies kind and frée,
and that is plainely knowne.
But now, &c.

I have bæne drinking oftentimes,
amongſt the roaring brave Boyes,
Of Wære and Ale, and choice of Wines,
which I have thought much joyes.
But now I finde it was not good
to uſe ſuch company.
For now alas I have underſtood,
it hath cauſed my miſery.
And now, &c.

I had no power for to give o'er,
when once I did begin,
I ſpent my money and run o'th ſcore,
to follow that deadly ſinne:
Alas I did not thinke that I
ſhould e're have ſuffered want,
For I did cry hang't let money lie,
'tis vaine to thinke upon't.
But now, &c.

Whilſt I had meanes I ſtill found friends
which made a very faire ſhow,
But now I want, their friendſhip ends,
and me they will not know.
Which ſtriketh terrour to my poore heart
to thinke what I have bæne,
But now I ſuffer woe and ſmart
even for my former ſinne.
And now, &c.

My Hoſt and Hoſteſſes where I came,
they would bid me welcome ſtill,
I was the man that had the ſame,
to call and bid them fill:
If I bid goe then they would runne,
to tend on me they were willing:
And many a time it was well knowne,
for two groates I paid a shilling.
But now I may with ſorrow ſadly ſay,
my heart is filled with woes,
Had it, &c.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





THeir words were ſweet & I might greet,
my Hoſtes and her fine Maid,
With a kiſſe or two when as none did ſee't,
but I have full dearely paid.
For they would crave fine knacks to have,
and I did give it them ſtill.
My meanes maintain'd them fine & brave,
their minds I did fulfill.
But now I may with ſorrow ſadly ſay,
my heart is filled with woes:
Had it not bin for the good Ale-tap,
I had gone in better clothes.

Sometimes an ell of Lawne or two,
Cambrick or Holland moſt fine,
For a favour on a Laſſe I did beſtow,
to walke with me tot'h Wine,
And there I have conſum'd my meanes,
in a moſt ſhamefull ſort,
Amongſt thoſe Caterpiller queanes,
which grieves me to report.
But, &c.

You Gallants all, to you I cry and call,
learne by me for to be wiſe,
For I did clime be till I had catcht a fall;
and now I cannot riſe:
Therefore I'm in a woefull eſtate,
as all men plainely may ſee:
Now I repent but 'tis too late,
for there is no remedy.
And, &c.

Now muſt I ſtand with my cap in my hand,
and of a clowne favour crave,
Whereas formerly I have had command
of thoſe were fine and brave:
But now brave Gallants me deſpiſe,
becauſe that I have no meanes,
Once more young men learne to be wiſe,
hate Cards, Dice, Whores, and Queanes.
For, &c.

Iohn Had-land now ſome doe me call,
and that name well I may have:
I being poore they will chide and braule,
and doe call me rogue and ſlave:
Which is much griefe unto my mind,
to thinke they ſhould uſe me ſo,
They'r harſh to me to whom I was kind,
my friend is growne my foe.
Therefore, &c.

Thus have I told to young and old,
that they may warning now take,
For hereby me you may well behold,
that friends will you forſake:
When once that you grow poore and bare,
and have no money to pay,
Then followes miſery griefe and care;
and your friends depart away.
Therefore I may with ſorrow ſadly ſay,
my heart is filled with woes:
Had it not bin for the good Ale-tap,
I had gone in better clothes.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules*. FINIS. R.C.

The forlorne Traveller:

Whoſe firſt beginning was pleaſure and joy,
But his riotous ſpending wrought his decay,
Hee tooke delight to ſpend and rore,
And at the laſt dy'd very poore.

To a dainty new Court Tune.





YOu yong men that much pleaſure have
come lend an eare
To me that once lived fine and brave,
and voyd of all feare,
For I had gold and ſilver plenty,
With all things dainty,
and then I did roze;
But now alas I am growne poore,
And not reſpected, but am rejected,
woe is mee therefore.

My Parents were of good eſtate,
and did maintaine
Me for to ſpend at any rate,
which was but in vaine;
They 'lowd me meanes to ſpend and revel,
In courſes evill;
they ſuch true love boze
To me, but now, &c.

No Towne nor City in England faire,
but I have ſeene,
And I doe meane for to declare,
whereas I have beene;
And in each place my meanes conſumed,
Thus I preſumed
for to ſpend and roze,
But now alas I am, &c.

From London I to Gravelend went,
with coine great ſtoze,
To Canterbury in famous Kent,
and many Townes moze,
Where I did meet with rozing Gallants,
That ſpent their tallents,
thus I company boze;
But now alas, &c.

Suſſex, Surrey, and Southampton,
and Barkeſhire too,
Wiltſhire, Dorſetſhire and ſo on,
as many moze doe,
Till all is ſpent and they forſaken,
Then are they taken.
with ſorrow full ſore,
So is't with me, for I, &c.

Summerſetſhire and Devonſhire,
and Cornwall then,
I travel'd, as you now may heare,
and then backe agen,
Then Gloſter, Hereford, and Worker,
Stafford and Cheſter,
I ranged all oze,
But now alas, &c.

My Hoſt and Hoſteſſes where I came,
did me welcome ſtill,
Saying, kind ſir your ſelfe may claime,
even what you will,
You may but aske and have your pleaſure,
In any meaſure,
daunce, ſing, drinke and roze,
But now alas, &c.

To Darby, Yorke, and Lancaſhire,
and to Comberland.
Weſtmerland Durram, then I did prepare
to Northumberland,
My money now being much waſted,
I backward haſted,
for to fetch ſome moze;
But now alas I am growne poore,
And not reſpected, but am rejected,
woe is me therefore.

The ſecond part. To the ſame tune.





TO Leſter and to Notingham,
I backe returned,
So to Warwicke and Lincolne came,
whereas I ſoiourned,
There did I waſt away my treaſure,
Beyond all meaſure,
yet ſtill I did roze,
But now alas I am growne poore.
And nor reſpected, but am rejected,
woe is me therefore.

Norfolke, Suffolke, and Cambridge to,
and through Huntington,
Northampton and Rutland alſo,
Oxford, Buckingham,
So I to Bedford, Hartford, Eſſex,
Then to Middleſex,
where I lived before,
My friends ſoone dyed, then I, &c.

My friends being dead, my meanes I ſold,
and then did goe,
With gallant Sparkes of courage bold,
againſt Englands foe,
The Neptunes foaming floods we paſſed,
And thus we traſed
to the forraigne ſhore,
But now alas, &c.

Then in the exerciſe of Mars,
wee ſome were tride,
Whereas our luckleſſe fortune was,
ſoone for to abide,
Hunger and cold with bloody battell,
The Drummes did rattell,
and the Canons roze,
From thence returned I, &c.

When I for England came againe,
I tryed my friends,
To ſee what meanes I could obtaine,
but their friendſhip ends,
They ſay I might have beene more carefull
My caſe is fearefull,
which doth grieve me ſore,
For now alas, &c.

Once where ere I did come or goe,
I ſtill found friends,
But now I cannot finde it ſo,
having no meanes,
They will not now ſo much as know mee,
But doe forgoe mee,
now from doore to doore,
I'm faine to beg, &c.

Let this a warning be to all
prodigall youth,
Here you may now behold the fall,
of him that ſhew'th
His careleſſe and riotous ſpending,
But now his ending
is like to Jane Shore,
For he was, &c.

Thus to conclude I will relate,
of this poore man,
He dy'd in a wofull eſtate,
as I underſtand,
For in the open fields he dyed,
Being denyed,
to come within doore,
Nay at the Brick. kills he was burned,
And his fleſh turned,
to aſhes all o're.

P ondon for *F. Coules.* FINIS. *R. C.*

Money is my Maſter:

Yet once it was a ſervant unto mee,
But now for want of Money I am in miſery,
Yet I doe hope to find ſome remedy.

To the tune of, *Better late thrive then never.*





I Have bin the Maſter of money god ſtore,
but now alas 'tis nothing ſo,
For now I am growne very exceeding poore,
and cannot well tell what to doe:
'Tis want of this money for that was my friend,
And when I had ſtore I it lewdely did ſpend,
I thought I ſhould never of it ſeene an end,
This money is many mens maſter their maſter,
'Tis money is now growne my maſter.

Perhaps ſome will ſay it is but as proſſe,
but I ſay it is a fine mettall,
For he that wants money is poſſeſt with a croſſe,
and is like to enjoy but a little:
For hee that hath money may have what hee will,
Loke what he deſireth his mind to fulfill, (ſtill,
With braue entertainement and kind welcome
'Tis money is many mens maſter their maſter,
This money, &c.

Whereas I had ſtore of ſilver and gold,
then I was reſpected with Gallants,
But now I have none their love is growne cold,
and I'm more rejected then valliants.
Thoſe that I have feaſted with wine & good cheare
From me ſtand a loft & will not come mee neare,
Becauſe I want meanes it puts me in feare.
'Tis money is many mens maſter their Maſter,
'Tis money, &c.

Thus lack of this money makes all men forgets
as if they ne're ſaw me before, (me,
But if I had mony I'm ſure they would know me
and I ſhould have company ſtore: (ſpes,
They would come unto me with tales and with
And many brave projects they ſon would deviſe,
But let men be carefull, ſuch are cunning ſpies,
'Tis money is many mens maſter their maſter,
'Tis money, &c.

Now I all alone may ſit like an aſſe,
whilſt others are frollickly drinking,
And freely carrowſing the cup and the glaſſe,
I to my ſelfe ſadly am thinking,
How they are in danger to fall in the ſnare.
Wherein I am tangled with griefe & with care,
Therefore I adviſe you ſuch lewdneſſe forbeare,
'Tis money is many mens maſter their maſter,
'Tis money, &c.

This money's a ſervant likewiſe I may ſay,
to them that doe carefully uſe it,
But it is uncertaine and ſoone runns away,
and ſpecially if once you abuſe it:
I meane if you waſt it in drinking and pride,
At Cards Dice and whores full faſt it will ſlide,
Leave off all ſuch follies for thus I have tri'd,
That money becometh my maſter my maſter,
'Tis money that now is my Maſter.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



Likewiſe there are ſome to money are ſlaves,
and doe eſteem it as their God,
Then more that they have the more ſtill they crave
but thoſe are moſt impudent bad:
For money was made for to paſſe to and fro,
As for them that hord it 'twill turne to their woe,
But for my owne part I did never doe ſo.
For money is now grown my maſter my maſter,
'Tis money is now growne my maſter.

This money is growne ſuch a conquerer,
as Alexander was never greater,
He gaind all his credit and honour by warre
But money now wins it more better: (gold,
There are many brave ſparkes match'd in ſilver &
That the face of a foe they did ſcarce e're behold,
It is their great maintenance that makes them
And theſe are right maſters of mony of mony, (bold
O theſe are, &c.

This fine Maſter Money is growne ſuch a man,
that many would faine enter in it,
But ne're ſince thoſe witches from Lancaſter came,
could I have the fortune to gaine it:
'Twill one day be better but certaine ne're worſe,
If ere I get Money againe in my purſe,
Ile lay a gray groat Ile take a better courſe,
And ſeeke to be a maſter of money of money,
I faine would, &c.

This lack of this Money doth trouble my mind,
that I am full ſorely tormented,
I have much a doe a kind Hoſtis to find,
that will with me now be contented:
Quoth ſhe give me Money for I will not score,
She ſaies ſhe hath chalke enough behind the doore,
But I muſt intreat her to ſet up ſome more,
Till I can be, &c.

Now he that hath Money thoug'h be but a boy,
he ſhall be made welcome moſt friendly,
The love of brave Gallants he ſoone may enjoy,
and he ſhall be uſed moſt kindly:
Theres no age nor wit no ſtrength can prevaile,
'Tis Money may do't for it is a ſure baile,
and he that hath it can ſeldome times faile,
This money, &c.

Now thus to conclude and to end my ditty,
you that have money make good uſe on't,
For friendſhip is cold in Country Towne & Citty
if once you be driven to want,
Therefore now bee warned, for here you may ſee
The griefes & the ſorrowes that now poſſeſſe me,
And this was all long of my bad husbandrie.
'Tis money is many mens maſter their maſter,
'Tis money is now growne my maſter.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Francis Coules*.

Tryall brings truth to light:

OR,

The proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

A dainty new ditty of many things treating,

To the tune of the Begger-boy.





THe world hath allurements and flattering showes,
to purchase her Louers good estimation,
Her tricks and deuices he's wise that well knowes,
the learn'd in this science are taught by probation:
this truth when I finde,
it puts me in minde,
Among many matters which I am conceiting,
of one homely adage,
that's vs'd in this mad age,
The proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Although this my subiect seeme homely and meane,
yet you that with iudgement wil construe the matter,
Some cares of good documents from it may gleane,
Which I from this cheafe of inuention will scatter:
now cunning and fraud
winnes greatest applaude,
And vnder wits cloake many shelter their cheating,
but try and then trust,
for the world is vniust,
And the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

The knaue and the honest man both are compleat,
in gesture, in words, and in company keeping,
Nay commonly they who doe meane most deceit,
more easily into mens bosomes are creeping:
with counterfeit tales,
which too much preuailes,
And proffers of courtesie often repeating,
but speake as you finde,
and still beare in minde,
That the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Mens promises may be compared to snow,
or ice at the best, by cold weather congealed,
They're hard in the morning, at noone nothing so,
though with protestations their minds are reuealed:
yet when the hot beames,
of disasterous streames,
Doth melt their intentions, then they'l be slacking,
their words differ cleane,
from what they doe meane,
But the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There be of both sexes that haue faire outsides,
like Iayes with the feathers of Peacocks adorned,
A faire sute of Scarlet, or Plush, often hides
a carkasse infirme, with diseases deformed:
and now in these times,
men couer their crimes,
With shadowes of vertue, their braines still beating,
which way to doe naught,
and yet hide their fault,
But the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There's many thrasonicall prattling Iacks,
that vpon their Ale-bench will tell braue discourses,
Were Ajax aliue they would not turne their backs,
their tongues shall supply the defect of their purses:
But take them at their words,
they'l scant draw their swords,
Instead of bramadoes they fall to intreating:
but giue me that blade,
that does more than he said,
For the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.





When I doe want nothing I haue ſtore of friends,
I mean friends in ſhadow but nothing ſubſtan-
If I will beleeue euery one that pretends, (tiall:
I ſhal haue more courteſie than any man ſhall:
But when I haue need
to vſe them indeed,
Like cowardly ſouldiers they fall to retreating,
but he is my friend,
that helps me i'th end,
For the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

There's many in company boaſt of their skill,
in wonderfull miſteries ſecret and hidden,
You may giue beleefe to their words if you will,
vpon winged Pegaſus oft they haue ridden:
if any in place
will vnto their face
Oppoſe them with boldneſſe, their proiects defeating,
their courage will quaile,
and they'l tel a new tale
For the proofe of a pudding, &c.

I haue ſéene a Gallant attyr'd like a Lord,
yet often through want, hée's inforc't to be ſpareing:
Hée's daily a gueſt at Duke Humphryes bord,
and ſometimes he filleth his belly with ſwearing:
I haue ſéene likewiſe,
a plaine man in frize,
Or good mutton-velvet that glitters with ſweating,
hée cals and he payes,
and he meanes as he ſayes,
Thus the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Theres many that when they affliction doe féele,
as poverty, ſickneſſe, and other diſaſters,
Then vnto their friends they will humbly knéele,
and ſay, vnder heauen they are their beſt maſters:
but when through thoſe trends
their miſery ends,
Ingratefully all former kindneſſe forgetting,
they them doe diſdaine,
who did them maintaine,
Thus the proofe of a pudding, &c.

There are many men when they firſt come a wooing
to Widowes or Maidens with great proteſtations,
Such wonderfull courteſies they'l then be ſhowing,
and they ſilly creatures beléeue their relations:
their loue's very hot,
vntil they haue got
The thing that they wiſh by their ſubtile intreating,
then they proue vnkinde,
and poore women doe finde
That the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

Thus briefely and plainely I haue here expreſſed,
my mind and conceit of this proverbe ſo homely,
Wherein at the truth very néere I haue gueſſed,
and deckt it in ornaments decent and comely:
I hope it will ſell
abroad very well,
With thoſe who loue truth, and abhor all cheating;
till tryall be made,
no more can be ſaid,
For the proofe of a pudding is all in the eating.

M.P.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *Thomas Lambert*.

The two Loving Sisters:

Wherein the one to the other doth shew, How *Cupid* in a Dreame did her wooe.

To a pleasant new Tune.





IT was my chance not long agoe,
abroad as I was walking,
I heard two louing Sisters,
that secretly were talking;
The youngest to the eldest said,
why doest thou not marry?
In faith (quoth she) Ile tell to thee,
I meane not long to tarry.

When I was fiftéene yéeres of age,
then had I suiters many,
But like a wanton wily wench,
I would not sport with any:
Till at the last, sléeping fast,
Cupid came vnto me,
And like a Lad that had béene mad,
he swore that he would woo me.

Then he lay downe by my side,
and laid his armes vpon me:
But I being 'twixt sléepe and wake,
did striue to thrust him from me.
But then he so kissed me,
as I was kissed neuer;
If he had ne're left kissing me,
I should haue slept for euer.

Then he hug'd and tug'd me so,
I could not get him from me,
But I with all the strength I had,
did thrust him who came on me:
For Cupid like a Suiter bold,
did vse both time and leasure,
And in the circle of his armes,
enchanted me with pleasure.

Then me thought the world run round,
when Phœbus fell a skipping,
And all the Nymphs and Goddesses,
came round about to strip him,
Neptune lowred, & would haue powred
his Ocean cup vpon us,
But Boreas with his blustring blast,
did striue to thrust him from us.

Then limping Vulcan he came in,
like one that had béene iealous;
Venus follow'd after him,
and swore she'd blow the bellowes.
Mars call'd Cupid Jackanapes,
and swore he would him smother;
Quoth Cupid then, did I say so,
when thou didst loue my mother?

Me thought that Orphæus with his Lute
stood at my bed side playing,
And Pan too with his oaten Flute,
did kéepe his Flocke from straying:
And while that they did sweetly play,
in such a trance they laid me,
That to the pleasant Fields below,
I thought they had conuey'd me.

Then Iuno and great Iupiter,
came marching with Apollo,
Saturne came with Mercury,
and all began to hollow:
Cupid ran and hid himselfe,
and so of toyes bereft me:
Then suddenly I did awake,
and all these fancies left me.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





WEll Siſter, I have heard your dreame,
which much good doth intend thée:
For I thinke Cupid now doth meane,
with a husband to befriend thée;
And to entice you unto love,
which you held in deriſion,
Hath ſent you this ſame Dreame, which may
be called Pleaſures Viſion.

Then Siſter, I would have thée uſe
thy Suiters well hereafter:
And though our Father he be rich,
and thou his eldeſt Daughter,
Yet I doe know you are in love,
for 'tis in vaine to hide it:
O fie on this diſſembling loke,
I never could abide it.

Make uſe of time, it will away,
for beauty ſone decayeth,
And thée is out of date, they ſay,
that untill twenty ſtayeth.
Then let us not be coy againe,
theſe ſquemiſh trickes undoe us,
But kindly let us entertaine,
our Suiters when they woe us.

This pérviſhneſſe doth but prolong,
our Maiden griefe and ſorrow;
And we are older by a day,
when wée doe riſe to morrow:
Then why ſhould we in modeſty,
our owne deſires thus ſmother,
Faith I doe love a proper man,
and ſo to did my Mother.

Cupid is a waggiſh Boy,
and by your dreame he ſhewed,
That married couples happy be,
that are with love indewed;
But ſhe that dyeth here a Maid,
and coyly doth diſſemble,
Shall afterward lead Apes about,
which makes my heart to tremble.

Although that I doe counſell you,
who are my eldeſt Siſter;
Yet if my tongue belye my heart,
I wiſh that it may bliſter:
For I confeſſe, that when I firſt
to fifténe yéares attained,
To thinke that I had ſtaid ſo long,
I oftentimes complained.

The eldeſt Siſter hearing this,
unto her ſone replyed;
Good Siſter, I your counſell like,
which ſhall not be denyed,
For though that I have alwayes béene
ſo coy in outward carriage,
Yet being eldeſt, as 'tis fit,
I will take place in marriage.

The other Siſter then replyed,
quoth ſhe, though I am younger,
Yet will I not in love give place,
for my deſires are ſtronger:
And therefore ſince that both of us,
againſt our wills have tarried,
Like loving Siſters let us both,
upon one day be married.

Printed at London for E. E. FINIS.

The Wooing Lasse, and the Way-ward Lad,
Who long had made his Sweet-heart sad,
Because to her hee would not yeeld,
Till *Cupid* him to Love compeld.

To the tune of The Nightingale.





VPon a Holy day,
When the Nimphs had leave to play,
I sate mourne
In a Medow greene,
When I heard a Lasse in an angry spleene,
Perswading of a Swaine
To leave his dodging vaine,
And sport with her upon the Plaine.
But the silly Clowne,
Did sadly sit him downe:
And regardelesse of her mone,
He left her all alone.
Then shee cry'd,
Come away bony Boy,
Come away;
I cannot come,
I will not come,
I dare not come,
My workes not done,
And this was all the Clowne would say.

Quoth shee thou gentle Swaine,
Doe not my love disdaine,
Thou shouldst woe me,
How I woe thee,
Let not thy heart so froward bee,
But yeeld to my request,
In troth I doe not jest,
'tis thee alone that I love best.
Yet the simple Asse,
Respected not the Lasse,
Hard hearted that he was
With her he would not passe,
though shee cry'd
Come away bony Boy, &c.

I prethee Sweet (she said)
Regard a Love-sicke Maide,
'Tis thee alone
Must ease my mone,
or else I comfort can get none.
O be not so obdure,
O sit not so demure,
let me thy love (with pray'rs) procure.
But all in vaine
She woo'd the surly Swaine,
For she could not obtaine,
His love that shee would faine,
though shee cryd
Come away bony Boy, &c.

Yet still the loving Girle
Besought the clownish Churle,
And woo'd him still,
For his good will,
but her successe was alwaies ill,
For all that painefull while,
She could not see him smile,
her troubled thoughts to reconcile.
The home-bred Lad,
For still in loving bad,
He gave her answers bad,
Which made her very sad:
yet she cry'd
Come away bony Boy,
Come away;
I cannot come,
I will not come,
I dare not come,
My worke's not done,
And this was all the Clowne would say.

The second part, To the same tune,







YEt shée'd not be answerd so,
Nor from him would she goe,
So soone away.
But shée still made stay,
to heare more what the Swaine would say.
O courteous Lad she said,
Reflect upon a Maid,
and let me shée to love perswade:
But all this winde
No comfort yet could finde
Herein him to her minde,
For still he was unkinde,
though she cry'd,
Come away bony Boy,
Come away;
I cannot come,
I will not come,
I dare not come,
My worke's not done,
and this was all the Clowne would say.

Just as the Paphean Queene,
Adonis urg'd to spleene,
As he was coy,
even so this Boy
could not be won to kisse and toy.
Though humbly there besought,
Yt no compassion wrought,
for he to love would not be taught.
On him she hung,
From her away he flung,
He bade her hold her tongue,
For he would not goe along,
yet she cry'd,
Come away bony Boy, &c.

As Salmacis (so bright)
Did woo young Aphrodite,
But all in vaine.
So she this Swaine,
and could not her request obtaine,
For he was obstinate,
And bade her leave her prate,
thus for her love she purchaste hate.
Love was so strong,
In this bonny Lasse so young,
That she could not hold her tongue,
Though he had deny'd so long:
yet shée cry'd,
Come away bonny Boy, &c.

This Maid was grieved sore,
Great cause she had therefore,
Sith 'twas her fate,
To love for hate,
which she could not anticipate.
Such force young Cupid hath,
O'ze them that tread his path,
the Lad regards not what she saith.
He doth persist,
Still to resist,
To her he will not list,
But bids her to be whist,
though shée cry'd,
Come away bonny Boy, &c.

The Maid was griev'd in minde,
That the Lad was so unkinde:
Then to Venus she went,
Sore discontent,
who charg'd her Boy with his Bow ready bent,
To take a nimble Dart,
And pierce him to the heart,
because he did her precept thwart.
Cupid streng,
Gave the Lad such a bang,
That he fore'd him to gang,
With his bonny Lasse along,
when shée cry'd,
Come away bonny Boy,
Come thou hither;
I come, I come,
I run, I run,
Now I am won,
All shall be done,
And so they went along together.

By this we well may prove,
The wonderous power of Love.
For this young Boy,
Before so coy,
now calls the Maid his onely Joy.
He tooke her by the waste,
And kindly her embrac't,
he payes her love with kisses chaste.
He grieves in minde,
That before was unkinde,
He tells her she shall finde,
That the best shall come behind,
and indeed,
They with speed were agreed
Each with other:
With joynt consent,
And hearts content,
To Church they went,
Incontinent,
and there they marry'd were together.

Printed at London for *J. Wright junior*, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily. FINIS. M.P.

A VVomans VVork is never done.

Here is a Song for Maids to ſing,
Both in the Winter and the Spring;
It is ſuch a pretty conceited thing,
Which will much pleaſure to them bring.
Maids may ſit ſtill, go, or run,
But a Womans work is never done.

To a delicate Northern Tune, *A Womans work is never done*, Or, *The Beds making.*





AS I was wandring on the way,
I heard a married Woman ſay,
That ſhe had lived a ſollid life,
Ever ſince the time that ſhe was made a wife.
For why (quoth ſhe) my Labor is hard,
And all my pleaſures are debarr'd:
Both Morning, Evening, Night and Noon,
I'm ſure a Womans work is never done.

And now (quoth ſhe) I will relate,
The manner of my woful Fate;
And how my ſelf I do beſtow,
As all my Neighbours well do know:
And therein all that will it hear,
Unto my ſong I pray a while give ear;
Ile make it plainly to appear right ſoon,
How that a Womans work is never done.

For when that I riſe up early in the morn,
Before that I my head with dreſſings adorn,
I ſweep cleanſe the houſe as need doth require
Or if that it be cold, I make a fire:
Then my Husbands breakfaſt I muſt dreſs,
To fill his belly with ſome wholeſom meſs;
Perhaps thereof I eat a little or none,
But I'm ſure a Womans work is never done.

Next thing that I in order do,
My children muſt be lookt unto;
Then I take them from their naked beds,
To put on their clothes and comb their heads:
And then what hap ſoever do betide,
Their breakfaſt ſtraight I muſt provide.
Bread cries my Daughter, and drink my Son,
And thus a Womans work is never done.

And when that I have fill'd their bellies full,
Some of them I pack away to School,
All ſave one ſucking Childe, that at my breſt
Doth knaw and bite, and ſorely me moleſt:
But when I have laid him down to ſleep,
I am conſtrain'd the houſe to keep,
For then the Pottage-pot I muſt hang on,
And thus a Womans work is never done.

The ſecond Part to the ſame Tune.





And when my pottage-pot is ready to boil,
I muſt be careful all the while;
And for to ſcum the Pot is my deſire,
Or elſe all the fat will run i'th fire.
But when th'leven a clock bell it doth chime,
Then I know 'tis near upon dinner time:
To lay the Table-cloth I then do run,
And thus a Womans work is never done.

When dinner time is gone and over-paſt,
My Huſband he runs out o'th doors in haſte;
He ſcarce gives me a kiſs for all that I
Have dealt and done to him ſo lovingly.
Which ſometimes grieves me to the heart,
To ſee him ſo clowniſhly depart:
But to my firſt Diſcourſe let me go on,
To ſhew a Womans work is never done.

There's never a day from morn to night,
But I with work am tired quite;
For when the game with me is at the beſt,
I hardly in a day take one hours reſt:
Sometimes I knit, and ſometimes I ſpin,
Sometimes I waſh, and ſomtimes I do wring,
Sometimes I ſit and ſowe by my ſelf alone,
And thus a Womans work is never done.

In making of the Beds ſuch pains I take,
Until my back, and ſides, and arms do ake;
And yet my Husband deals ſo cruelly,
That he but ſeldom comes to comfort me.

And then at night when the clock ſtrikes nine
My Huſband he will ſay, 'tis ſupper time;
Then preſently he muſt be waited upon,
And thus a Womans work is never done.

When Supper's ended to bed we muſt go,
You all do know 'tis fitting it ſhould be ſo:
Then do I think to ſettle all things right,
In hope that I ſhall take ſome reſt by night.
The biggeſt of my Children together I lay,
And place them by degrées ſo well as I may:
But yet there is a thing to be thought upon,
For why a Womans work is never done.

Then if my Huſband turns me to the wall,
Then my ſucking Childe will cry and brawl,
Six or ſeven times for the breſt t'will cry,
And then I pray you judge what reſt take I.
And if at at any time a ſleep I be, (me;
Perchance my Huſband wakes, & then wakes
Then he does that to me which I cannot ſhun,
Yet I could wiſh that Work were oftner done.

All you merry Girles that hear this Ditty,
Both in the Countrey, and in the City;
Take good notice of my Lines I pray,
And make the uſe of the time you may:
You ſee that Maids live more merrier lives,
Then do the beſt of married Wives:
And thus to end my Song as I begun,
You know a Womans work is never done.

Entred according to Order.

London, Printed for John Andrews, at the White Lion in Pye-Corner.

The merry Hoaſteſs:

OR,

A pretty new Ditty, compos'd by an Hoaſteſs that lives in the City:
To wrong ſuch an Hoaſteſs it were a great pitty,
By reaſon ſhe cauſed this pretty new Ditty.

To the Tune of, *Buff Coat has no Fellow.*





COme all that loves good company,
and hearken to my Ditty;
'Tis of a lovely Hoaſteſs fine,
that lives in London City:
Which ſells good Ale, nappy and ſtale,
and alwayes thus ſings ſhe,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

Her Ale is lively ſtrong and ſtout,
if you pleaſe but to taſte;
It is well brew'd you need not fear,
but I pray you make no waſte:
It is lovely brown, the beſt in Town,
and alwayes thus ſings ſhe,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

The gayeſt Lady with her Fan,
doth love ſuch nappy Ale;
Both City Maids, and Countrey Girles
that carries the milking Pail:
Will take a touch, and not think much,
to ſing ſo merrily,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

Both Lord and Eſquire hath a deſire
unto it night and day;
For a quart or two, be it old or new,
and for it they will pay:
With Pipe in hand they may her command
to ſing moſt merrily,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

You're welcome all brave Gentlemen,
if you pleaſe to come in;
To take a cup I do intend,
and a health for to begin:
To all the merry ſobal Blades,
that will ſing for company,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young.
and a little above my knee.

Here's a Health to all brave Engliſh men
that loves this cup of Ale;
Let every man fill up his Can,
and ſee that none do fail,
'Tis very good to nouriſh the blood,
and make you ſing with me,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

The ſecond Part, to the ſame Tune.





THe bonny Scot will lay a plot,
to get a handſom tutch
Of this my Ale ſo good and ſtale;
ſo will the cunning Dutch:
They will take a part with all their heart,
to ſing this tune with me,
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

It will make the Iriſh cry a hone,
If they but take their fill;
And put them all quite out of tune,
let them uſe their chiefeſt skill:
So ſtrong and ſtout it will hold out
in any company:
For my Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

The Welchman on Saint Davids Day
will cry, Cots Plotter a nail,
Hur will hur ferry quite away,
from off that nappy Ale:
It makes hur foes with hur red Noſe,
hur ſeldom can agree.
But my Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

The Spaniard ſtout will have about,
'cauſe he hath ſtore of gold;
Till at the laſt his is laid faſt,
my Ale doth him ſo hold:
His Ponyard ſtrong is laid along,
yet he is good company.
For my Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

There's never a Tradeſman in England,
that can my Ale deny;
The Weaver, Taylor, and Glover,
delights it for to buy:
Small money they do take away,
if that they drink with me.
For my Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

There is Smug the honeſt Blackſmith,
he ſeldom can paſs by;
Becauſe a ſpark lies in his throat,
which makes him very dry:
But my old Ale tells him his tale,
ſo finely we agree.
For my Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

The Brewer, Baker, and Butcher,
as well as all the reſt,
Both night and day will watch where they
may finde Ale of the beſt:
And the Gentle Craft will come full oft
to drink a cup with me.
For my Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

So to conclude, good Fellows all,
I bid you all adieu;
If that you love a cup of Ale,
take rather old then new:
For if you come where I do dwell,
and chance to drink with me:
My Ale was tunn'd when I was young,
and a little above my knee.

FINIS. T.R.

London, Printed for *John Andrews*, at the White Lion near *Pye-Corner*.

The fetching home of May:

OR,

A pretty new Ditty wherein is made knowne,
How each Lasse doth strive for to have a greene Gowne.
To the Tune of, Roome for Company, &c.





NOw Pan leaves piping,
The Gods have done feasting,
there's never a goddesse a hunting to day:
Mortalls doe marvell at Coridons jesting,
that lends them assisting to entertaine
The Lads and the Lasses, (May.
With scarfes on their faces,
So lively it passes,
trips over the downes:
Much mirth and sport they make
Running at Barley-breake,
God lack what paines they take
for their greene Gownes.

Fine Iohn and Gillian,
Henry with Frances,
Meg with Mary, and Robin with Will:
George and Margery set all the dances,
for they were reported to have the best skil.
Sisle and Nanne
The fairest of many,
That came last of any
from out of the Towne,
Quickly got in among
The middest of the throng,
Thus they so much did long
for the greene Gowne.

Blanch and Betaris
Both of a Family,
came very lasely lagging behind:
Anes and Anibell noted their policie,
Cupid is cunning although he be blind:
Winny the witty
That came from the Citie,
With Parnell the pretty,
and Besse the browne:
Clim Ione and Isabell,
Su Alse and bonny Nell,
Liked of their journeys well,
for the greene Gowne.

But wanton Deborah
Whispered to Dorrity,
that she should wink upon Richard & Sim,
Now minking Maudlin shewd her antezity,
and in the quarrell did venter a limme:
Sibill was sickly
And could not come quickly,
And therefore was lickely
to fall in a swound.
There was none would tarry
For Hugh nor for Harry,
Lest Christian should carry
away the greene Gowne.

Thus all the Younglers
Had reach'd the greene Meddowes,
where they apointed to gather their May.
Some in the Sunshine, & some in the shadowes,
Jugled in couples did fall to their play.
Constant Penelope
Faith, Hope and Charity,
Loked very modestly,
yet they sate downe:
Prudens prevented
What Rachell repented,
And Cate was contented
to take the greene Gowne.

The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.





THis Maying ſo pleaſed,
Moſt of the fine Laſſes, (flowers,
that they much deſired to fetch in May
For to ſtrew the windows & ſuch like places,
beſides they'l have May bows fit for thady
But moſt of all they goe Bowers.
To find where love doth growe,
Each young man knowes 'tis ſo,
elſe he's a Clowne:
For 'tis an old ſaying
There is great ſoying,
When Maids goe a Maying,
they'll have a greene Gowne.

Maidens and young men goe
As 'tis an order old
for to drink merrily, and eat ſpiced Cakes,
The Lads & the Laſſes their cuſtoms will hold
for they will goe walk i'th fields like loving
Em calls for Mary, (Mates:
And Ruth calls for Sarah,
Iddy calls for Hary
to man them along:
Martin calls Marcy,
Dick calls for Debary,
Then they goe lovingly
all in a throng.

The bright Apollo
Was all the while peeping,
to ſee if his Daphne had bin in the throng,
And miſſing her haſtily downward was creeping,
for that's imagined they tarri'd to long (ping,
Then all the troope mourned
And homeward returned,
For Cynthia ſcorned
to ſmile or to frowne:

Thus did they gather May
All the long Summers day,
And went at night away,
each with a greene Gowne.

Bright Venus ſtill glitters,
Out ſhining of Luna,
Saturne was preſent, as right did require,
And he called Iupiter with his Queen Iuno,
to ſee how Dame Venus did burn in deſire:
How Iove ſent Mercury
To Vulcan haſtily,
Becauſe he ſhould eſpy
Dame Venus down:
Vulkan came running,
On Mars he frowned frowning,
Yet for all his cunning,
Venus had a greene Gowne.

Cupid ſhotes Arrowes
At Venus her Darlings,
for they are neareſt unto him by kind:
Diana he hits not nor can he pierce two doublings
for they have ſtrong armour his darts to (defend:
The one hath chaſtity,
And Cupid doth deſire,
The others cruelty,
makes him a clowne:
But leaving this Iſle,
From Cupid ſow areſtée,
And ther's much courteſie
in a greene Gowne.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *J. Wright* junior, dwelling at the upper end of the Old Baily.

A good workeman needes neuer want worke.

If this be true, heres a parſell of ten,
All luſtie able well quallified men,
That Scarſe haue their equals to eate, drinke, and ſleepe
And ſome are farr better to hang then to keepe.

To the tune of the nine maids.







YOu that good houſes kéepe
and would good ſeruants hire,
With proper men to eate and ſléepe,
Ile furniſh your deſire,
My owne experience hath.
(in a month or little more)
Try'd all that's mention'd vnderneath.
in number halfe a ſcore,
Marke how they ſtand in Rancke
All luſty able men, (want,
Then you who doe good workmen
come take your choyſe of ten.

Come hither Toſpot Tom,
thou art the firſt in place.
This fellow will not ſtay at home
aboue ten howres ſpace,
Vnle at the alehouſe ſtay,
from breakefaſt time till dinner
From thence till ſupper heell be away,
by this I was a winner.
O this was one of my men,
the chiefe of halfe a ſcore,
All you who want good workemen then
take choyſe among my ſtore.

The next was Ketchgutt Ralph,
right heire to Wood of Kent,
A yeareling pigg or elſe a Calfe
his Romack will content,
With eight and fifty Egges
a lenten meale hée make,
And yet hee lookes like one that begs,
ſo leane as any Rake.
O this was one of my men
the chiefe of halfe a ſcore,
You who do want good workmen then
take choyce among my ſtore.

The third was Slippery Will,
his trade he néede not learne,
I had two maids and with his skill
he got them both with barne,
And two more in the towne,
all in a fortnights ſpace,
The like of him was ſeldome knowne,
He's of a breeding race.
O this was one of my men,
the chiefe of halfe a ſcore,
You who do want good workmen then
take choyſe among my ſtore.

The fourth was deſperate Dicke,
hee'd loſe his ſhirt at dice,
Beſides he hath another tricke,
which hee eſteemes no vice,
What euer he can get
by cozening or by ſtealing
Or running into honeſt mens debt,
hee counts it lawfull dealing.
O this was one of my men,
the chiefe of halfe a ſcore
You who do want good workmen then,
take choyſe among my ſtore.

The ſceond part To the ſame tune.



The fifth was Sam a thraſher,
the beſt I ere did keepe
Hée woꝛke foure howꝛes euery day,
and the reſt hée ſpend in ſléepe.
If any did him blame,
For taking ſo much paines,
Hée ſoone make anſwer to the ſame
how can I threſh when't rayneſ.
O this was one of my men,
the chiefe of halfe a ſcore,
You who doe want good workemen then
take choyſe among my ſtore.

The ſixth was Cogging Watt
hée uſ'd to lye and flatter
And Goſſip-like hee'd pꝛate and chat,
of what it made no matter.
What ere his fellowes ſaid,
(though hee Lou'd them in ſhow)
The tel-tale Raſcall moꝛe on't made,
And that's a good gift you know.
O this was one of my men,
the cheiſe of, &c.

The ſeuenth was Kit the Butcher
for him his ſweét heart mourneſ,
Hée dꝛeſſe a Sheepe oꝛ a Bullock well,
and giue to his friends the hoꝛneſ.
Of all I ere knew in my life,
hee was a pꝛetty youth,
Hée'd with his candell ſmoke his knife,
when hée had it in his mouth.
O this was one of my men
the cheiſe, &c.

The eighth was George the Gꝛoome,
a ſeruant good and able,
Becauſe he would not wear out his bꝛoom,
hee neuer ſwept the ſtable.
His pꝛouidence was ſuch,
to ſhow his honeſt care,
Hée'd neuer curry the hoꝛſes much,
foꝛ feare they ſhould loſe their haire.
O this was one, &c.

The ninth was painefull Pierce,
my honeſt Husbandman,
All his good qualities to rehearſe,
is moꝛe then now I can.
But one thing of great note.
I here (alone) will tell (root,
Becauſe my hempe ſhould take deepe
hée caſt it in the Well.
O this, &c.

The tenth and laſt was Ned,
the bailiffe of my land,
Thoſe tenants that his hummoꝛ fed,
he dealt with vnder hand.
Foꝛ bꝛibes and pꝛiuate guifts
hee'de let out leaſes cheape,
Now Iudge my maſters by theſe gifts,
what benefit I might Reape.
O this was, &c.

Imagine now my friends,
you to a place are come,
Where halfe a ſcoꝛe good fellowes ſtand
within a little ꝛome,
And all doe ſeruice crane,
then doe not them refuſe,
To keepe them I no liking haue,
if I can any way chuſe.
O theſe are my braue men,
in number halfe a ſcore,
You who doe want good workmen then,
take choyſe among my ſtore.

FINIS. M. P.

Printed at London for *Francis Grone*.
and are to be ſould at his ſhop
on Snow hill by the
Sarazens head

The Begger-Boy of the North:

Whoſe linage and calling toth' world is proclaim'd, Which is to be ſung to a Tune ſo nam'd.





FRom ancient pedigrée by due deſcent,
I well can derive my generation,
Throughout all Chriſtendome and alſo Kent:
my calling is known both in Terme and Vacation,
My Parents old taught me to be bold,
Ile never be daunted what ever is ſpoken,
Where ere I come my cuſtome I hold,
and cry, Good your worſhip beſtow one token.

In ragged rayments I wander about,
both hot and cold weather I'm arm'd to endure,
Though but a Boy I am ſturdy and ſtout,
a living by begging I eaſily procure:
My skin is made like armour of proofe,
by Sun nor by froſt 't will never be broken,
No threatning ſ[illegible]s ſhall keep me aloofe,
but ſtill I will cry, Good your worſhip one token.

My Father my Mother, my Grandſire and Grannum,
my Uncles, my Aunts, and all my kindred,
Did maund for Loure, cafum and pannum,
then wherefore ſhould I from the Trade be hindred
Cat will to kind, the Proverbe doth ſay,
'tis pitty old cuſtomes ſhould be broken,
Still as I wander along on the way,
Ile cry, good your worſhip beſtow one token.

Although in the Ruier-ken I have been oft,
and by the Rumroe and the Harmanbecke frighted,
Yet my old Trade I will ſet aloft,
wherein all my linage have chiefly delighted,
I have eat ſhame, and drunke after the ſame,
I little regard what to me is ſpoken,
Loud in the ſtreets my mind I proclaime,
and cry, good your worſhip beſtow one token.

To whet your charity, I have a tricke,
a tricke ſaid I, nay I have a hundred,
With a Cap on my head, I can faine to be ſicke,
to ſee my ſtrange geſtures the people have wondred
I can counterfeit a lame arme or a legge,
and ſometimes Ile ſeeme like one that is broken,
This muſt he doe that exactly will begge,
and cry, good your worſhip beſtow one token.

I can hold my fingers as though they were lame,
leſt people ſhould ſay I were able to labour,
And under a hedge along I can frame,
as though it were writ by the Juſtices ſauour,
From Pariſh to Pariſh along as I rome,
my wants in blacke and white are ſpoken,
Goe where I will I am alwayes at home;
and ſtill I doe cry, good your worſhip one token.

The ſecond part. To the ſame Tune.





THe Crow her own bird doth deem the moſt faire,
and ſo doe I of my profeſſion;
If I were adopted a rich mans heire,
this life of my heart hath tane ſuch poſſeſſion,
That I ſhould leane my liuings and lands,
and flee like a Citizen when he is broken,
I cannot abide to worke with my hands,
but ſtill I muſt cry, good your worſhip one token.

The richeſt miſer that liueth this day,
hath not ſo much ground as I at diſpoſing,
My fields lye open as the high way.
I wrong not the Country by greedy incloſing,
I ſpend what I get, and get what I ſpend,
all this for certaine which I haue ſpoken,
I am no other than what I pretend,
for ſtill doe I cry, good your worſhip one token.

I am not in debt, there's good reaſon therefore,
for no man will credit me with halfe a ſhilling,
And yet if I chance to runne on the ſcore,
to pay for my booze of all things I am willing,
When I with my mates at the bouzing ken meet,
our braines with ſtrong liquor ſoundly are ſoken,
And when I want lowre then I ſtep untoth' ſtreet,
and cry, good your worſhip beſtow one token.

In heat of the ſummer I lead a fine life,
to walke the green medowes for my recreation,
And when I am old enough to haue a wife,
Ile ioyne with my dorte on the wandring fathion,
Under a hedge I can lye and ſnore,
by no worldly cares my ſleepe is broken,
And now and then I repaire to the Court,
where I doe beg greater gifts than a token.

All the cold winter I keepe rendeuouſe,
in an old ſpacious barne by beggers frequented,
Or elſe in the bouzing ken I doe carouſe,
and to lib in ſtrummell I am well contented,
I am not proud nor high in conceit,
though ſome beggers are ſo as it is ſpoken;
I care more for drinke than for cloathing or meat,
which makes me cry, good your worſhip one token.

In the North Comtrey I firſt had my birth:
from whence I came naked vnto London City,
Where a good fellow compos'd all of mirth,
vpon the poore Boy did take ſome pitty,
And now he hath cloath'd me in blacke and white,
and mended my rags which before were broken:
If this my Ditty will yeild you delight,
I ſhall thanke you more than I would for a token.

London, printed for F. Grove. FINIS.

The braue *Engliſh Iipſie*.

To the tune of the *Spaniſh Ipſie*.



COme follow, follow all,
To this English Zipſies call;
All you that loue your liues,
Heres thoſe for profit ſtriues.
We fare well when thouſands lacke,
None of vs can credits cracke.
We fare well, &c.

If we to Gallants come,
The country people run
To ſee what we can doe,
Much paines they vndergoe:
Seriouſly a number ſtriues
To lead the Engliſh Zipſies liues.
Seriouſly a number, &c.

We humor none that liues,
Nor hate no man that giues,
Ambition doth not reſt
Ith' Engliſh Zipſies breſt:
If they giue, weele willing take,
Nought that's good will we forſake.

We vſe all things are quaint,
With Painters we can paint;
Our dye is not in vaine,
For we doe dye in graine:
The Walnut tree ſupplies our lacke,
what was made faire, we can make black.

We take a ſmall courſe,
Some ſire vpon a Horſe
We ſingle ſcorne to ride,
Our horſe doth want no guide:
We by turnes will take our eaſe,
And liue all humors for to pleaſe.

We ſcorne for to entiſe
With beauty Gallants eyes,
We beare no beautious face,
Our ſubtile ſlights to grace,
We can paint when we command.
And looke like Indians that are tand.

We practiſe not to dance,
Nor learne no tunes from France,
Our Knackers make no noiſe,
We are no roaring Boyes;
Engliſh Zipſies all liue free,
And loue, and liue moſt tonially.

Our fare is of the beſt,
Three times a weeke we feaſt,
May ſometime euery day,
And yet for nothing pay:
For, Weeke or Bacon, Geeſe or Hens,
What we eate is other mens.

Sometimes where great men dwell,
We doe there Fortunes tell,
Our paines for to requite,
We diet there all night:
In this life we ſpend our dayes,
Engliſh Zipſies Lawes obayes.

The ſecond Part. To the ſame tune.



VVE feare to wrong the Law,
We liue in ſeruile awe,
Yet whereſoere we goe,
We ſeldome find a foe:
Whereſoere we come, we find
For one that hates, an hundred kind,

Pleaſure we haue ſtore,
Who can deſire more,
All doth our paines requite,
Then frolike we all night,
Mongſt our ſelues we dance and ſing,
Night content to vs doth bring.

What ere we get all day,
That night doth fly away,
We hoord not vp our ſtore,
For next day we haue more,
Feaſt our ſelues with gallant Chére,
Spare no coſt for wine or bére.

To drinke, be drunke, and tipſie,
Delights the Engliſh Jipſie:
we liue to loue all thoſe
That are no Jipſies foes:
Some decay'd mongſt Gallants, ſtriues
To leade the Engliſh Jipſies liues.

We beare this honeſt mind,
To loue all friends are kind
Our foes we can requite,
with hatred and deſpight:
For we can plague our mortall foe,
Yet he the actors never know.

Great ſtore of Coyne we gaine,
Yet for it take no paine:
Our diet's ſeldome ſought,
For it is to vs brought,
Pigs or Géeſe, or Brawne or Bowſe,
Or any meat that's in the houſe.

Ther's many ſtand in feare,
when we approach but néere,
Sometimes our very ſight
The children doth affright:
Our names are ſpred both far and néere,
Our friends we loue, but dread no feare,

We hate all ſurly ſlaues,
Nor loue on cunning knaues,
Our ſelues can cunning vſe,
Yet none wewill abuſe:
Ye that freely giues, ſhall find
The Engliſh Jipſies alwaies kind.

Who ere hath bin in Spaine,
And ſéene there Jipſies vaine,
Shall ſoone the difference find,
Elſe iudgement makes him blind:
So Spaniſh Jipſies all adue,
For Engliſh equall are to you.
So Spaniſh Iipſies, &c.

FINIS.

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FINIS.

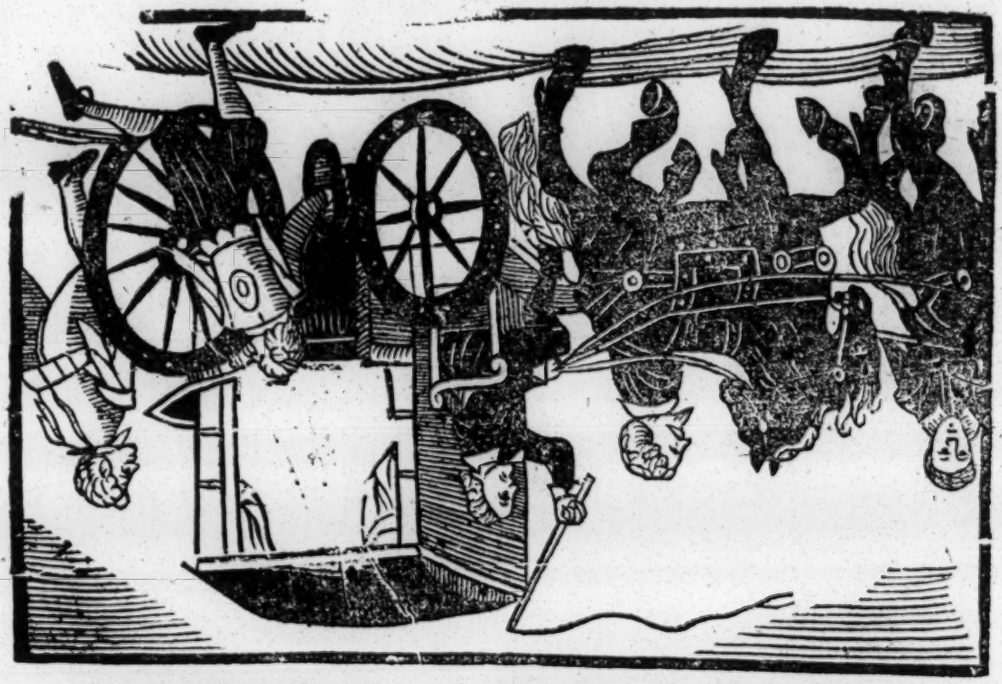
London printed for *Iohn Trundle*, at his Shop neere the *Hospitall Gate* in *Smithfield*

The Coaches Ouerthrow.

OR,

A Iouiall Exaltation of diuers Tradesmen, and others, for the suppression of troublesome Hackney Coaches.

To the tune of, *Old King Harry.*



As I pass'd by this other day,
where Sacke and Clarret spring;
I heard a mad crew by the way,
that lowd did laugh and sing,
High downe, dery dery downe,
with the hackney Coaches downe;
Tis cry'd aloud
They make such a Crowd,
Men cannot passe the Towne.

The Boyes that brew strong Ale, and care
not how the world doth swing;
So bonny, blith, and Iouiall are,
their liues are drinke and sing,
Hey downe, dery dery downe,
With the hackney Coaches downe,
To make them roome,
They may freely come,
And liquor the thirsty Towne.

The Collier he's a sack of mirth,
and though as black as soote,
Yet still he tunes, and whistles forth,
And this is all the Note.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
With the hackney Coaches downe:
They long made fooles
Of poore Carry-coales,
But now must leave the towne.

The Carriers of euery Shire,
are as from cares immune:
So Iouiall is this packe horse Quire,
and this is all their tune.

Hey downe, dery dery downe,
With the hackney Coaches downe,
Farewell, adew,
To the Iumping Crew,
For they must leave the towne.

Although the Carman had a cold,
he strein'd his March-bird voice,
And with the best a part did hold
to sing and to reioyce.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the hackney Coaches downe:
The Carmens Cars,
And the Merchants Wares
May passe along the towne.

The very Slugs did pipe for Ioy,
that Coachmen hence should hye,
And that the Coaches must away
a mellowing up to lye.
Hey downe, dery dery downe,
With the hackney Coach-men downe,
Passe they their scope,
As round as a rope,
Wee'l Iogge them forth of towne.

Permonters, and the Informes,
that oft offences hatch;
In all our times the Money-wormes,
and they are for the catch.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
With the hackney Coaches downe,
For these Restraints,
Will with Complaints.

The ſecond part To the ſame tune.



The world no more ſhall run on wheels,
with Coach-men as't has done;
But they muſt take them to their heeles,
and try how they can run.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the Hackney Coaches downe:
Wee thought they'd burſt,
Their Pride ſince firſt
Swell'd ſo within the Towne.

The Sedan does (like Atlas) hope
to carry heauen pick-pack:
And likewiſe ſince he has ſuch ſcope
to beare the Towne at's back.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the Hackney Coach-men downe:
Ariſe Sedan,
Thou ſhalt be the Man
To beare vs about the Towne.

I loue Sedans cauſe they doe plod,
and amble euery where,
Which Prancers are with Leather ſhod,
and neere diſturbe the eare.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the Hackney Coaches downe:
Their lumpings make
The Pauement ſhake,
Their noyſe doth mad the Towne.

The Elder Brother ſhall take place,
the Youngeſt Brother riſe:
The middle Brothers out of grace,
and euery Tradeſman cryes.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the Hackney Coaches downe,
'Twould ſaue much hurt,
Spare dirt, and durt,
Were they cleane out of Towne.

The Sick, the Weake, the Lame alſo,
a Coach for eaſe might beg:
When they on foot might lightly goe,
that are as Right's my Leg.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the hackney Coaches downe:
Let's foot it out,
Ere the yeare comes about,
Twill ſaue vs many a Crowne.

What though we trip our boots and ſhoes,
twill eaſe the priſe of Leather:
We ſhall get twice, what once we loſe,
when they doe fall together.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the hackney Coaches downe;
Though one Trade fall,
Yet in generall,
Tis a good to all the Towne.

Tis an vndoing vnto none
that a Profeſſion vſe:
Tis good for all, not hurt to one,
conſidering the abuſe.
Then heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the hackney Coaches downe:
Tis ſo Decreed
By a Royall Deed,
To make't a happy Towne.

Coach-makers may vſe many Trades,
and get enough of meanes:
And Coach-men may turne off their Jades,
and helpe to draine the Fens.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the hackney Coaches downe:
The Sythe, and Flayle,
Cart, and Plow-tayle
Doe want them out of Towne.

But to conclude, tis true, I heare
they'l ſoone be out of Faſhion,
Tis thought, they very likely are
to haue a long Vacation.
Heigh downe, dery dery downe,
with the hackney Coaches downe:
Their Terme's neere done,
And ſhall be begun
No more in *London* Towne. FINIS.

London, Printed for Francis Grove

The old mans life renewed by Heavenly providence.

OR,

A ſtrange (yet true) relation of one Mr. Macklan, a man of an hundred & ſixteen years old who when he was about the age of fourſcore years old, his ſtrength failed him, and his eye-ſight grew dim; he was likewiſe deaf of hearing, and feeble of ſpeech, but now of late the Lord hath ſhown ſuch a miracle upon him, that he is now become as a young man again; for his hearing and ſpeech is come perfectly to him, and his eye-ſight is ſo good that he can write or read the ſmalleſt print that is, without Spectacles, his teeth which were decayed and rotten out of his head, there are new ones come in their places: and haveing loſt the old hair from off his head, there is now fine young tender hair growing upon the ſame, like the hair of a Child of two years old. All theſe ſtrange Wonders, are to be ſeen upon the Gentleman, whoſe name is Mr. John Macklain, dwelling and living (ſo long as Gods pleaſure is) in Northumberland, in the Town of Lesbury, he being the Parſon and Miniſter of the Pariſh, preacheth two Sermons every Sabbath day, where many hundreds of people comes far and near to hear him Preach and to ſee the wonders of the Lord.

The Lord that rules both heaven and earth
with his Almighty powerful hand
Hath many ſtrange examples ſent
unto the people of England:
But never the like of this before
was known or ſeen of any man,
In thoſe ſame parts wherein we live,
ſince firſt of all the world began.
Therefore with patience now give ear,
and hearken to the matter well:
The truth, and nothing but the truth,
I am prepared for to tell.
Lesbury in Northumberland
one Maſter Macklain dwelling there,
The parſon of the Pariſh was.
and well beloved far and near:
A hundred and ſixteen years of Age,
this Miniſter is known to be,
Whoſe eyes through age were grown ſo dim
that he at all could hardly ſee.
His Legs and Joynts ſo feeble were,
that he could hardly ſtand or go,
His ſtrength and hearing was decay'd
ſo was his tongue and ſpeech alſo.
But ſtill he did the beſt he could,
among his Pariſhoners to preach,
Being well known in former time,
the way of godlineſſe to teach,
Yet ſome that ſpightful neighbours were,
which then were dwelling there about,
Did uſe all means that they could do,
by violence for to turn him out
And ſaid, becauſe he
there Miniſter be
The reaſon why,
nor coulh

My friends and kindred are decay'd,
my wife and children dead and gone,
No one have I to take my part,
but only Chriſt my Lord alone.
Therefore if't be thy will, O Lord,
out of this world me for to take,
Or elſe to lend me ſome relief,
even for thine own ſweet mercies ſake.

Now to mark the wonders of the Lord,
what miracles were brought to paſſe
Upon that aged Miniſter,
now I will tell you how it was.
The miracles are only theſe,
that God in mercy hath reſtor'd,
His to his former ſtrength again,
and comfort doth to him afford,
His age ſeems now to be renew'd,
as to the world it may appear,
Though he before was almoſt deaf,
he now can very well ſpeak or hear.
His eyes that were ſo dusk and dim,
and alſo ſunk into his head,
Are now ſo quick and lively grown,
that without ſpectacles he can read.
And ſince his teeth were rotten out,
there's new ones come in the old ones place
His browes, and cheeks are fat and fair,
wrinkls worn out of his face,
And to be brief the limbs of his,
are every one renew'd again,
From head to foot from top to toe
the world appeareth

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